Liberty

JULY 31, 1943 10c

Book: ERIC AMBLER'S
A Coffin for
Dimitrios

WILL JAPAN QUIT?
by J. B. Powell

WHAT THE MOVIE CENSORS CUT OUT — By Director Sam Wood

Harvest Time, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

Americans are making the best use of their week-ends and vacations by helping bring in the crops. And many are making the best use of Schenley Royal Reserve by saving it for special occasions. All of the Schenley distilleries are producing vital alcohol for war purposes exclusively.

Before Anything Else, Buy War Bonds

SCHENLEY

ROYAL RESERVE

BLENDED WHISKEY

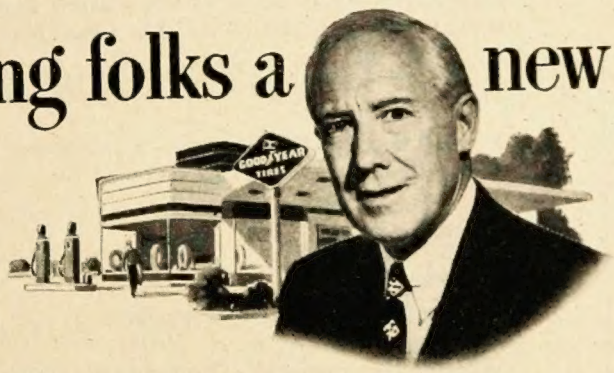
Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, N. Y.

FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS

YES—52,503 MILES!

This actual photograph shows Mr. Dederich's Goodyears as they are today after 52,503 miles. Inspection reveals they are still in sound condition. Mr. Dederich believes he will get 5,000 to 10,000 miles more before requiring a Goodyear extra-mileage recap job – to extend their life months longer.

"War's giving folks a new slant on tires!"



SINCE the rubber shortage began, the old idea that all tires are just about alike has been pretty well deflated.

Now that folks *must* get every possible mile out of their casings, they're finding out that we Goodyear dealers have been dead right in saying, *"You get more for your money from Goodyear tires."*

That has been the experience of countless motorists like Mr. L. A. Dederich of Plain, Wisconsin. He has a set of Goodyear All-Weathers on his car that have now traveled 52,503 miles and still have some tread, as their photograph above shows.

Tires like these – and there are many in our gallery of Goodyear veterans with 40,000 to 60,000 miles' service – are convincing evidence of Goodyear leadership in quality and value.

Synthetic rubber tires are here

Now – sooner than expected, but in very limited number – Goodyear synthetic rubber tires are available to essential civilian drivers holding "B" and "C" cards. In them you will find the same structural excellence, the same tire-building skill that gave prewar Goodyears such long life.

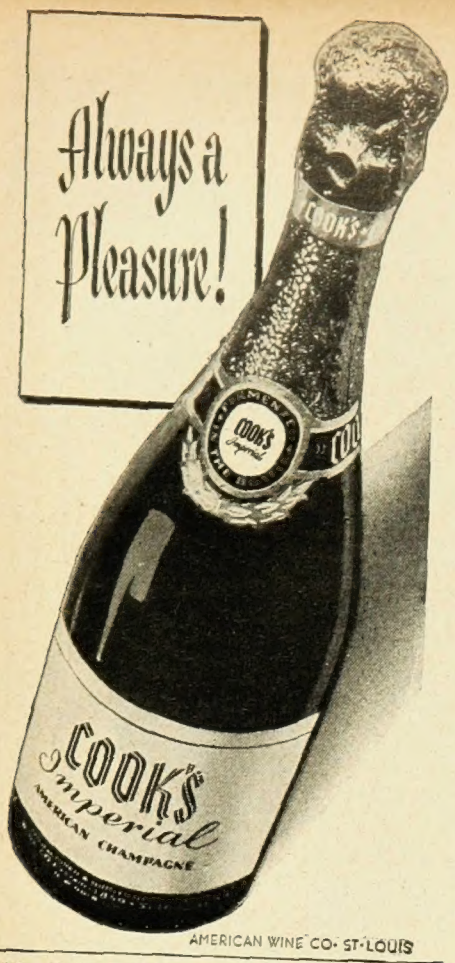
Whether or not you are eligible for these synthetic tires, make the most of the reserve mileage remaining in your present Goodyears. Have them inspected regularly; install LifeGuards to protect them from puncture injuries; follow wartime driving rules. As the miles mount up, you'll find yourself saying like so many others, *"As soon as I can get new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*

All-Weather, LifeGuard—
T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

A new thrill in radio
GOODYEAR "SALUTE TO YOUTH"
with Raymond Paige and his Young Americans
Nadine Conner
NBC TUESDAY NIGHTS • See local paper for time

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Make your dollars fight
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!



AMERICAN WINE CO. ST. LOUIS

WE HAVE AN AXIS TO GRIND!

BUY WAR BONDS

with at least 10% of your income!

There's nothing Private about what this PRIVATE says:

In the army we shave on the double. Thanks to Pal I get a good shave, first time over even with cold water. The boys in my outfit agree.
Joseph Everin
ARMY AIR CORPS

PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND
No "bearing down" —they're flexible in the razor—shave with just a "Feather Touch."

Compare
PAL HOLLOW GROUND
USUAL BLADES

PAL

"hollow-ground" RAZOR BLADES

4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
Double or Single Edge
Pal Blade Co., N. Y.

SAVE, STEEL: Buy PAL Blades-They Last Longer

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COVER BY WALT DISNEY

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

This man was taught not to drink water

Drinking water is scarce in North Africa. And what there is, is likely to be bad.

So before our soldiers landed there, they were weaned away from water. A dash of iodine in their drinking water served the double purpose of disinfecting it, and making it taste awful. By the time the boys landed in Africa, they'd lost all taste for water except in safe, prepared drinks.

The favorite prepared drink is lemonade. Field Ration K provides it—along with veal, pork, sausage, coffee, bouillon, malted milk tablets, biscuits, chocolate and chewing gum—all in a 33 ounce pack.

Sounds like somebody was taking pretty good care of our boys, doesn't it? And that's right. American soldiers are the best-fed, best-equipped, best-cared-for in the world.

But keeping them that way takes money. So much money that Uncle Sam asks us to invest not 10% or 15% or 20%, *but all we can in War Bonds.*

Chances are, you're already in the Payroll Savings Plan—doing your bit. But don't stop there. Raise your sights! Do your *best!* Remember, you get back $4 for every $3 you invest, when Bonds are held to maturity. But your money is needed *NOW!*

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT... NOW DO YOUR BEST!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

This space is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by
Liberty Magazine

The new Breezewood Pipe

A native-born pipe is the new hit among pipe smokers—Breezewood!

Right from the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains comes America's great new gift to pipe-smoking enjoyment. It's Breezewood, cool and sweet to smoke, zephyr-light in weight. Leave it in your mouth, fatigue-free: free both hands for your work. No wonder it's the big hit with pipe-smokers everywhere. Go to your dealer's—ask for Breezewood, buy yourself a Breezewood pipe today!

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks

The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when working, driving, or whenever your hands are busy.

Copr. 1943, The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

MEANWHILE, TAKE A BOW

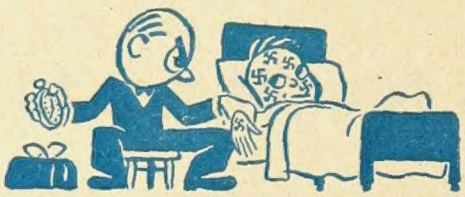
ORLANDO, FLA.—How about an Oscar for me? Al Wharple just sat through White Savage (June 19 Vox Pop) twice, and I sat through it three times, and would have sat through it again if I had had the time.

I'll admit the story wasn't much, but who is cold-blooded enough to think about a story when a scantily clad Maria Montez is making seductive gestures from the screen? From now on she's my one and only pin-up girl. I only wish that I had more pictures of her.—*George Hughes, Jr., Pfc.*

This case calls for special attention, and we understand Universal is preparing an Oscar extraordinary for Pfc. Hughes—probably a statuette of Maria—we hope.

WORK OF SABOTEURS, PERHAPS

DELAFIELD, WIS.—Regarding Malcolm Macalster's complaint about Paperhanger Adolf's eating Scotch oatmeal



for breakfast (June 26 Vox Pop) each morning, I might add that there are several cases of German measles around here, and the victims surely never went to Germany to get 'em. Nor are they ersatz.—*K. O. Andrae.*

THANKS, PAL. PASS IT ON

CAMP HYDE, ARIZ.—I read the condensed book, Tunis Expedition, by Darryl F. Zanuck (June 19 Liberty), and just pictured myself right there with all that fighting going on. I'm passing that Liberty on, so some of my buddies can enjoy it as much as I did. —*Pvt. Cornelius Daly.*

TIE THAT BULL OUTSIDE

RENSSELAER, N. Y.—Artist Al Schmidt and Liberty got entirely too much "local color" on Nebuchadnezzar. (June 19 Liberty.) For, since the story insists that he was a *Hereford* bull, he should be *white-faced,* not solid red, as in the illustration. Or perhaps he is blushing with shame because of the carelessness of his creator.

Yours for accuracy even when "shooting the bull."—*B. M. Lambert.*

We guess he blushed—just as we did when you told us of the error.

HEAP BIG INJUN

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Ever since Mr. Churchill dubbed the beast of Berlin Corporal Hitler, I have been worrying about its probable effect upon our boys who have earned that promotion in the fighting forces, and wondering if we couldn't re-define the word so that it would be classified among the

lowest of the reptilian species, substituting sachem—which means chief Indian—for the word corporal. Since corporal ranks next highest above private first class (pfc.), he would therefore be sachem private (sp.)—*Edith Pearson.*

WHAT—NO WILD WOMEN?

SANTA CRUZ, CALIF.—I should not be just if I did not acknowledge that there are many fine articles in Liberty, but we want less liquor, murder, and war, and fewer of the kind of heroines who drink, smoke, and swear.

I just love Old Sarge, and wish to pay the highest tribute to the editorials of Paul Hunter, though they do sometimes seem out of place amid their surroundings.—*Mrs. Lilla M. Ryon.*

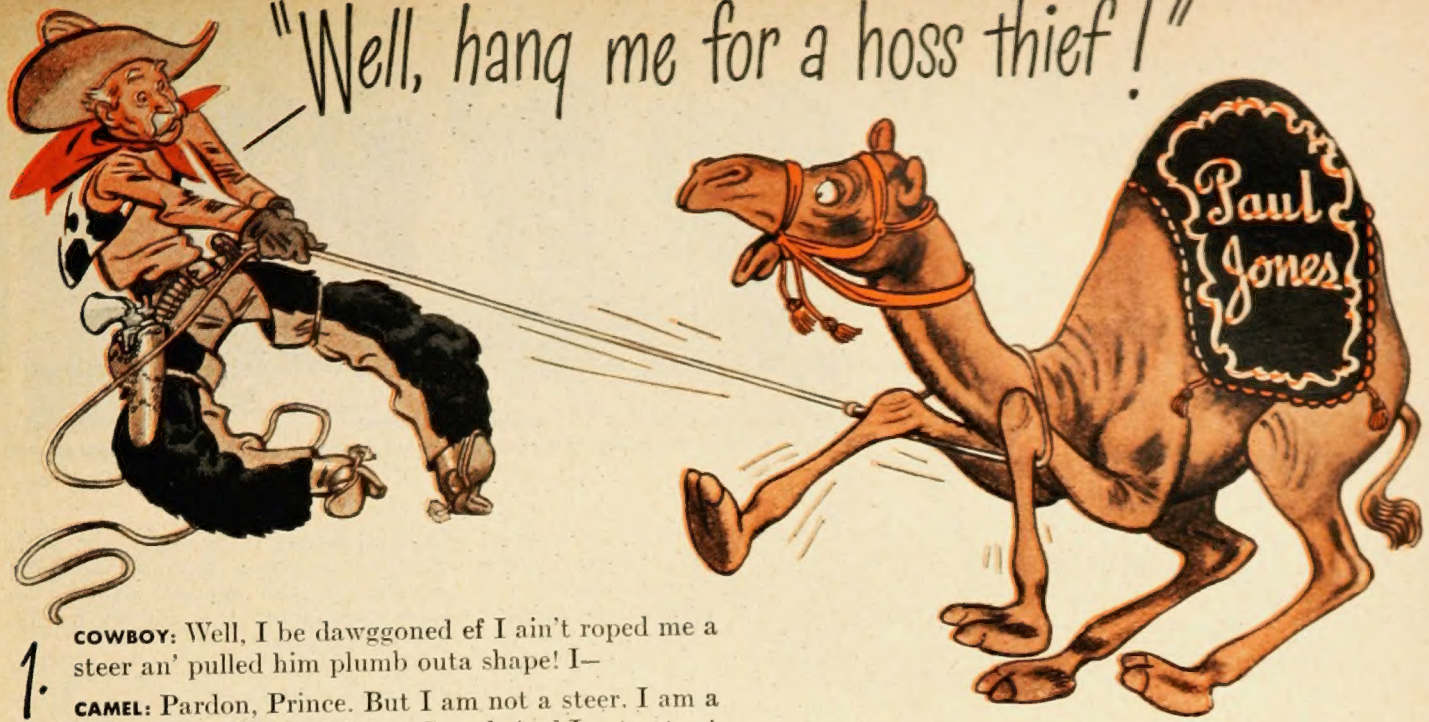
SHERMAN SAID IT FIRST

CAMP PICKETT, VA.—Of all the outrageous things being allowed to operate are the so-called hotels in towns near Army camps. To think a soldier and his wife have to pay twenty-five dollars a week for one room—no bath, except the one twelve others use. Isn't there some rent-control board that can step in and take charge? Here I am in one house

the landlady of which takes in $350 per week from underpaid soldiers. I'm really burning up over this outrage.—*Pfc. J. C. Smith.*

We heartily agree. Exploitation of servicemen should be promptly curbed. The difficulty is—how?

"Well, hang me for a hoss thief!"



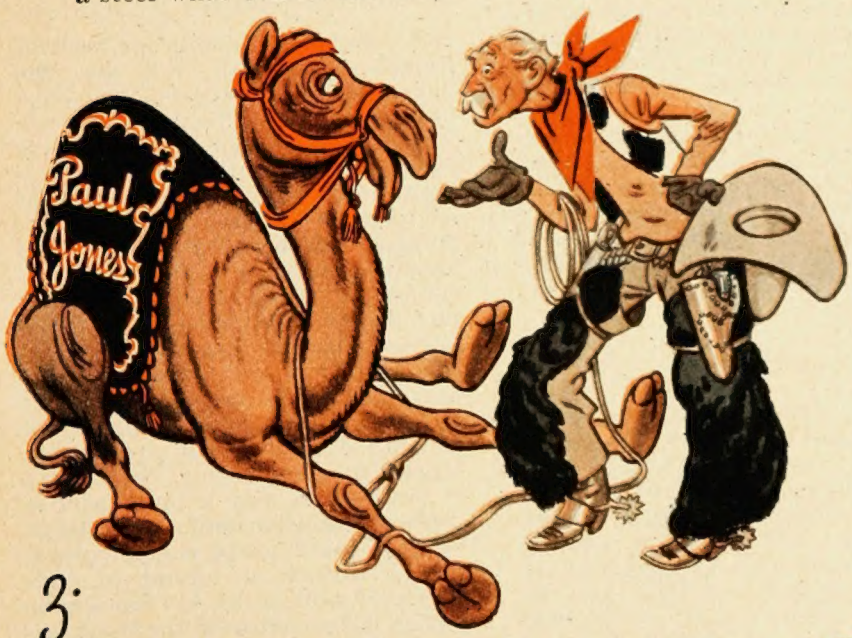
1. **COWBOY:** Well, I be dawggoned ef I ain't roped me a steer an' pulled him plumb outa shape! I—

CAMEL: Pardon, Prince. But I am not a steer. I am a camel. I am the Paul Jones Camel. And I am *not* out of shape. I—

COWBOY: Shuh! Who ever heard o' camels in Wyomin'? Dawggonit, pardner, I reckon you are just a steer what don't want to be branded. I—

2. **CAMEL:** Pardon, O Possessor of the Mighty Bowed Legs. But I *am* the Paul Jones Camel. A living symbol of the *dryness* in the magnificent *dry* Paul Jones whiskey. And I come to explain how this *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, brings out *all* the flavor of Paul Jones. Permits you to enjoy the full richness of a fine whiskey!

COWBOY: You come all the way out here just to tell us that? Pardner, seems like you was wastin' time. Ain't nobody on this range got no money fer expensive, superlative whiskies!



3. **CAMEL:** Expensive? Ah no, O Wrestler of Cattle. Paul Jones, for all its magnificence, is most moderately priced.

COWBOY: Well now dawggonit, Camel! Dawggonit, pardner! You jus' leave me unwrassle you from that there rope and we're headin' fer town an' some o' that *dry* Paul Jones!

An Explanation to our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased — except for government taxes.)

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Split seconds count heavily in today's aerial warfare. This group heads for its planes on the double-quick. Ground crew has the motors ready for a fast take-off.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Flight Control

Thanks to many years of planned development by the Civil Aeronautics Administration and its predecessor government agencies, practically every flight of airplanes today is as controlled as the run of a railroad train. The exceptions are private flyers, pilots on training missions, and Army planes flying off the civil airways.

Although you can't see air, the air space is an ordered system of civil airways totaling 35,000 miles. The rights of way are marked by radio beams and visual aids, and all transport planes maintain two-way radio communication with airports and control centers along the airways. A pilot may never see the ground from take-off to time of landing, but he knows exactly where he is, through the medium of radio. The radio paths can't be seen—but they can be heard and recorded.

The airway paths through the sky were twenty miles wide before the war but are now ten miles wide to give more air space for training. To show you how civil aviation facilities have expanded, the airways system has increased 700 per cent since 1927 and 100 per cent since 1932. Along the routes are 311 lighted intermediate emergency landing fields maintained by the CAA. As visual guides there are 142 flashing beacons and 2,098 rotating beacons; but transport planes are inclined to rely on radio, since they often fly above the clouds and hence can't see the ground. There is no comparable system of airways anywhere in the world.

Looking Ahead

Today the aircraft manufacturing industry of the United States is the largest industry in the world. The dollar volume of aircraft produced in the southern California area alone surpasses the dollar volume of automobile production in its peak year.

Despite the tremendous expansion, cautious aircraft executives know the balloon will be pricked one of these days and aircraft production will tumble fast and far. If 10 per cent of the present plant facilities can be used for airplane building, the industry will feel pretty good. Some officials doubt if even that much will be utilized for a period following cessation of hostilities.

Smart executives are therefore working overtime finding new products to manufacture in the enormous new wartime plants. One or more West Coast airplane manufacturers are seriously planning to build automobiles. Prefabricated houses, refrigerators, radios, and other household equipment are items under consideration. Most airplane manufacturers fully expect to have all the business they can handle after the war—but not in building airplanes!

More on Traffic

With the 100,000th military plane having come off America's assembly lines, air-traffic problems have zoomed upward. Despite the large numbers of airplanes now in foreign lands, there are enough at home to cause no end of traffic jams on busy airways. Had it not been for the efficient traffic system established before the war by Earl Ward of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, who foresaw the need for preparations, there would be untold confusion.

The worst headache in a well ordered traffic-control system is the Army pilot, fresh out of training school and on his first cross-country flight, who violates or disregards the rules. Sometimes the fledgling thinks he can get through to his destination in the face of adverse weather reports. But the Army Air Forces has been alert to the problem and recently started setting up a new system of flight control for all point-to-point flights of military aircraft. This is being done through the Pilots' Advisory Service, provided by the A. A. F. Flight Control Domestic Wing under command of Colonel Edgar A. Sirmyer, Jr. Now in effect in New England and the Northwest, the system will be in force throughout the country by the end of the year.

The service will augment the CAA personnel by aiding Army pilots to plan their flights carefully in advance, reporting accurately their exact positions at each radio fix, and maintaining an alert listening watch throughout each flight.

Airship Advantages

Don't forget the airship for postwar freight operations. So say the lighter-than-air experts, who have been a minority among aviation enthusiasts for many years and are even more out of the limelight during the war. But, out of the limelight or not, the Goodyear rubber corporation has been turning out one airship after another for Navy anti-submarine work and takes heart that the war production may stimulate commercial interest later on.

Karl Fickes, the Goodyear manager of airship operations, is flat-footedly in favor of airships for air freight. "For long-haul, over-water, large-tonnage carrying, the airship is destined to play a large part in postwar transportation," he says. Clogged fuel lines or engine trouble doesn't disturb an airship in mid-ocean, he points out, for the airship merely idles aloft until the trouble is fixed. Further, he believes freight rates would be but a fraction of the rates to be charged by airplanes. And for passengers he offers roomy decks and large cabins—the same comforts of steamships but much faster. He admits that airplanes travel faster but is convinced the airship has its destined role to play.

Odds and Ends

The Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation's four-engined Liberator bomber, like the Boeing Flying Fortress, has been adapted to carry ten tons of bombs, more than twice the previous capacity.

All air traffic above 17,000 feet altitude is reserved exclusively for military airplanes—just in case you thought of going up there.

THE GRAVE PROBLEM OF JAPANESE AMERICANS

After a year, what has happened to these people? How are they being treated? What are they doing? How do they feel about this experience? Are the measures the government has taken wise or harsh or stupid? How are they working out? These and a hundred questions are in the minds of Americans, along with the emotions that accompany prejudice, sympathy, and hatred. It's a mixed-up affair, this problem of maintaining a democracy in wartime. Next week Liberty will dig a little deeper, probe for the answers to the plight of the Japanese Americans.

WHAT WILL YOUR BABY INHERIT FROM YOU?

Scientists, in the past few years, have been discovering facts that can help you make a pretty fair guess as to whether Junior will have your black hair or his mother's blonde curls. On the more serious side they can predict inherent strains of insanity, alcoholism, or some other affliction. Ignorance of the simple facts of heredity has caused many parents unnecessary alarm and suffering. Gretta Palmer's article should help all mothers and fathers who are concerned about their baby's future.

KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Everybody's heard the tune This Is the Army, Mr. Jones, but not very many connect that tune with a relief organization which renders quick service in a personal way to soldiers and their dependents. It's all part of the effort of Army Emergency Relief, a streamlined organization, shorn of red tape, designed to free soldiers from worry about their home affairs. Every fighting man's relatives will want to read the details.

NEVER-NEVER LAND COMING UP

Liberty's series on the postwar world has won the praise of dreamers and practical men. Next week's installment will amaze you with its revelations of the new uses of metals. Don't miss it.

BOOK CONDENSATION: Eve Curie's masterpiece, Journey Among Warriors.

Famous Highs by C. A. Voight

Wrestling high!

TWO STRONG MEN WRESTLED 8 HOURS AND 17 MINUTES IN THE LONGEST WRESTLING MATCH ON RECORD. BUT IT WILL TAKE YOU ONLY A **SECOND**—AND A SIP—TO DISCOVER THAT TODAY'S TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES," HOLDS THE "**SMOOTHIE**" RECORD!

Cornhusking high!

MORE THAN HALF A BUSHEL A **MINUTE**, IS THE AMAZING CORNHUSKING RECORD SET BY AN ILLINOIS FARMER! AND YOU NEVER TASTED CORN PUT TO **BETTER** USE THAN IN THE RICH, SATISFYING, **REAL** BOURBON FLAVOR OF TEN HIGH!

..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!

Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH *there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of* TEN HIGH *is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of* TEN HIGH *may sometimes be delayed.*

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Here's one thing that *does not* cause higher prices

FOR many reasons, the prices of most things you buy are higher today.

But railroad freight rates are not one of the causes.

The fact is, railroad freight rates generally are not higher today than before the war. Many are actually lower, and the average amount received by the railroads for each ton they haul is the lowest in the past quarter-century.

At these low rates, the railroads are called upon to meet the increased operating costs due to higher wages and higher prices for what they buy. They are also, of course, paying increased taxes.

And we think this further fact is important to know.

The strain of war is wearing out railroad equipment—wearing out cars, locomotives, and the tracks over which more than 1⅓ million tons of freight move a mile every minute of the day and night.

Some day, all this will need the sort of replacement which is not possible in these days of war shortages. It will take billions of dollars to do that job—just as it took billions to bring the railroads to their present high efficiency.

To do this with railroad money, the railroads must therefore have a chance now to provide for the future, so they can keep on furnishing America with the finest transportation in the world.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Fight to the last man? Not these Japs; they surrendered on Guadalcanal. They don't even look indomitable, do they?

WILL JAPAN WALK OUT ON A LOSING GAME?

Are the Japs really last-ditch fighters—or is that notion just a carbon copy of the Nazi invincibility myth? The editor who was imprisoned and tortured by the Japs tells what to watch out for when they know they are licked

BY J. B. POWELL

The author

A FRIEND of mine who left Shanghai before the Japanese struck recently visited me at the hospital in New York where I am recuperating from injuries received in the notorious Japanese Bridge House concentration camp at Shanghai. My friend was for several years captain of the Shanghai Baseball Team, made up of local Americans who played an annual series with the Japanese team. Playing against them, he came to know the Japanese in a different way from most Americans. I asked him what he thought of the frequently repeated statement that the Japs "will fight to the last man."

Shaking his finger to add emphasis, he said:

"You wait and see. The Japs will crack under pressure. I never saw it fail. The Japs are the greatest baseball fans in the world—so long as their team is winning. But if they have a losing team it's a different story. They always walk out in the seventh inning if they realize that defeat is inevitable."

Coming from a man who battled Japanese on the baseball diamond for several years, it seemed to me that his statement might be prophetic.

Will the Japanese walk out on their military clique when they come to realize, as they must, that the jig is up and ultimate defeat with all its stark realities stares them in the face?

Propaganda that they will "fight to the last man" has been circulated so assiduously that most of us have come to believe it, along with the accompanying propaganda that they are prepared to "fight a hundred years." True, in our battles with the Japanese on Guadalcanal and on Attu their comparatively small forces did literally fight to the last man; but that doesn't mean that we will have to kill off Japan's entire land and naval forces in order to accomplish her defeat.

The Japanese masses still think they have already won the war. No word has appeared in any Japanese newspaper about their defeat at Coral Sea or Midway, and while they couldn't suppress all news of our great naval victory off Guadalcanal last November 13-15, they only admitted loss of one battleship and damage to another. The Doolittle raid did give them a shock and created a serious panic, but it was not followed up, and the execution of some of the flyers probably led

(Continued on page 43)

HOT 'N' SWEET

A khaki-clad hepcat and his sax bring a new kind of jive to Africa, delighting a dusky queen, but—alas—not her husband

BY ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

CLARENCE was highly gratified to find himself in Liberia, which he regarded as practically his native heath, having learned about it from his ward schoolteacher in Paducah, Kentucky. True, work in a labor battalion sent over to establish airports on the West African coast was not quite his idea of what a military career promised, but, as he was able to write home to his white folks with a grandiloquent adaptation of the Bible which impressed them duly: "We are the Chosen Ones sent forth into the wilderness to prepare a way before the coming." Ever since getting religion, Clarence had been on terms of respectful though somewhat impressionistic intimacy with the Good Book.

So far, small opportunity had been provided to fraternize with Liberian relatives. The sergeants kept him too busy digging mud and cutting back jungle, the *Anopheles gambiae* kept him too busy slapping off malaria, and camp was usually too far from anything that might be called social life to make time off of much use to a person, except for practicing on his saxophone.

For Clarence had his artistic resources, being a valued member of the regimental band. In fact, he might be said to be the regimental band, since there was no instrument in its composition, from tuba to bass drum, upon which he could not and did not perform as need arose, although his specialty was a treasured saxophone familiar to the camp at large as "Hot 'n' Sweet."

Clarence even, such was his versatility of talent, served on special occasions of parade as the band's drum major, since none other of its members could twirl baton and body alike into such an abandon of limber, looping, leaping syncopation.

His major, a knowledgeable young white gentleman from Alabama, frequently made such occasions of parade, even when the labor battalion, shouldering spades instead of muskets, was marched from one grueling field of operation to another, through remote tropic jungle, in the torrential African rains, with no audience to keep up morale other than chattering monkeys peering down from the treetops to see what the enterprising newcomers from America might be up to.

But once during such a wasted progress, as the weary troops followed their lurching lorries on foot along a trail that was practically a river, they passed, late in the first day of march, a small village in a jungle clearing, its daub-and-wattle huts half concealed behind the usual cactus hedge. As the band instinctively prepared for action, Clarence strutting well out in front with his baton being very elaborate indeed, he became aware of eyes peering at him through the cactus spines with a rather anomalous expression, that might be admiration, or might just possibly be mirth. Glancing cornerwise, he saw that they belonged to a young and shapely female clad in the barbaric informality of Darkest Africa, so that a good deal of her was visible, but with hair braided into innumerable pigtails tied up in rags that reminded him of his own home alley in Paducah.

SOMETHING clicked in Clarence. Heretofore the local fair had left him quite unmoved. They were too brunette and glossy of complexion, too much given to oddities of dress of which he, as a modest Christian youth, could not entirely approve. But there was something about this one that invited notice.

"Hi-ya, babe! How's every little thing?" he inquired affably.

The girl continued to stare, then hunched a shoulder and disappeared, while a faint little scornful giggle floated back to him, racial invitations to the pursuit easily to be recognized in any language.

It was toward the end of the seasonal rains, which means springtime in West Africa. Also, there was, as Clarence had noted subconsciously, a promising wraith of moon already visible in the sky. He took careful note of landmarks as they passed, knowing that they would soon have to make camp somewhere, before dark. The penalty of being A.W.O.L. while on march was especially severe, because of the dangers, human and otherwise, that lurked in an unfamiliar tropical terrain. But there are times, Clarence felt, especially in the spring of the year, when a man who is a man courts danger.

He had a certain facility, both inherited and cultivated, for slipping in and out of places unobserved—before he got religion, no hen roost in Paducah had been safe from him—so that eluding the sentries was a mere bagatelle. He traveled light, wearing merely a khaki blouse and pants, having provided himself with a razor, a pint of rotgut whisky hoarded for just some such emergency, and his cherished saxophone, Hot 'n' Sweet. It was a combination he had found effective more than once during episodes of gallantry.

But no inherited jungle instinct had prepared him for the eery quality of that primeval forest world at night, with himself alone in it. Uncouth sounds were around him everywhere: voices of animals he did not know; sibilant, sinister rustlings that made him wall his eyes uneasily. "Yard visitors!" he muttered—using the respectful term of his kind for anything in the serpent line; and was about to beat a prudent retreat when he sensed, underlying all the jungle noises, a low insistent throbbing, more felt than heard, which seemed the very voice of Africa calling. It was not the familiar rat-a-tat of a snare drum, but the flat, dull, muffled beat of a *derboucha*, one of those vase-shaped clay instruments with skin stretched across the top, thumped with the flat of the hand, which seem to have no resonance, yet whose reverberations can be heard for miles. Automatically Clarence's feet caught the tempo. No doubt some sort of celebration was going on in the very village he sought, probably with dancing to it; and when it came to cutting the rug, he admitted to himself in all modesty, there was no reason for him to be backward in coming forward.

AT that moment his arms were pinioned from behind, while a large black savage appeared on either side of him, dressed merely in a sort of modesty piece, through whose belt was thrust a murderous-looking implement known locally as a gutting knife.

"Hi, look out what you're doin'! You done made me drop my saxophone," protested Clarence, who guarded Hot 'n' Sweet with the loving care of a mother.

One of his captors picked the instrument up, examined it indiffer-

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He put into it all he had, wooing her ear with mellifluous swing, yearning blues.

AL SCHMITT

I suddenly felt as if the fury of the whole war had been turned on me.

ACTION IN THE PACIFIC

A naval officer who fought through the big Pacific sea battles talks of cruisers slugging it out off the Solomons, how we mowed 'em down at Midway, and the last hours of the Astoria—told as you have never heard it told before

BY EARL SCHENCK

ILLUSTRATED BY PVT. JACK COGGINS

WHEN a usually reticent United States Navy officer looks you steadily in the eye and says, quietly and seriously, "Action? I've seen *plenty* of action," you may be sure that he has.

It was Lieutenant Jack Gibson, U. S. N., lean, sandy-haired, with sea-green eyes and a tanned face, who said this to me in this way. A moment later, as he went on, it was plain that in his mind the twenty-eight-year-old lieutenant was at sea again, at the hour of the attack on Pearl Harbor. And then, with hushed, at times almost inaudible words, he projected his own vivid mental picture of falling Zeros, their trailing smoke plumes crisscrossed against the sky. He told of Japanese bombers, hit by American shell fire, literally vanishing in mid-air. And he made me see, as he himself did, a dramatic battle picture—heavy cruisers slugging it out in the dark on a sea that was lighted by flares and by the fires of burning ships that cut circles of destruction through helplessly floating men.

It was action in the Pacific being unfolded in a quiet corner of a coffee shop in Brooklyn. Lieutenant Gibson was telling me about it:

I WAS radio officer on the heavy cruiser Astoria, on a routine patrol off Hawaii, when a dispatch reached us: Pearl Harbor was being bombed. Everything at sea was ordered to intercept the Japanese carriers. Our task force scouted the sea and the air for ten days, but nothing was sighted. At last we turned back for Pearl Harbor. Not a man had spoken of his wife and children left in their neat white bungalows at Pearl City, but we sure were thinking of them.

Coming up on Pearl Harbor, we were met by our own patrol planes. What surprised us was that Japanese submarines were still active in this area. Destroyers were tearing around, dropping ash cans; empty shell cases littered the sea, and strange and alarming debris was floating out to meet us. We were in "Torpedo Junction," as the waters off the harbor entrance are now called.

We expected to see a sunken battleship and a few damaged destroyers, for by the grace of God our carriers and cruisers were at sea at the time—but nothing had prepared us for the hell that was Pearl Harbor.

"How could they do all this in so short a time?" was everybody's question. Then we thought of our fellow officers, our men, and our wives.

"Somebody is going to pay for this," our captain said through his clenched teeth.

The men went down the gangway with tears in their eyes.

I found our bungalow abandoned, the roof and lanai full of shrapnel and machine-gun holes. The tail of a plane stuck out of the attic of a house two doors away. June and our little Sally had seen the whole show from our sea wall. The Utah was going up in smoke when they were ordered into a cane field and finally evacuated from Pearl City Peninsula. I found them, by telephone, safe and sound in Honolulu, and June drove out to meet me.

It was not all as confusing as you might think. The Navy had taken a belly blow, but we had a job to do now and we were anxious to get at it. In five days we were at sea again on running patrols. I was in charge of "control aft." That handled the main battery. There were fifty men under me, trained down to the pink and sharp-edged for action.

"It's hard to believe," I said to Lieutenant Don Willman one night, "that not so very long ago we were carrying Ambassador Saito's ashes back to Japan—had the 'sacred remains' right up there in the band room on the upper deck."

"Do you remember all those pretty toasts and speeches they gave us in Yokohama?" he asked. Then his face hardened. "Boy! I'd like to see the Astoria going up to the Yamashita pier tonight—but with everything we have wide open!"

We never clinched with the Japanese until the Battle of the Coral Sea, the first encounter between carrier forces in the history of the world. The Astoria was protecting the carriers and our fire brought down two Japanese planes. The men cheered when they saw our torpedo and bomber planes taking off with real "eggs" to lay and not the usual practice powder and sandbags.

The Lexington sank that afternoon, and next morning we took on nearly a thousand survivors. Many of them were singed from fires, rope burns, and torpedo blasts, but we had paid the Japs off plenty and the men were cheering as though they'd won the Thanksgiving football game.

This return to Pearl Harbor was something better. We were bringing in the damaged Yorktown and pro-

ceeding at maximum speed to save our wounded. We entered the harbor with all crews at quarters, while the shore bands were playing and cheers swelled up from every ship we passed. You could tell by the grins on the men's faces and the trim of their backs that they were proud to be standing there in Navy shoe leather with their feet on a U. S. deck.

Things were humming in those times. We'd had only a few days ashore when scouting planes reported a large Japanese force steaming eastward. It was said to be the greatest armada of fighting ships ever assembled, and we knew we were going up against them without the heavy guns of our capital ships. Repair crews scrambled off the Yorktown with their job half done and we were soon at sea, heading into history and the Battle of Midway Island.

Probably no one will ever know what actually happened at Midway. The engagement was on too vast a scale. But we took the Japanese by surprise when they thought our whole fleet was somewhere in the Southwest Pacific. Their force was divided into two parts, and the first one cleared its carrier decks for an aerial attack on Midway Island. Those Japs believed they were going to have another Pearl Harbor holiday. Few of their planes ever returned. They were knocked down over Midway or picked off by our fighter planes.

In the meantime TBDs from our own carriers had found their flattops and sent them gurgling to the bottom. Our men were about out of gasoline when they sighted the Jap carriers. Just the same, they went down for the kill, knowing they'd have no gas to take them back.

In the next stage we fell on the reserve force in a two-day running attack that sent the Japs high-tailing for Tokyo. The battle was all in the air, without any surface action, but ships were burning and sinking all around the horizon. Thousands of swimming Japanese sailors were abandoned in their life jackets when the Japs began to run.

In this action the Astoria was fighting off a swarm of Japanese planes that kept coming over in waves. I was busy directing machine-gun fire at a stream of bombers, torpedo planes and, later, fighters that swooped down to strafe our deck. At times the air seemed filled with falling planes, for our own fighters were "upstairs," dropping the Japanese on our heads.

Meanwhile the fleet was zigzagging through a sea churned white for miles and spotted with the white geysers of bomb misses. The Astoria had a near miss from a pair that dropped heavy water to our decks, but we went on with the formation that was weaving like a troop of dancing elephants.

The ship was alive with activity. Flags were running up and down the halyards, ammunition was coming up the hoists, men with message blanks came tearing in and out. Word was passed that the Yorktown was sinking, but we kept on fighting. Our antiaircraft fire was a continuous drone.

"Enemy planes bearing three-three-eight . . ."

It seemed it would never end. We wiped the sweat out of our eyes and adjusted our earphones. A new flight of dive bombers was peeling off after us. We got them as they came in. A plane would be there, and then it would break into a ball of flames and not even a stick or a strut would be left to come down.

One plane got through and we peppered it with machine-gun fire. Its motor conked, the Jap pilot slumped over, dead, and the gunner sagged out of the cockpit with one arm dragging. The plane continued on its glide with a free machine gun still firing. A bullet hit the starboard bulkhead of the Astoria's communication office. It dug a groove in the paint and dropped harmlessly to the deck just as the plane dived into

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There were about a hundred and fifty men aft. Many of them were wounded.

HE SHALL SEND HIS ANGEL

When he kissed her and strode toward the pier, she had not wept.

She was an outsider among the navy wives —but when the bad news came her courage and faith made her one with the women who wait and hope

BY PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

PAST the point, past that beacon marking land's end, she stared at the ocean whose restless waters reached to Rekata Bay and beyond. Six thousand miles as the pigeon flies —if a pigeon *could* fly such an empty expanse—six thousand nautical miles from her feet, a destroyer lay broken, twisted, and dead in the coral underworld bedding the sea. This much Patricia knew; no more. The words, in the briskly impersonal voice of a newscaster cramming a global war, high lights of nation, state, and city, an endless commercial into fifteen minutes, whirled through her mind like a sentence of death:

"One of our destroyers, the navy announced, was lost in a fight off Rekata Bay. The next of kin will be

notified as soon as the casualty list is received."

An aside, that was all, in a digest of news which by and large had been wondrously bright. A destroyer! But what's a lone destroyer when so much that happened today was good?

From the beach Patricia gazed past the surf to the western horizon merging with haze; tried to see over the curve of the world beyond Hawaii, the Gilbert Islands, nameless atolls shaded with palms, to the Solomons where, intuition told her, Alex's slim gray vessel had gone.

Patricia last saw her two months ago—the Furness, seventeen hundred tons of thin steel skin and singing turbines, of lethal tubes and turreted guns, so deadly and yet so easily hurt—saw her go dancing down the bay to stand for the open sea outside. Then she had turned away from the ship, even though Alex, laughing, had told her the old superstition no longer had power. She wouldn't tempt fate. Evil luck or no, she had not watched her husband's destroyer fade off soundings into the west.

Now gulls were wheeling over the breakers and a flight of pelicans skimmed the crests in a single column, bills thrusting south. Patricia stiffened, seeing a pigeon. It was over the beach; it was flying northeast; it was headed—!

ABRUPTLY her pulsebeat quickened. She set out hurriedly for home.

"Now, don't," she warned herself, "*don't* expect—" It was too much for one to expect. To expect a pigeon, not even Bosun, to wing six thousand nautical miles over the broadest sea in the world.

Reaching the driveway hedged with hibiscus, Patricia no longer walked fast. She ran. The loft built by Alex beside the garage was concealed from the street by a pepper tree—the reason, perhaps, that the F. B. I. had not come sooner to take the birds. Some one had told. She could guess the informer. A Navy wife who knew full well that Lieutenant Commander Alex Winton would never have sent forbidden news.

"Yes, those are all," she had told the agent, "except for the two my husband has. They were his favorites, Bosun and Gyp."

"I see. Just why did he take them with him?"

"Because when his ship came in last time Sandy and I weren't home. We had gone. Two hours—imagine, *less* than two hours!—before the convoy was sighted out there, we left for a visit in Beverly Hills. A whole day lost we could've been with him."

"That's tough."

"It isn't much fun, you know, when you've been away from home for ten weeks . . ."

The F. B. I. man understood. He was still youthful, his smile was nice, and she was a girl that men all liked. Even the admirals. It was their wives, and the wives of captains and lesser ranks, including the very young wives of ensigns taking the cue from their service elders, who looked askance at Patricia Winton.

The F. B. I. man's nod was a tribute. It said, "Pretty face like yours, and a figure! Can't blame the skipper of a destroyer, after long months away from home." Her eyes were brown, she was naturally blonde, her lips desirable, generous, warm.

"Next time he'd just write 'Steak and muffins,' to let me know he'd soon be back. With the westerly trades, he was sure that Bosun could rev up seventy miles an hour."

"And then you'd have steak and muffins all ready for your husband's dinner?"

"Detective!" she'd smiled.

But that had been seven weeks ago. Seven weeks, in which two letters only had crossed the Pacific out of the west. The postmark merely read "U. S. Navy," but still she knew they were from Down Under. Two letters . . . then he'd been ordered to sea, and there were no mail drops where the Furness steamed on her dangerous mission of war.

Patricia stared at the loft. It was empty. She had changed the water and put out fresh grain for a weary pigeon, should one ever come bearing a missive on thin rice paper placed in the cartridge strapped to its leg. Empty. No cooing note from the left—only that radio voice and the words, "One destroyer . . . lost in a fight. . . . Next of kin will be notified."

Hopefully, yet hopelessly too, she scanned the sky. Then she turned to go. She would be late. Mrs. Admiral Gates would frown at the clock in disapproval. But Mrs. Captain Warenholz would hardly let the occasion pass without some rather cutting remark—a remark Patricia would have to accept in deference to her husband's four stripes, where Alex wore only two and a half. Even Mrs. Lieutenant Harry Smith and young Mrs. Ensign Felky, her juniors, would eye her coldly as though to sniff, "H'mph. We're not surprised in the least, all considered."

She quickened her steps.

THERE had been a time when Patricia Winton hadn't much care what Navy wives thought. Their menfolk liked her and that was enough, for she liked men and understood them, and as long as *they* liked "Alex's femme" his naval career would not be hurt. Indeed, she had been an asset to him. Her parties were always gay and lively, and Admiral Gates himself had unbent to be innocently flirtatious with her.

But now it was different. The men were at war. Parties were out for its duration, and the service wives were drawn together in a common bond on the home front's shore.

There were more than usual of them today in the Red Cross surgical-dressing station. Navy and Army, but mostly Navy, for the naval base lay across the bay.

Instinctively as she entered the room Patricia braced herself to withstand the concerted barrage of all their eyes—not hostile exactly, yet hardly friendly; so different from the warming look she would have received if they had been men.

An air of tension pervaded the place, and almost at once Patricia saw why. Here were eleven she knew for sure whose husbands served on board destroyers.

A dozen women, each tortured by dread, wondering, waiting, silently praying. "A destroyer lost. . . . The next of kin. . . ." But *which* destroyer? Mrs. Carteret, just five months married, looked ashen with fear. Her lips were moving. At her side sat Mrs. Lieutenant Holmquist, whose husband was the exec of the ship in which the bridegroom was an ensign. This was a special tie between them, their hands making dressings which now—who could know?—might never be needed by those most dear.

MRS. ADMIRAL GATES said, "You know, Mrs. Winton, that we are far behind our quota?" Other Navy wives were almost always addressed by her with their given names.

"I'm so sorry to be late, Mrs. Gates. That news of—"

"If you please, Mrs. Winton! You're aware of our rule, no talk about ships."

For a moment Patricia's eyes caught fire and she almost said what was on her tongue: That it was all very well for her, with her husband safely ashore at the base. *He* hadn't gone out in a fragile destroyer, a "tin can" vessel, to fight Japs. No newscaster said *his* base had been lost, that the next of kin would be notified.

And yet, in all fairness, Patricia knew that it would not have changed Mrs. Gates. Had the admiral drowned on a bridge out there, his flagship sinking beneath the waves, she would have carried on regardless, her head held proudly, her gray eyes dry; a patrician in deed, not just in name.

Not just in *borrowed* name, thought Patricia. "Patricia" was what she had picked for herself when she went on the stage as a chorus girl. Patricia Lane sounded better, she fancied, than Isabella Kobelmeyer. No D. A. R. like Mrs. Gates, no century of social luster—just Kobelmeyer, a tailor's daughter, one generation removed from Europe via an overcrowded steerage.

Patricia worked swiftly, folding the gauze to the cotton pads. She didn't leave "splinters." There was no need for the supervisors to turn back bandages she had made. Around her the hum of conversation, talk of children, scandal, of movies; but she said nothing, thinking her thoughts, not liking women, yet wishing she could; wanting to have herself accepted and even ready to be as tire-

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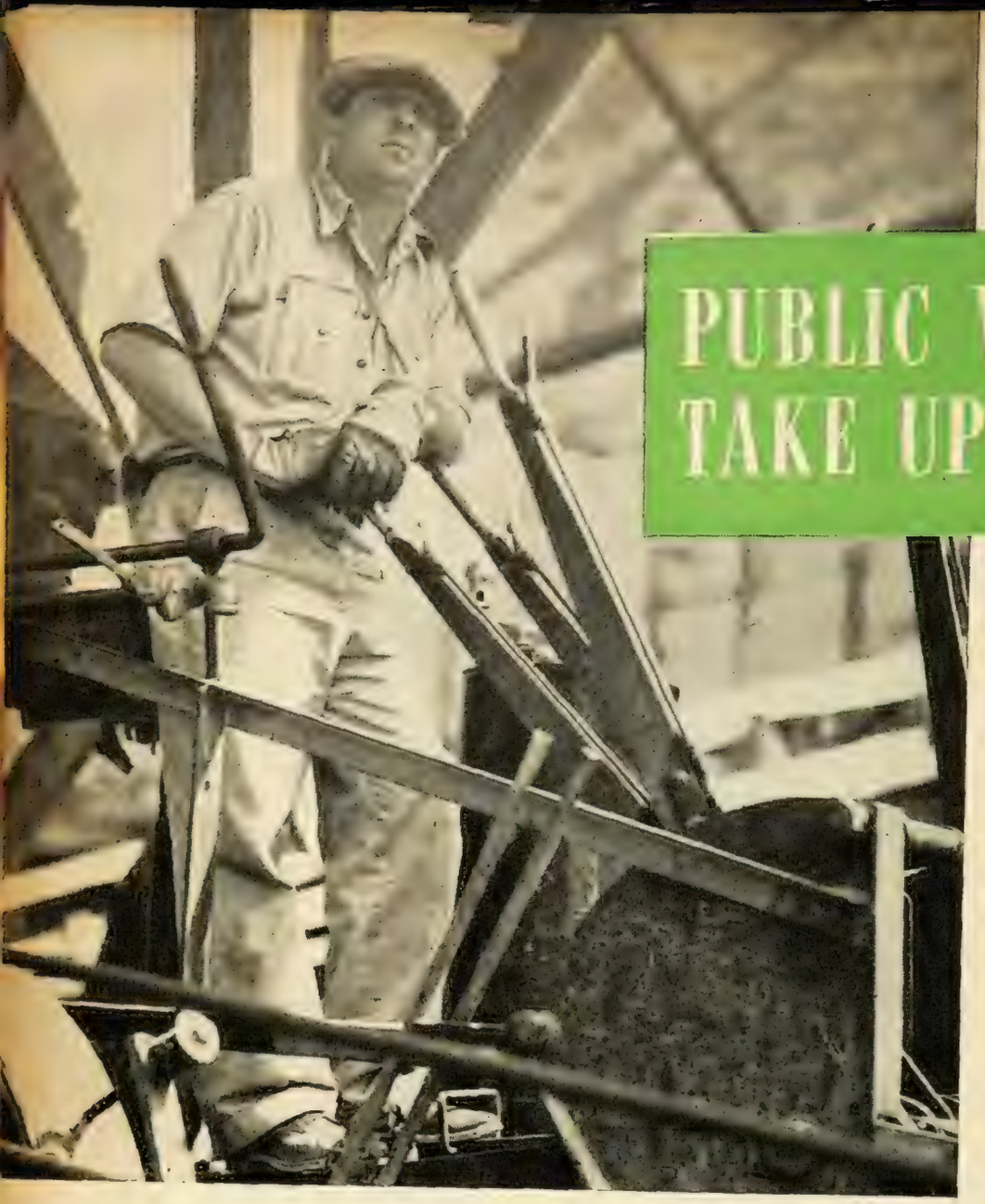

WILL JOHNNY MARCH HOME TO A JOB? III

PUBLIC WORKS CAN TAKE UP THE SLACK

Suppose industry's well laid plans for postwar jobs don't hatch? An authority advocates that we now plan sound, non-boondoggling public works to fill the breach—and help make the U. S. depression-proof

BY ROBERT MOSES

New York City Park Commissioner and nationally known authority on public works

THE Selective Service System, we have been told, plans to demobilize men directly into jobs. Industry, we have also been told, is studying postwar employment and preparing to do its part to employ returning members of the armed forces and men discharged from war production.

Private business alone, however, may not be able to absorb all these men. It would be ideal if it could. But the ability of business men to get on their feet within a short period after the war depends on factors some of which are not within industry's control. Among other things, [illegible] Washington an ad- [illegible] and to create the conditions and incentives required for its revival.

Of one thing we may be certain. After the war, millions will be eager for jobs—not a dole. Unless public works plans are available so that construction contracts can be let promptly to create the needed jobs, we shall be forced into another WPA, or a similar wasteful boondoggling scheme, and the lessons we learned after World War I and in the recent depression will have been wasted. A sound, well conceived public works program is, of course, justified. In fact, government should and must put at profitable work men released from the war effort during the period in which industry is shifting its gears, retooling, adjusting its objectives, and resuming its responsibility to provide work for the millions who, if a system of free enterprise is to be preserved, belong in private as distinguished from public employment.

Let it be understood that the preparation of mere preliminary studies, sketches, and engineering generalizations will not serve the purpose at all. The woods are full of planners making studies, coloring sketches, and preparing endless lists of projects, many of them extravagant and fantastic. These are all right as far as they go, but they do not serve as a basis for advertising and letting contracts and putting men to work.

What we need are complete blueprints, specifications, estimates, and bid proposals, all salted away ready to be brought out at the appropriate time. In this manner a shelf of real public works specifications will be in readiness, instead of file after file of inventories, lists, and rosters of project titles.

Blueprints can be translated into actual contracts, and these in turn will put men to work in a dozen places, take equipment out of hock, transport and deliver material from mine to factory to job, and get equipment operating on the scene. There are no pay envelopes in National Resources Planning Board rosters and preliminary sketches.

Nor is there any need to cast about for grandiose academic long-range projects. There is plenty of work to be done in catching up on construction and repair deferred on account of the war, and if we will concentrate on selecting and designing projects which commend themselves to the average citizen and taxpayer, work which we should have done anyway in the normal course of events if it had not been for the war, we will be ready with an adequate sensible and conservative public works program. There is no need to change and rebuild everything in the nation. We will have our hands full bringing up to date our highways, our buildings, and our entire public works system, together with

those additions which we delayed because of the war.

There is nothing new in the idea of public works shelves and reservoirs. They have long been advocated and on occasion used to fight so-called periodic or cyclical economic depressions. The Egyptian kings planned their tombs long before they died, and took advantage of seasonal and other unemployment periods between wars to have the work done. Some of those persons needed to prepare a postwar public works program are otherwise occupied, and those not wholly absorbed in war work feel a natural hesitancy in attacking a problem which has little drama and public appeal in these exciting days. And yet the spade work must be done now if anything is to grow later. The main task is to catch up on construction and repair deferred on account of the war.

THE pursuit of plans for the reconstruction of obsolete or dilapidated areas, for adequate systems of transportation, for decent living and recreation facilities, and for other adequate public services which an emancipated society will demand should require no apology. There is plenty of honest government work to be done to take care of those whom private industry cannot immediately absorb. During the war we have not even been able to make repairs of public structures. We have not provided for normal expansion. Our roofs leak. Our equipment is worn out. Our pipes are rusty. Our roads are full of holes. If the automobile industry increases its output as it is being encouraged to do, there must be first-rate express highways and parkways and wide boulevards and streets for the new cars and trucks to run on.

There are various ways, none of them wholly satisfactory, of measuring the scope of needed postwar public work. One way to approach the problem is from the angle of unemployment in the last depression. We may assume that at least the maximum number of unemployed in, let us say, the year 1934 must be taken care of in the year after the war by public works, while normal employment is being restored, and that this number will begin to taper off in the course of another year. The Civil Works Administration at its peak employed over 4,000,000 persons. This figure does not include some 800,000 employed on other pump-priming projects, nor white-collar workers and unemployables relegated to home relief.

In 1934, as New York City Park Commissioner, I inherited about 80,000 relief workers. We devised some 1,800 small stop-gap projects to keep these men busy until we could get together a staff competent to prepare specifications for real work. This staff of 3,000 architects,

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Highway construction heads the list of practical postwar public works projects.

Real public works planned *now* will insure the whole nation against unemployment

INDUCTION

Liberty's SHORT, SHORT STORY

George's family had a tradition of service and sacrifice for America. When his own test came, he proved he could live up to it

BY DALE CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

"THE best Army in the world," Major Wilder said. He'd come to the sidewalk, and standing there, leaning against his stick, he looked at George Wilder Perce and at Patriot. "The best fed one, too," he added, smiling at the Airedale.

"Yes, sir," said George Wilder Perce. He could not smile at all, and so set his face hard and his stare straight ahead. "I'm not worried about that part of it, sir."

"You don't want to worry about any part of it, soldier," his uncle said quickly, and then for a moment neither of them said anything. There was just the flinty sound of the stick moving a bit, and Patriot speaking softly from his throat at a beetle on the walk.

George, of course, did not have to be told how Major James Wilder, U. S. Cavalry, felt about the Army. Uncle Jim had always called him soldier, jokingly, and seriously he'd always planned for George's winning an appointment to the Academy. George Wilder Perce wanted that, too, when he was with the major and especially when he listened to the major's roaring reminiscences. The Army was boots and saddles and away, and a boy's blood brawled with the telling of it.

But now his heart beat heavily, bursting.

"I have to be going, sir," said George, and he hoped for the major's sake his voice didn't tremble in the man's ears as it sounded in his own. He didn't want to let the major down this morning of all mornings. "Patriot!" he cried. "Come, fellow!"

"Forward march, hey?" said Major Wilder. The divil a dashing cavalryman was George's Uncle Jim, but now the blackthorn stick made almost a tired sound on the sidewalk. He could not quite look at his nephew, either. Instead he poked the stick at Patriot.

"Well, good luck. Good luck!" the major said. "Give my best to your grandfather," he called out.

George Wilder Perce went down the hill, hurrying. It was a fine morning with a breeze through it. The whitecaps ran on the bay and the eucalyptuses by the boathouse bobbed their plumed manes, like horses feeding. George could not [illegible] looking down, he could not bear to watch Patriot trotting ahead. *The last time,* he thought, watching the compact and wiry Airedale movements. The last time we'll ever do this, he thought, and fought not to think it at all.

"Patriot!" he said fiercely. "Heel!"

Patriot was well trained. He came to heel, and George didn't have to watch. There was only the gentle four-footed padding sound behind when he came down to the boathouse planking. His grandfather was there ahead and waiting, a fine spare figure of a man still.

"Ready, sailor?" said Commander Perce, U. S. N. (retired). The commander had always thought Annapolis a foregranted conclusion for George Wilder Perce—and that was the way George wanted it, too, when he was with his grandfather. It was a hard thing for a boy to be pulled between these two men. But it was a proud thing, too.

"Aye, aye, sir," George said. He walked along the dock, putting his heels down hard and firmly. Commander Perce had unlocked the boathouse and brought out the sailbag. The Sampsett II lay to at the dock's fender.

"NO hurry, sailor," his grandfather said—had he seen George's fingers shaking? "We must be right first, and then speedy if we can, but always right." It might have been any morning, and George recognized the justice of his grandfather's observation. A degree more or less wasn't much to a landsman, but it made all the difference when you were firing torpedoes from the Sampsett's tubes —that U. S. S. Sampsett which had been his grandfather's last command, in Asiatic waters in '37. The only way to be right at the crucial instant was to be right all the time, as a matter of habit.

"Aye, sir," said George Wilder Perce.

He and his grandfather were quick at the mainsail and jib sheet, trimming flat, while Patriot stretched in the cockpit and ran out a laughing tongue.

"Cast off there," said the commander.

"Aye, sir," said George, thrusting from the fender.

The quiet water widened, the tiller came from starboard a point to port, and they were in the tide.

"Take the helm, sailor," said his grandfather. The sloop ran down the wind, silent, a flying bird. Commander Perce sat with his arm over Patriot's shoulder, his fingers nestling inside the Airedale's collar. "Shakespeare," he told George Wilder Perce, "was never a seafaring man."

"No, sir?" said the grandson.

"Parting is not a sweet sorrow. The Navy never believed that," the commander said. "Watch the boom, sir." His voice was desperate against the lump gathering in his throat.

"Duty isn't always agreeable. It is always necessary, and," his grandfather said softly, "most necessary of all to the man who performs it. You'll understand that some day, George."

THE sloop ran scudding across the bay. It was like something George Wilder Perce might have dreamed; it seemed to last forever, and it seemed to be over in an instant. The commander gestured, and they came alongside the village wharf.

"If you'd like me to come up with you—" said Commander Perce then.

"No," said George faintly. "I'd rather go alone, sir."

His grandfather, expecting that, nodded. "I thought so."

"Patriot!" said George. "Heel!"

Outside the boat, his knees got shaky. He could not hear Patriot padding behind, only the sound of the surf at the foot of the hill as he climbed. He looked at his watch and then walked faster, crossing the tracks to the small weatherbeaten station. The Man was on the platform, waiting.

"Perce?" The Man looked at the papers in his hand.

"Yes"— It was a hard word to say.

"You can take off his collar," the Man told George. He turned away and didn't look.

"Here, Patriot," said George Wilder Perce, and knelt beside the dog. It was worse than he'd thought. It was the fumbling with the collar's stiff leather, the harsh clean hair and the silky elastic skin against his fumbling fingers. It was the dog-warmth and the dog-smell drowning George Wilder Perce's senses. He

George wanted the Army, too, when he was with the major, listening to his roaring reminiscences.

was only twelve, after all, an age when one has not quite forgotten how to cry.

"It's all right, fellow," he whispered into the dog's ear. "It's—we've got to live up to both of them, Pat."

Then he stood up with the collar dangling in his hand.

"Which crate?" he asked.

"This one," the Man said. "Right here."

"Inside," George told Patriot. "Good boy. Charge!"

The Man, watching, said, "That's a well trained dog, son."

"Yes, sir," said George Wilder Perce. "They won't have any trouble with *him*."

The Man closed the crate and as he did, Patriot whined questioningly. The sound stabbed George Wilder Perce to his twelve-year-old heart.

He bent down close, and swallowed, his voice choked up. "You're in the Army now," he said proudly. "Good-by, soldier!"

THE END

Veterans and youngsters get the breaks this season. "Fat Freddy" Fitzsimmons, the dean of Brooklyn's pitching staff, is forty-two.

Dick Wakefield, Detroit Tiger outfield, is twenty-one, fresh from Michigan University.

BASEBALL SCOUTS THE CRADLE

BY BILL STERN

A famous sports commentator draws a fantastic picture of baseball in wartime—of mere youngsters being snapped up by Big-League scouts and taking their places beside men old enough to be their fathers

IF this double-header with Germany and Japan goes into extra innings—say two years more for argument's sake—then get ready to visit baseball's big-league parks and watch the high-school boys run the nation's Sock Market.

Don't get me wrong; there isn't a syllable of sarcasm in this report. But facts bear out the record. With the war drying up the lush minor leagues—happy hunting grounds of baseball's talent scouts—the keen-eyed "ivory hunters" are going to high school to seek talent instead of refresher courses.

Back in the days when Hitler was only making faces—well, we all know what we saw when we went out to the stadium on Sunday. The late and great Lou Gehrig was powdering that ball with the kick of an All-America mule; George Herman Ruth was mincing up to the plate while the opposition shut its collec-

look over the equally ripened "Gi'nts."

Today? That fuzzy-chinned youngster—your gangling nephew or mine—is climbing up to baseball's seventh heaven without detouring through the minor leagues so heavily traveled by the greats of yesterday. Boyd Bartley, the nineteen-year-old college junior from Illinois University, went from schoolroom to shortstop because Brooklyn's Dandy Dodgers recognized that youth *had* to be served—but speedily.

Take a closer look at the make-up of America's grand old game (Your look is definitely as good as mine, because Uncle Sam doesn't wait for publication day and our youngsters may be off to keep an induction date the minute you're reading this.) Dick—Richard Merriwell—Wakefield, the highly touted and mighty expensive rookie with the American League's Detroit club, who went from Michigan U.'s campus to caper for the Tigers in the outfield, is just voting age. And there are plenty of regulars up East in Boston, out West in Chicago and St. Louis, and down South in Washington, who will never be accused of senility this summer.

And over in the International League—the Class AA league which has produced so many top-flight

Boyd Bartley, nineteen-year-old Illinois University junior, is the new Dodger shortstop.

In the Army now, Pete Reiser, swinging his rifle like a bat, recalls last season when he was the National League batting champ.

Yankees, Cards, and other big-league timber—there's a utility infielder playing for the Baltimore Orioles by the name of Jack Moesch. Last summer Jack played second base for a Long Island, New York, high-school team. This year? Well, this summer Jack is sixteen years old and just beginning to give it the old Oriole try! Shades of Jack Dunn!

Walter Dyche, at seventeen, is a southpaw for Jersey City, another International League club. If it hadn't been for that maniac overseas who makes for murder, kids like Moesch and Dyche would not have made the International League grade for three or four more years.

Yes, sir—they've really thrown that bulging book of baseball buts and don'ts out of the window. This year you're either a kid and love it, or you're an old man—and take it!

There just isn't any "middle man" in baseball any more. The "old men" veteran minor leaguers have moved up to the "big tent" and are presently preening themselves in the hot summer sun. Baseball needs them—badly. And they're doing all right, too. Seems from here I remember "Fat Freddy" Fitzsimmons, the dean of Brooklyn's pitching staff who is only eight years shy of fifty, stemming the crafty Cardinals on the last day of May with a 1-0 shutout—and out in St. Louis! And on the same day old Aloysius Syzmanski, also known to you and me as "Al" Simmons, hit a game-running single for the Boston Red Sox against the St. Louis Browns! Al, incidentally, isn't worrying about his draft call.

Now comes the original one-dollar question—the one that's supposed to be a cinch.

Sure, our "kids" know jerries from jeeps, captains from colonels—but how well can they distinguish a "waste ball" from a strike, a sliding curve from a pitchout?

Baseball itself doesn't know. Nor do baseball's great scouts, who are the least known but in many ways the most important cogs in organized baseball. Time, to voice an overused statement, is going to tell us this one.

After all, smart time-worn fellows like Paul Krichell, dean of the Yankee scouts, "Wish" Egan, of the Detroit Tigers, and the other famous "brush beaters" of the big leagues know that it's almost impossible to head for the tops in baseball and get there without a visit from the scouts of baseball. You rarely win without 'em.

I've known baseball's scouts too long and watched them too often to ignore their brilliancy, their doggedness, their way of working. They work twelve months out of twelve. They disregard personal comfort—lots of 'em ride the rails all night to corner a contract. Most of them dig a dollar out of their pocket—with no refund—to beat rival scouts to the draw. And I'll add this—particularly for the young lads who may be reading this—they're your difference between going up or striking out.

From December through the dog days of summer these men scour the outfield of America, armed usually with only a fountain pen. Their job is to bring back alive another Ty Cobb or a DiMaggio. Sometimes they do. Sometimes—well, they're outsmarted. Listen to Krichell, the Yankee scout, tell one:

"All the scouts were after Hank Borowy, the Yankee pitcher, who was then a student at Fordham University in New York. I finally in-

duced him to sign with us and made a date with the boy to meet him in the Fordham gym. I took out the contract and Borowy reached for the pen on the desk. The inkwell was dry.

"I didn't have a fountain pen, so I left him and went to an office nearby to get a pen. I came back, and when I handed it to him, he said, 'Paul, I've been thinking it over. I feel I should get $500 more.' What could I do? So I gave him the five hundred. That's what it cost me that day not to have a fountain pen. And you know what? Now, when I go to sign a boy, I carry *three* pens."

Up and down the nation these brush beaters scour the countryside looking for great talent for the diamond—rising in darkness to go to work, hitting the hay when it's light outside. It was true in Grover Alexander's day; it's a fact today and tomorrow—more so, because the demand is ever greater as the "middle-aged" man—twenty-two to twenty-eight in baseball parlance—disappears across the ocean.

AND the two-dollar question, still on the hard side, is this: What's the scout looking for when he hits the tank towns and sees eighteen eager youngsters in a semi-professional ball game entertaining the home-town customers? Home runs? Great hulking physiques? A young boy with a burning fast ball?

Read on. The answer varies. Says Ted McGrew, chief of the Brooklyn Dodgers' scouting corps:

"First impressions count most with me! Of course I like to see them fill out, develop, and mature. That's half the thrill of digging up these prospects. But they've got to click with me from the start.

"Another thing. Even if the boy I see in a hick town isn't fast, he might be a catcher or a first baseman. No—the first thing I look for is *hands*. Where are you going to put a boy who isn't sure with his mitts on the ball—unless he's a pitcher?"

Next, says McGrew, is the face. "At my age, you learn to read character, temperament, and background in faces—and a scout must consider these. A face is very important."

As a scout, McGrew has many of the qualities of the late Charley Barrett, who served the Cardinals so long and so well. Barrett, like McGrew and Krichell of the Yankees, had the knack of looking at a teen-age ballplayer and envisioning him as a big-leaguer four years later. The trait is invaluable in scouts since the farm system has developed to the point where you have to get your ballplayers from the cradle or not at all.

In fact, the classic—and oft-believed tale—out of St. Louis is that mothers who go out for the afternoon with perambulators duck for cover [illegible] talent scout looks [illegible] are afraid

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A harassed attaché of the American Consulate at Lisbon told the story of a gray-faced little man who leaned over his desk one morning and anxiously inquired: "Can you tell me if there is any possibility that I could get entrance to your wonderful country?"

The attaché, pressed by thousands of such requests and haggard from sleepless nights, roughly replied: "Impossible now. Come back in another ten years."

The little refugee moved toward the door, stopped, turned, and, with a wan smile, asked, "Morning or afternoon?"

—Pocketbook of War Humor.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

that if the scouts learn that the children are boys they'll whip out a contract.

Generally the primary requisites a scout looks for in a young prospect are the boy's ability to play his position and his potency at powerhousing the "pill." Once that's been decided, the scout's job is just starting.

He has to follow that boy for weeks. He wants to know how quick the prospect is mentally; how he can take it under pressure.

But still the scout isn't "in." There's the monetary matter of getting the player's John Hancock on the contract. We asked Paul Krichell about Charlie Keller, the Yankee outfielder who loves to bang out homers for the American League champs. Well, Krichell cornered him. Here's how—

"I was in Buffalo one night when Boss Barrow [Ed Barrow, head of the Yankees] phoned me and told me to get Keller, then a student at the University of Maryland. I grabbed a train for Baltimore and dropped in on the college coach. Pretty soon he was on my side. Then I hit the road for the Keller farm. I talked to Charlie's father and sold him on the idea. Next I talked his mother into it. Then there was a cousin—a lawyer. When I got through with him, I was dry in the throat, wondering what foreign country to visit if Charlie Keller turned sour on me.

"I hopped a train for a little North Carolina town where the boy was playing ball. Got there at six in the morning and found out where Charlie was staying in a boarding-house. I reached there as he was getting up. I started to walk Keller toward the outskirts of the town. It didn't take long. I kept right on talking. I took out a pen and contract and—against the side of a barn—Charles Ernest Keller signed to play with the New York Yankees."

So big-league spies, scouting minors for the last ten or fifteen years, now have tougher jobs. The game has changed. We know that. Their jobs have, too. Today they're beating their way not only along the sawdust trail but to the college campus, the high-school field, the American Legion-sponsored games.

And our next question: What does the wartime youngster expect in cold cash to exhibit his baseball talents?

Well, in the old days all a young ballplayer wanted was a chance. Pete Reiser, who led the National League in hitting with a .343 average two years ago, cost the Brooklyn Dodgers exactly $100. At least a dozen players playing now in the American League were obtained by their respective clubs for nothing.

Today the eager and well tutored youth not only wants a chance to toss the horsehide, he wants a bonus in hard cash to back it up. Often the amount he demands would turn a Hollywood starlet red with chagrin. Agreeing to that bonus puts a scout on a sore spot. Picking up players as young as they are today makes the bonus a throw of the dice. Anything can happen—and often does—to a young prospect in the two or three years it takes to season him for a day-by-day big-time performance.

THE most money ever laid on the line for any young prospect to put his name to a big-league contract was paid to Dick Wakefield, Detroit outfielder, who, while a nineteen-year-old fence-breaking sensation for the University of Michigan, concocted the neatest self-selling scheme ever recorded in baseball's annals.

Instead of waiting for the big-league scouts to make the accustomed offers, Dick got each scout aside and made his own offer!

For his traveling expenses, he explained, he was willing to visit their home ball park and exhibit his wares. Each scout accepted the offer. In Chicago's Wrigley Field the blond bomber—aged nineteen, don't forget!—stood in the batter's box and poked a goodly number of drives into the bleachers. In Cincinnati he blasted the ball into the distant seats. In several other ball orchards he buggy-whipped the ball toward the far horizon.

Exactly one dozen clubs bid for his services. Brooklyn was very interested. Cleveland offered a sky-

(*Continued on page 55*)

EVE CURIE

Talented young journalist, the famous daughter of a very famous mother, flew to the battlefields of the world and talked with soldiers, Axis prisoners, great leaders. What she saw and what they said makes exciting reading in

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS

her vivid story of her trip. This book, a best seller, highly praised by critics, will appear in Liberty

Next Week

Abridged to an evening's reading time

A Coffin for DIMITRIOS

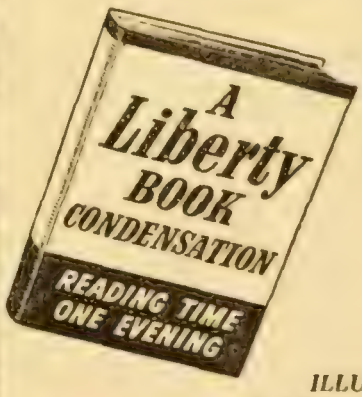
A Condensation of the Novel by

ERIC AMBLER

Eric Ambler is a master of the story of spying and intrigue.

In this he begins with the death of a nondescript who has been stabbed and tossed from a yacht. Tracing back through a maze of murder, espionage, intrigue, and mystery, the trail leads to one of the cleverest and most merciless characters Ambler has yet described.

It is a story that fascinates and haunts the imagination.



ILLUSTRATED BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

CHARLES LATIMER was longing for a change of scene. A year in the sun of Greece had completed his recovery from an illness and he had been able to finish writing his sixth successful detective story. Since the prospect of returning home to an English autumn was uninviting, he suddenly decided to follow a friend's suggestion and sail across to Turkey.

In Istanbul, at a party, he met Colonel Haki, head of the Turkish Secret Police. The colonel had just read Latimer's latest story and was enthusiastic about it. Before they parted he invited Latimer to visit him at his office to see how crime was handled in actual practice. Latimer went, and they sat for a long time discussing detective work.

"I wonder," the colonel said finally, "if you are interested in real murders, Mr. Latimer."

Latimer reddened, suddenly conscious of his years at a minor English university lecturing on political economy, from which he had sought relief in concocting crime stories whose success had finally driven him to acknowledge their authorship and forsake the academic life.

"Well, yes," he replied slowly, "I suppose I am."

Colonel Haki reached for a manila folder on his desk, selected a paper from it, glanced over it, and said: "This is the dossier of a man known to have committed at least one murder. No government has ever caught him, nor have we his photograph. For twenty years we have known about him, and so have Sofia, Belgrade, Paris, and Athens. He was a great traveler, was Dimitrios. And now he is dead." He added contemptuously, "Last night a fisherman pulled his body out of the Bosporus. It is believed he had been knifed and thrown overboard."

Not once referring to the dossier, the colonel gave

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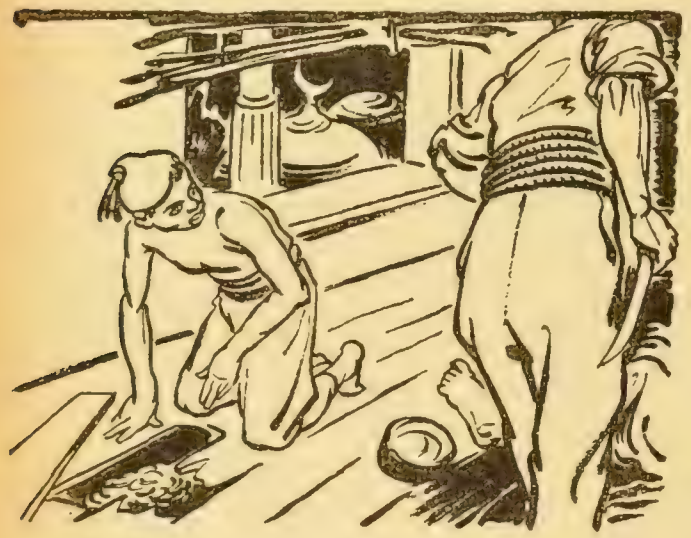
Latimer its facts. Dimitrios, born in Greece in 1889 and abandoned by his unknown parents, had first come to the notice of the Turkish authorities in 1922, when their troops occupied Smyrna. A Negro fig packer, Dhris Mohammed, accused of murdering a Jewish money-lender named Sholem, made a confession which implicated the man Dimitrios. But Dimitrios had disappeared and the Negro's story was unprovable. He was hanged.

"I was the president of the court-martial," explained Colonel Haki. "A year later I was transferred to the Secret Police; and when in 1924 we discovered a plot to assassinate our Gazi, one of the agents of it was this same Dimitrios." He pushed cigarettes toward Latimer. "Please smoke."

Latimer shook his head. "How did the story end?"

"It didn't! Two years later Dimitrios was wanted—this time by the Yugoslav government—for espionage on behalf of France and for the theft of secret naval documents. He was using the surname Talat—a common one



in Turkey—and a forged Turkish passport. But he disappeared and we did not hear of him again until 1929. Then he was named by six men arrested for drug peddling as the head of their organization. He was not caught, and a year later an anonymous letter undoubtedly written by him gave the police evidence which sent the rest of the gang to prison. When released, some of them threatened to kill Dimitrios for that letter. They could give the police no information about him except that his surname was Makropoulos and that he had a flat in the seventeenth arrondissement. But neither he nor his flat was ever found."

"And that was the last you heard of him?" Latimer asked.

"Oh, no. A year later a Croat attempted to assassinate a Yugoslav politician in Zagreb. In his confession he told the police that his pistol had been obtained from a man named Dimitrios in Rome."

"But, without a photograph of him, how did you identify his body last night?" questioned Latimer.

"There was a French *carte d'identité* sewn inside the lining of his coat, issued about a year ago at Lyons to Dimitrios Makropoulos. There was, of course, a photograph in it. We've turned it over to the French and they say it is genuine." He pushed the dossier aside and stood up. "There's an inquest tomorrow. I have to go and look at the body in the police mortuary."

"I wonder," said Latimer, "if you could take me with you."

The colonel frowned and then shrugged. "If you wish."

The body they were shown was that of a short, broad-shouldered man of about fifty. Latimer stared at it. So this was Dimitrios—this putty-colored bulk—the end of an Odyssey. For every one of his recorded crimes there must have been others in those intervals not covered by the dossier. By what route had he traveled to keep his appointment with Nemesis? Suppose a man began with, say, Smyrna, and tried to retrace his steps, with the dossier as a rough guide—just as an experiment in detection. The colonel's eye on Latimer made him look up.

"Ugly devil, isn't he?" said Haki. "The sooner he's in a coffin the better," he added as they walked away.

ON his second morning in Smyrna, Latimer asked the proprietor of his hotel to recommend a good interpreter, and was put in touch with a self-important little Russian of about sixty. He had a water-front office where he translated business documents and interpreted for officers of foreign cargo vessels using the port.

"I want," Latimer explained, "to trace a Greek who left here in September, 1922. He was believed to have conspired with a Negro to murder a money-lender, but he got away and the Negro was hanged. I want to inspect the records of the trial, the confession of the Negro, Dhris Mohammed, and the inquiries concerning the Greek, Dimitrios."

At the name Dimitrios the little Russian stared, appeared to be about to say something but to change his mind. He agreed, however, to arrange for the necessary permission to inspect the police archives; and the following day he brought Latimer a long handwritten report of what he had found.

Latimer read carefully the official account of the Negro's testimony on which he was convicted. It seemed to him fantastically feeble as evidence. He read next the confession Dhris had asked to be allowed to make before his death.

"I did not kill Sholem," it stated. "Dimitrios killed him. He said to me one day that this Jew Sholem had much money hidden below the floor of his room. He said the money rightfully belonged to true believers. He proposed that we go secretly to Sholem, bind him, and take his money. We went that night after the curfew, and Dimitrios seized him and held him while I searched for the money. He dragged the old man across the bed. I saw him draw his knife and drive it into the Jew's neck and pull it across his throat. After that we took the money.

"Then Dimitrios said we should each take our share and go separately. I was afraid then. I could see he meant from the first to kill Sholem. Why then had he brought me? I see now. He knew that when I sin by becoming drunk I cannot stop my tongue, and so I would talk of this and I alone would be blamed. As I am a true believer, I have said the truth. For the love of God, have mercy!"

The confession, Latimer thought, rang true. But it was easiest for the police to hang Dhris and have an end to the business. Dimitrios would never have been implicated if Colonel Haki had not chanced to be transferred to the Secret Police.

The interpreter had one small piece of news for Latimer which he reported with a smirk: Some one else had been interested in this record about two months ago. For what purpose, he could not or would not say.

"What did he look like?" Latimer questioned.

"He looked like a Frenchman," was all the man would say.

Next morning Latimer sat down and made a rough chronological table:

TIME	PLACE	REMARKS	SOURCE OF INFORMATION
1922 (October)	Smyrna	Sholem	Police Archives
1923 (early part)	Sofia	Stambulisky	Colonel Haki
1924	Adrianople	Kemal attempt	Colonel Haki
1926	Belgrade	Espionage for France	Colonel Haki
1926	Switzerland	Talat passport	Colonel Haki
1929-31 (?)	Paris	Drugs	Colonel Haki
1932	Zagreb	Croat assassin	Colonel Haki
1937	Lyons	*Carte d'identité*	Colonel Haki
1938	Istanbul	Murdered	Colonel Haki

In the six months following the murder of Sholem, then, Dimitrios had escaped from Smyrna, made his way to Sofia, and become involved in a plot to assassinate the Bulgarian Prime Minister. But if he escaped by Greek steamer from Smyrna he must have gone first to the Piraeus and Athens. So Latimer's logical course now was to go to Athens and tackle the job of picking up the trail there; and this he did. Immediately upon arrival

he sought out a friend who might be able to arrange access to any record in existence there.

"A complete register of those who arrived from Smyrna?" his friend Siantos repeated. "That is a tall order. Why are you so interested?"

Loath to explain that just as an experiment in detection he wanted to trace the history of a dead criminal, Latimer answered, "It is in connection with a new book I am writing, Siantos. A matter of detail that must be checked."

That satisfied Siantos, and he arranged for Latimer to present himself at the bureau in which the register was kept. There an official behind a counter shrugged. A fig packer named Dimitrios? October, 1922? It was impossible.

"The surname," Latimer said, "may have been Makropoulos."

He was dimly aware, as he said it, that behind him a man had entered the inquiry office from the street.

"Dimitrios Makropoulos?" repeated the official. "That is better. Please come this way."

As he raised the hinged flap of the counter for Latimer to go through, he glanced over Latimer's shoulder. "Gone!" he exclaimed. "People have no patience. They cannot wait." He shrugged. "Follow me, please."

In the files they found nothing under the name of Makropoulos. Then an inspiration came to Latimer. "Try under the name of Talat," he suggested.

"But that is a Turkish name." However, he tried it, and pulled out a card. "Here is one," he said. "The man was a fig packer, but the name is Dimitrios Taladis."

Latimer took the card. It told him something that Colonel Haki did not know: Dimitrios had used the name Talat before 1926. He had merely tacked on a Greek suffix. With the official's permission, Latimer copied the words on the card into his notebook, translating it into English. Yes, it described Dimitrios, all right. But here, in Athens, another robbery and attempted murder had been added.

That evening Latimer asked Siantos to dinner, and made another request.

"Do you know any one in Sofia? I want a letter of introduction to an intelligent newspaperman there who could give me some inside information about Bulgarian politics in 1923."

Siantos thought. "There is a man named Marukakis," he said at last. "He is the Sofia correspondent of a French news agency."

WITHIN a week Latimer boarded a night train for Sofia.

It was not crowded and he had hoped to have a sleeping-car compartment to himself; but luggage was carried in and deposited above the empty berth. The owner followed.

"I must apologize for intruding on your privacy," he said to Latimer in English.

He was a fat unhealthy-looking man of about fifty-five. The seat of his trousers sagged absurdly, making his walk reminiscent of that of the hind legs of an elephant. His face reminded Latimer of a High Church priest he had known in England who had been unfrocked for embezzling the altar fund.

"The berth was unoccupied," Latimer pointed out; "there is no question of your intruding."

The newcomer sat down on his berth and shook his head slowly. "How good of you to put it that way! How little kindliness there is in the world these days! How little thought for others!" The bloodshot eyes met Latimer's. "May I ask how far you are going?"

"Sofia."

"Sofia. So? A beautiful city—beautiful. I am continuing to Bucaresti." The fat man's English was very accurate, but he spoke it with an atrocious accent which Latimer could not place. It was thick and slightly guttural, as though he were speaking with his mouth full of cake.

"You know," he continued, "when the attendant told me that there was an Englishman on the train, I knew that I should have a pleasant journey." A sweet smile came into play, like a spiritual pat on the head.

"It's very good of you to say so," Latimer replied. "You speak very good English."

"English is the most beautiful language, I think. But I cannot yet express all my ideas in English. I am more at ease with French."

"But your own language?"

The fat man spread out large soft hands on one of which twinkled a rather grubby diamond ring. "I am a citizen of the world," he said. "To me, all countries, all languages are beautiful. If only men could live as brothers, without hatred, seeing only the beautiful things! My name," he added, "is Mr. Peters."

"It has been pleasant to meet you, Mr. Peters," returned Latimer. "We get into Sofia so early that I shan't trouble to undress, but I'm turning in now."

The train was due in Sofia at seven. When the train began to rattle over the network of points outside Sofia, Latimer gently slid the compartment door open.

Mr. Peters stirred and opened his eyes.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Latimer.

In the semidarkness of the compartment, the fat man's smile looked like a clown's grimace. "I was not asleep. I meant to tell you that the best hotel for you to stay at would be the Slavianska Besseda."

"That's very kind of you; but I wired a reservation from Athens to the Grand Palace. It was recommended to me. Do you know it?"

"Yes. I think it is quite good." The train began to slow down. "Good-by, Mr. Latimer."

"Good-by."

In his eagerness to get to a bath and some breakfast, it did not occur to Latimer to wonder how Mr. Peters had discovered his name.

THAT afternoon Latimer sought out Marukakis at the office of the French news agency and presented his letter of introduction.

The Greek was a dark, lean man of middle age, with intelligent, rather bulbous eyes. He greeted Latimer with the watchful courtesy of a negotiator in an armed truce. He spoke in French.

"What information is it that you need, monsieur?"

"As much as you can give me about the Stambulisky affair of 1923."

Marukakis raised his eyebrows. "So long ago? I shall have to refresh my memory. Give me an hour."

Latimer suggested their dining together that evening. Marukakis agreed to call at eight. He knew, he said, a good place, not expensive.

He arrived punctually, and led the way in silence across the Boulevard Maria-Louise and up the Rue Alabinska to a small side street. Halfway along it there was a grocer's shop. Marukakis stopped. "It does not look very much," he said doubtfully, "but the food is sometimes very good. Would you rather go to a better place?"

"Oh, no; I'll leave it to you."

Marukakis looked relieved.

When a soup, thick and highly spiced and mixed with sour cream, was set before them, Latimer began his story. He finished it as the coffee was served.

"To you it must sound fantastic," he added. "But—"

He sat back feeling very foolish. It would have been better to have told a carefully thought-out lie.

Marukakis shrugged. To him, evidently, a man's whims were reasons enough for his actions. "What do you know of Dimitrios here in Bulgaria?" he asked.

"Very little. He was an intermediary in an attempt to assassinate Stambulisky. He left Athens, wanted by the police for robbery and attempted murder. I found that out myself. I also believe that he came to Bulgaria by sea. He was known to the Sofia police. I know that because in 1924 the Turkish Secret Police made inquiries about him in connection with another matter. The police here questioned a woman with whom he was known to have associated."

"If she were still here and alive it would be interesting to talk to her."

"It would. I've traced Dimitrios in Smyrna, and in Athens, where he called himself Taladis, but so far I have not talked to any one who ever saw him alive. Unfortunately, I do not even know the woman's name."

"The police records would contain it. If you like, I will make inquiries."

ON his third day in Sofia, Latimer received a letter from Marukakis which gave him the name of Irana Preveza, who had been known as an associate of foreign criminals. If she were still alive there must surely be some way of finding her. For the moment, however, that task would have to be left to Marukakis. And Marukakis didn't fail him.

"I have found out where Irana Preveza is now," said the newspaperman the following evening. "It was not very difficult. She turns out to be very well known—to the police."

Latimer felt his heart begin to beat a little faster. "Where is she?" he demanded.

"About five minutes' walk from here. She is the proprietress of a *Nachtlokal* called La Vierge St. Marie."

"*Nachtlokal?*"

Marukakis grinned. "Well, you could call it a night club."

"I see," said Latimer. "Let us go."

La Vierge St. Marie was situated, with somewhat dingy logic, in a street of houses behind the church of Sveta Nedelja. The street was narrow, sloping, and poorly lit. At first it seemed unnaturally silent. But behind the silence there were whispers of music and laughter—whispers that would start out suddenly as a door opened, and then be smothered as it closed again.

"Not many people about now," commented Marukakis. "Too early."

Most of the doors were paneled with translucent glass and had dim lights showing through them. The doors bore names: There was Wonderbar, O. K., Jymmies Bar, Stambul, Torquemada, Vitocha, Le Viol de Lucrece, and, higher up the hill, La Vierge St. Marie.

For a moment they stood outside it. The door looked less shabby than some of the others. Latimer felt to see if his wallet was safe in his pocket as Marukakis pushed open the door and led the way in.

They found themselves in a low-ceilinged room about thirty feet square. There were about a dozen persons seated in the cubicles. The band was still playing, and two girls who looked as though they might presently form part of the cabaret were dancing solemnly together.

Suddenly Marukakis touched Latimer's arm.

"That will be her," he said.

Latimer looked across the room. She possessed that odd blowzy quality that is independent of good clothes and well dressed hair and skillful *maquillage*. Her figure was full but good and she held herself well; her dress was probably expensive; her thick dark hair looked as though it had spent the past two hours in the hands of a hairdresser. Yet she remained, unmistakably and irrevocably, a slattern.

At last she reached their table. Involuntarily Latimer got to his feet. The dark eyes studied his face.

"You wished to speak with me, messieurs?" Her voice was husky, a little harsh, and she spoke in strangely accented French.

"We should be honored if you would sit at our table for a moment," said Marukakis.

"Of course."

"We are trespassing on your hospitality to ask for some information," the journalist began.

"Information? But I know nothing of interest to anybody."

"This concerns a man, now dead and buried, whom you knew over fifteen years ago. Dimitrios Makropoulos."

The fingers of her right hand moved quickly and grasped the stem of a glass. For a moment Latimer thought that she was going to break it in the Greek's face. Then her fingers relaxed and she said something in Greek too rapid for Latimer to understand.

Marukakis shook his head. "No, he is nothing to do with the police," Latimer heard him reply. "He is a writer of books and he seeks information."

"Why?"

"He is curious. He saw the dead body of Dimitrios Makropoulos in Stambul a month or two ago, and he is curious about him."

She gripped Latimer's sleeve urgently. "He is dead? You actually saw his body?"

Latimer nodded. "He had been stabbed and thrown into the sea."

In her eyes was an emotion he could not quite identify. Perhaps, in her way, she had loved him.

She said: "Had he any money on him?"

Slowly, uncomprehendingly, Latimer shook his head.

"*Merde!*" she said viciously. "The son of a diseased camel owed me a thousand French francs!"

It was nearly half past three before Latimer and Marukakis left La Vierge St. Marie. The preceding two hours they had spent in Madame Preveza's private office, a beflowered room where she wailed out her story of how Dimitrios had cheated her.

"I picked that man up out of the gutter, messieurs. That was in December. Holy angels, it was cold! At that time I had no place like this, you understand. I was living in a hotel then. A filthy place, full of scum. The *patron* was a dirty bully, but friendly with the police: and while one paid for one's room one was safe, even if one's papers were not in order.

"One afternoon I was resting when I heard the *patron* shouting at some one in the next room. The walls were thin. He was threatening to call in the police if the room were not paid for. At last he went out and there was quiet. Suddenly there was a knock at my door. It was Dimitrios.

"He asked if he could come in. I asked him what he wanted. He smiled and pushed the door open and came in and leaned against the wall. Then quite calmly he asked me to lend him some money.

"I was never a fool. I had a thousand leva pinned high up in the curtain, but only a few coins in my bag. I said that I had no money. He said that he had not eaten anything since the day before, that he had no money, and that he felt ill. I told him again that I had no money, but that I had some bread if he wanted it. He said, 'Give me the bread.'

"I got the bread from the drawer and gave it to him. He ate it slowly, still leaning against the table. When he had finished he asked for a cigarette. I gave him one. Then he said that if I would do as he said he would get five thousand leva that day and give me half of it. I asked what he wanted me to do. He told me to write a note that he would dictate. It was addressed to a man whose name I had never heard, and simply asked for five thousand leva. I thought he must be mad, and to get rid of him I wrote the note and signed it 'Irana.' He said that he would meet me at a café that evening.

"I did not trouble to keep the appointment. The next morning he came again to my room. This time I would not let him in. He was very angry and said that he had two thousand five hundred leva for me. Of course I did not believe him, but he pushed a thousand-lev note under the door and said that I should have the rest when I let him in. So I let him in. He gave me immediately another fifteen hundred leva. I asked him where he had got it, and he said that he had delivered the note himself to the man, who had given him the money immediately.

"I HAVE always been discreet. I am not interested in the real names of my friends. Dimitrios had followed one of them to his home, had found out his real name and that he was an important man, and then, with my note in his hand, had threatened to tell his wife and daughters of our friendship unless he paid.

"I was very angry. I said that for the sake of two thousand five hundred leva I had lost one of my good friends. Dimitrios said that he could get me richer friends. He said, too, that he had given the money to me to show that he was serious, and that he could have written the note himself and gone to my friend without telling me.

"I saw that this was true. I saw also that he might go to other friends unless I agreed with him. So Dimitrios became my protector, and he *did* bring me richer friends. And he bought himself very smart clothes and sometimes went to the best cafés.

"But soon I knew that he had become involved in politics. He said that soon he would make a lot of money.

Often he left Sofia for several days at a time. Then one morning he came to me in great agitation. He took me by the wrists and said that if any one asked me I must say that he had been with me for the last three days.

"Nobody asked me about him; but later that day I read in the newspaper that an attempt had been made on Stambulisky at Haskovo and I guessed where Dimitrios had been. I was frightened. I told him that now he had gone into things for which I should take no risk and we were through.

"I had expected him to be angry, but he was quite calm and said that it would be best for me. He agreed to meet me three days later in a café to give me all the money that was due to me. But he did not come. To this day he owes me one thousand francs—"

"Dimitrios is dead, madame," Latimer reminded her.

"Then he did not become rich? I would have sworn he would."

"He did once become rich, in Paris, but he lost his money."

She laughed. "That must have hurt him." And then suspicion again: "You know a lot about Dimitrios, monsieur. If he is dead—I don't understand."

"My friend is a writer," Marukakis had put in; "he is naturally interested in human nature."

Her smile was professional then. "If you are not in a hurry, messieurs, I have two most amusing girls who—"

"We are a little pressed for time, madame. Another night we should be delighted. Perhaps you would allow us to pay for your drinks."

She had smiled. "As you wish, messieurs, but it has been most agreeable talking to you."

When they were standing outside Latimer's hotel, Marukakis asked, "You'll be leaving Sofia?"

"Yes, and I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for your help," replied Latimer.

Marukakis laughed. "I envy you your Dimitrios. If you find out any more about him, I should like you to write to me. Would you do that?"

"Of course."

BUT Latimer was not to reach Belgrade.

He thanked Marukakis again and they shook hands. His room was on the second floor. Key in hand, he climbed the stairs. Along the heavily carpeted corridors his footsteps made no sound.

When he entered his room he found the lights switched on. Strewn about the floor in utter confusion were the contents of his suitcases. Draped carelessly over a chair were the bedclothes. On the mattress, stripped of their bindings, were the few English books he had brought with him from Athens.

Dazed, Latimer took two steps forward into the room. Then a slight sound to the right of him made him turn his head. The next moment his heart jolted sickeningly.

The door leading to the bathroom was open. Standing just inside it, a disemboweled tube of tooth paste in one hand, a massive Luger pistol held loosely in the other, and on his lips a sweet, sad smile, was Mr. Peters.

"What the hell does this mean?" Latimer demanded.

The Luger jerked upward. The smile left Mr. Peters' mouth and his flaccid lips parted slightly. He looked adenoidal and very dangerous. Latimer stepped back quickly. The smile slowly returned.

"Come now, Mr. Latimer. I have the best of intentions toward you. I did not seek this interview. But since you have returned so unexpectedly, let us be frank with one another. Why are you so interested in Dimitrios?"

"Dimitrios!"

"Yes, dear Mr. Latimer, Dimitrios. Tell me frankly where you stand. What—forgive the expression, please—is your game?"

Latimer was silent for a moment; then he said, "Suppose you tell me what *your* game is, Mr. Peters. I have nothing to hide, but I have a curiosity to satisfy. Do you mind telling me what you hoped to find here—in the bindings of my books or in the tube of tooth paste?"

"I was looking for an answer to my question, Mr. Latimer. But all I found was this." He held up a sheet of paper. It was the table Latimer had jotted down in Smyrna. "You see, Mr. Latimer, I felt that if you hid papers between the leaves of books you might also hide more interesting papers in the bindings."

"It wasn't intended to be hidden."

But Mr. Peters took no notice. He held up the paper delicately between a finger and thumb.

"And is this all you know about Dimitrios, Mr. Latimer?"

"No."

"Ah!" He gazed pathetically at Latimer's tie. Latimer had begun to feel rather foolish. He said:

"It was you who made inquiries about Dimitrios in Athens, Mr. Peters? You were the person who came into the bureau while I was asking about Dimitrios, weren't you? You made a rather hurried exit; the official there commented on it. And it was design, not accident, that brought you to Sofia on the train by which I was traveling, wasn't it? You also took care to find out from me—very neatly, I admit—at which hotel I was staying, before I got off the train. That's right, isn't it?"

Mr. Peters was smiling sunnily. He nodded. "Yes,

Mr. Latimer, all quite right. I know everything you have done since you left the record bureau in Athens. I am interested in any one who is interested in Dimitrios."

"And what," inquired Latimer, "is *your* interest in Dimitrios? Hidden treasure? Unfortunately, Mr. Peters, my own information disposes of that possibility. His belongings were on the mortuary table beside him, and there wasn't a penny piece there. Just a bundle of cheap clothes. And as for—"

But Mr. Peters had stepped forward and was staring at him with a peculiar expression on his face.

"Did I understand you to say," he said slowly, "that you actually saw the body of Dimitrios in the mortuary?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Mr. Latimer, we must reach an understanding," said Mr. Peters. "It is absolutely essential that I know what you are after. Listen, please. I know you are going to Belgrade to find out more about him. Why are you interested? You will not discover a single trace of Dimitrios there. Furthermore, you may find yourself in trouble with the authorities if you pursue the matter. There is only one man who could and would, under certain circumstances, tell you what you want to know. He is a Pole and he lives near Geneva. Now, then! I will give you his name and I will give you a letter to him. I will do that for you. But first I must know why you want this information."

He paused expectantly. Latimer stared back at him with what he hoped was an inscrutable expression. Mr. Peters, unabashed, went on:

"Naturally, when I ask what your game is, I use the phrase in a specific sense. Your game is, of course, to get money. But that is not the answer I need. Are you a rich man, Mr. Latimer? No? Then what I have to say may be simplified. I am proposing, Mr. Latimer, a pooling of resources. I am aware of certain facts which I cannot

tell you about at the moment. You, on the other hand, possess an important piece of information. You may not know that it is important, but nevertheless it is. Now, my facts alone are not worth a great deal. Your piece of information is quite valueless without my facts. The two together, however, are worth at the very least"—he stroked his chin—"at the very least five thousand English pounds, a million French francs." He smiled triumphantly. "What do you say to that?"

"You will forgive me," replied Latimer coldly, "if I say that I cannot understand what you're talking about. There is, I suppose, no reason why you should not know why I am interested in Dimitrios," he went on. "I write detective stories for a living. In Stambul I heard about a criminal named Dimitrios who had been found dead in the Bosporus. Partly for amusement, partly from a desire to try my hand at practical detection, I set out to trace the man's history."

"Detective stories!" exclaimed Mr. Peters. "Now, that is most interesting to me, Mr. Latimer. I am so fond of them."

HE sat down and wrote. "Here, Mr. Latimer," he announced finally, "are three pieces of paper. On the first one is written the name of the man of whom I spoke to you. His name is Grodek—Wladyslaw Grodek. He lives just outside Geneva. The second is a letter to him. If you present that letter, he will know that you are a friend of mine and that he can be frank with you. He is retired now, so I think I may safely tell you that he was at one time the most successful professional agent in Europe. More secret naval and military information has passed through his hands than through those of any other man."

"I see. Thank you very much. What about the third piece of paper?"

Mr. Peters hesitated. His smile became a little smug. "I think you said that you were not rich."

"No, I am not rich."

"Half a million francs, two thousand five hundred English pounds, would be useful to you?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, then, Mr. Latimer, when you have tired of Geneva, I want you to—how do you say?—to kill two birds with one stone." He pulled Latimer's chronological table from his pocket. "On this list of yours you have other dates besides 1926 in Belgrade to be accounted for if you are to know what there is to know about Dimitrios. The place to account for them is Paris. That is the first thing. The second is that if you will come to Paris, if you will put yourself in touch with me there, if you will consider then the pooling of resources, the alliance that I have already proposed to you, I can definitely guarantee that in a very few days you will have at least two thousand five hundred English pounds to pay into your account—half a million French francs!"

"Half a million francs for doing what? Who is going to pay this money? You are far too mysterious, Mr. Peters—far too mysterious to be true," retorted Latimer.

"Trust me. Come to Paris. On this piece of paper is an address. When you arrive, send a *pneumatique* to me. Do not call, for it is the address of a friend. If you will simply send a *pneumatique* giving me your address, I will then explain everything."

It was time, Latimer decided, to get rid of Mr. Peters.

"Well," he said, "this is all very confusing. You seem to me to have jumped to a lot of conclusions."

Mr. Peters buttoned up his overcoat. At the door he half turned. "Half a million francs, Mr. Latimer, will buy a lot of good things. I do hope that we shall meet in Paris. Good night."

It was eleven o'clock when Latimer finally opened his eyes. There, on the bedside table, were Mr. Peters' three pieces of paper.

The first, as Peters had said, contained the Geneva address:

Wladyslaw Grodek
Villa Acacias
Chambésy
(At 7 km. from Geneva)

The writing was scratchy, florid, and difficult to read. He turned to the second address:

Mr. Peters
aux soins de Caillé
3, Impasse des Huit Anges
Paris 7

And that brought his thoughts back to their starting point. Why should Mr. Peters want him to go to Paris? What was this information that was worth so much money? Who was going to pay for it?

He tried to remember at exactly what point in their encounter Mr. Peters had changed his tactics so abruptly. He had an idea that it had been when he had said something about having seen Dimitrios in the mortuary. But there could surely be nothing in that. Could it have been his reference to the "treasure" of Dimitrios that had—

He snapped his fingers. Of course! What a fool not to think of it before! He had been ignoring an important fact. Dimitrios had not died a natural death. *Dimitrios had been murdered.*

That thought went with him to Geneva, and completely eclipsed the fantastic story that Wladyslaw Grodek told him of how Dimitrios tried to double-cross him in stealing a fortifications chart from the Yugoslav government for France, and of how Dimitrios had succeeded in ruining the lives of a Monsieur Bulić, an employee in the Ministry of the Marine in Belgrade who became his tool, and his silly doll of a wife.

As he promised, Latimer wrote Marukakis the details of Dimitrios' perfidy in Belgrade.

"Is all this worth finding out?" he concluded. "For myself, I begin to wonder. It is all such a poor story. There is no hero, no heroine; there are only knaves and fools. Or do I mean only fools?"

It was on a slate-gray November day that Latimer arrived in Paris. His hotel room was cold, so he decided to go out and inspect the outside of Number 3, Impasse des Huit Anges.

Tucked away in a side street off the Rue de Rennes, the Impasse was a wide cobbled passage shaped like an L and flanked at the entrance by a pair of tall iron gates. They were fastened back against the walls and had evidently not been shut for years. There were only three houses in the Impasse. They were grouped out of sight of the road. Two were shuttered and obviously quite empty, while the third, Number 3, was occupied on the fourth and top floors only.

Feeling like a trespasser, Latimer tiptoed across the irregular cobbles to the entrance of Number 3. The door was open and he could see along a tiled corridor to a small dank yard at the back. On the wall was nailed a dusty board with four brass name slots screwed to it. Three of the slots were empty. In the fourth was a grimy piece of paper with the name CAILLÉ.

So Mr. Peters' accommodation address existed. Latimer

turned and walked back to the street. He found a post office where he bought a *pneumatique* letter card, wrote in it his name and that of his hotel, addressed it to Mr. Peters, and dropped it down the chute. He also sent a post card to Marukakis.

At nine o'clock the following morning, being without word from Peters, he decided to spend the morning with newspaper files. After careful search he found this:

DRUG GANG SMASHED
NEW ARRESTS

Six men and one woman are now under arrest as a result of the attack launched by Monsieur Lafon, director of the Bureau Général des Stupéfiants, on a notorious gang of foreign drug traffickers operating in Paris and Marseilles.

The attack began with the arrest two weeks ago of a woman and her male accomplice in the Alésia Quarter. It reached its climax yesterday with the arrest in Marseilles of two men believed to be the remaining members of the gang's Council of Seven, which was responsible for the organization of this criminal enterprise.

At the request of the police, we have hitherto remained silent as to the names of those arrested, as it was desired not to put the others on their guard. Now that restriction has been lifted.

The woman, Lydia Prokofievna, is a Russian who is believed to have come to France from Turkey with a Nansen passport in 1924. She is known in criminal circles as "the Grand Duchess." The man arrested with her was a Dutchman named Manus Visser, who, through his association with Prokofievna, was sometimes referred to as "Monsieur le Duc."

The names of the other five under arrest are: Luis Galindo, a naturalized Frenchman of Mexican origin, who now lies in a hospital with a bullet wound in the thigh; Jean-Baptiste Lenôtre, a Frenchman from Bordeaux, and Jacob Werner, a Belgian, who were arrested with Galindo; Pierre Lamare, or "Jo-jo," a Nicois, and Frederick Petersen, a Dane, who were arrested in Marseilles.

In a statement to the press last night, Monsieur Lafon said: "Now we have them all. The gang is smashed. We have cut off the head, and with it the brains. The body will now die a speedy death. It is finished."

The newspaper did not mention the fact that the police had failed to find Dimitrios. That was not surprising. The police were not going to tell the press that the arrests were made possible only by a dossier obligingly supplied by some anonymous well-wisher whom they suspected of being the leader of the gang.

At his hotel a message awaited him. Mr. Peters would call upon him at six o'clock that evening.

MR. PETERS arrived soon after half past five. He greeted Latimer effusively:

"My *dear* Mr. Latimer! I cannot tell you how pleased I am to see you."

"Well, then, Mr. Frederick Peter*sen*—" Latimer used the name in the newspaper account.

"Peters, Mr. Latimer. I decided to change the name."

"All right, then—Peters. When I was in Istanbul I heard some interesting things about the end of your gang. It was said that Dimitrios betrayed the lot of you by sending to the police, anonymously, a dossier convicting the seven of you. Is that true?"

"Dimitrios behaved very badly to us all," said Mr. Peters huskily.

"It was also said that Dimitrios had become an addict himself. Is that true?"

"Unhappily, it is. Otherwise I do not think he would have betrayed us. We were making so much money for him."

"I was also told that you all threatened to kill Dimitrios as soon as you were free."

"*I* did not threaten," Mr. Peters corrected him. "Some of the others did so. Galindo, for example, was always a hot-head."

"Do you know what is in my mind, Mr. Peters?" countered Latimer. "I am wondering whether you killed Dimitrios for his money."

Mr. Peters did not answer for a moment, but contemplated Latimer unhappily, in the manner of a good shepherd about to admonish an erring lamb.

"Mr. Latimer, this is not a detective story. There is no *need* to be so stupid. Even if you cannot be discreet, at least use your imagination. Let us eat dinner together and then talk business."

At Mr. Peters' expense, they ate in a cheap restaurant in the Rue Jacob. Afterward they went to the Impasse des Huit Anges.

"What about Caillé?" said Latimer, as they climbed the dusty stairs.

"He is away. At the moment I am in sole possession."

"I see."

Mr. Peters, who was breathing heavily by the time they had reached the second landing, paused for a moment. "You have concluded, I suppose, that I am Caillé."

"Yes."

Mr. Peters began to climb again. They reached the fourth floor.

"Home!" said Mr. Peters. "Take your things off, Mr. Latimer. Would you like to look over my place?"

"Very much."

The place was a glimpse of French Morocco—rugs, divans, brasses, and tooled leather. Exotic furnishings.

"Now," said Mr. Peters, "I will show you something curious."

HE led the way out onto the landing. Facing them was a large clothes cupboard. He opened the door and struck a match. Along the back of the cupboard was a row of metal clothes pegs. Grasping the center one, he turned it like a latch and pulled. The back of the cupboard swung toward them, and Latimer felt the night air on his face and heard the noises of the city.

"There is a narrow iron platform running along the outside wall to the next house," explained Mr. Peters. "There is another cupboard there like this one. You can see nothing because there are only blank walls facing us. Equally, no one could see us should we choose to leave that way. It was Dimitrios who had this done."

"Dimitrios!"

"Dimitrios owned all three of these houses. They were kept empty for reasons of privacy. These two floors were used for meetings. Morally, no doubt, the houses still belong to Dimitrios. Fortunately for me, he bought them in my name. I also conducted the negotiations. The police never found out about them. I was able, therefore, to move in when I came out of prison, and then I took the precaution of buying them from myself in the name of Caillé."

Peters handed a small photograph to Latimer. Latimer looked at it. "It's Dimitrios!" he exclaimed. "Where did you get it?"

Mr. Peters took the photograph from Latimer's fingers. "You recognize it? Good." He sat down on one of the ottoman seats and adjusted the spirit lamp. Then he looked up, his eyes gleaming with pleasure. "Help yourself to cigarettes, Mr. Latimer," he said. "I am going to tell you a story."

He revealed his long association with Dimitrios in white slavery and drug traffic.

Once he paused dramatically.

"How did you smuggle the stuff?" asked Latimer.

"In a coffin, Mr. Latimer. The French, I reflected, are a race with a great respect for the solemnity of death. No customs official, I felt certain, would care to play the ghoul. I purchased the coffin in Sofia. Beautiful, with very fine carving on it. I also purchased a suit of mourning clothes and accompanied it myself. Really, I was most moved by the marks of simple respect for my grief shown by the stevedores who handled the coffin at the dock. Dimitrios arranged for a hearse to be waiting.

"There were seven of us who took our instructions directly from Dimitrios, and not one was the sort of person to take instructions easily. For instance, Visser, the Dutchman, had sold German machine guns to the Chinese, spied for the Japanese, and served a term of imprisonment for killing a coolie in Batavia. He was not an easy man to handle. It was he who made the arrangements with the clubs and bars through which we reached the addicts. You see, the system of distribution was very carefully organized."

Mr. Peters poured out the remainder of the coffee and extinguished the spirit lamp. Then he took a cigarette, wetted the end of it with his tongue, and lit it.

"What drug did Dimitrios take?" Latimer inquired.

"Heroin. It was a great surprise to us the first time we noticed it. We would meet him in this room, as a rule, at about six o'clock in the evening. It was on one of those evenings in the spring of 1931 when we had our surprise.

"Dimitrios arrived late. That in itself was unusual. As a rule, at these meetings he would sit quietly with his eyes half closed. But I would see his face change as he turned to meet some objection from Visser—it was always Visser who objected—and I would understand. Visser was a violent man, conceited and cunning; but he seemed a child beside Dimitrios. Once when Dimitrios had been making a fool of him, Visser pulled out a pistol. He was white with rage. I could see his finger squeezing the trigger. If I had been Dimitrios I should have prayed. But Dimitrios only smiled in the insolent way he had and, turning his back on Visser, began to talk to me about some business matter. Dimitrios was always quiet like that, even when he was angry.

"That evening Visser had been saying something about the *patron* of a café who had been making trouble. Suddenly Dimitrios leaned across the table, shouted *'Imbecile!'* and spat in Visser's face. He accused Visser of the most fantastic things. The words poured out and he spat again like a guttersnipe.

"Visser went white and got to his feet with his hand in the pocket where he kept his pistol; but Lenôtre, who was beside him, got up too, and whispered something to him which made Visser take his hand out.

"You know the rest. Dimitrios turned informer. We were all arrested. I was in Marseilles with Lamare when we were caught. The police were quite clever. They watched us for a week before they took us. They hoped, I think, to catch us with some of the stuff. Luckily, we noticed them the day before we were due to take delivery of a big consignment from Istanbul. Lenôtre and Galindo and Werner were not so lucky. They had some of the stuff in their pockets.

"The police tried, of course, to make me tell them about Dimitrios and showed me the dossier he had sent them. They might as well have asked me for the moon. Visser, I found out later, knew more than the rest of us, but he did not tell the police what it was. He had other ideas. He told the police that Dimitrios had had an apartment in the seventeenth arrondissement. That was a lie. Visser wanted to get a lighter sentence than the rest of us. He did not. He died not long ago, poor fellow."

Latimer sipped his second cup of coffee.

"Well?" he said. "What then? I am still waiting to hear how I am to earn half a million francs."

Mr. Peters smiled as if he were presiding at a Sunday-school treat and Latimer had asked for a second currant bun. "That, Mr. Latimer, is part of another story."

"What story?"

"The story of what happened to Dimitrios after he disappeared from view."

"Well, what *did* happen to him?" Latimer demanded.

WITHOUT replying, Mr. Peters picked up the photograph that lay on the table and handed it to him again. Latimer looked at it and frowned. "Yes, I've seen this. It's Dimitrios, all right. What about it?"

Mr. Peters smiled very sweetly and gently. "That, Mr. Latimer, is a photograph of Manus Visser."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I told you that Visser had other ideas about using the knowledge he had been clever enough to acquire about Dimitrios. What you saw on the mortuary table in Istanbul, Mr. Latimer, was Visser after he had tried to put those ideas into practice."

"But it was Dimitrios, I saw—"

"You saw the body of Visser, Mr. Latimer, after Dimitrios had killed him. Dimitrios himself, I am glad to say, is alive and in good health."

Latimer stared. His jaw had dropped and he knew that he looked ridiculous and that there was nothing to be done about the fact. Dimitrios was alive!

Mr. Peters was clearly gratified by the effect of his announcement.

"I scarcely hoped," he said, "that you would have had no suspicions of the truth. "I *knew* that it was not Dimitrios you saw on the mortuary slab. But—I could not prove it. You, on the other hand, can. *You* can identify Manus Visser." He paused significantly, and then, as Latimer made no comment, added, "How did they identify him as Dimitrios?"

"There was a French *carte d'identité*, issued in Lyons a year ago to Dimitrios Makropoulos, sewn inside the lining of his coat." Latimer spoke mechanically.

"A French *carte d'identité!*" echoed Mr. Peters. "That I find amusing—very amusing."

"It had been pronounced genuine by the French authorities and it had a photograph in it."

Mr. Peters smiled tolerantly. "I could get you a dozen genuine French *cartes d'identité*, Mr. Latimer, each in the name of Dimitrios Makropoulos and each with a different photograph. The camera is a consistent liar. Dimitrios could have used photographs of any one with the same type of face as Visser. That photograph I showed you a few moments ago is of some one like Visser."

"IF Dimitrios is still alive, where is he?"

"Here in Paris." Mr. Peters leaned forward and patted Latimer's knee. "I have said that Visser had known a little more about Dimitrios than the rest of us. That was true. He had taken a lot of trouble finding it out. It was just after that evening when he had pulled out a pistol to threaten Dimitrios and Dimitrios had turned his back upon him. Nobody had treated him like that before, and he wished to know more about the man who had humiliated him. That, at least, is what I believe. He himself said he had suspected Dimitrios would betray us; but that, I knew, was nonsense. Whatever his reason, however, he decided to follow Dimitrios when he left the Impasse.

"The first night that he tried he was unsuccessful. There was a large closed car waiting at the entrance to the Impasse, and Dimitrios was driven off in it before Visser could find a taxi in which to follow. The second night he had a hired car ready. He did not come to the meeting, but waited for Dimitrios in the Rue de Rennes. When the closed car appeared, Visser drove off after it. Dimitrios stopped outside a big apartment house in the Avenue de Wagram and went inside while the big car drove away. Visser noted the address, and about a week later, at a time when he knew that Dimitrios would be here in this room, he called at the apartment house and asked for Monsieur Makropoulos. Naturally, the concierge knew of no one of that name, but Visser gave him money and described Dimitrios, and found that he had an apartment there in the name of Rougemont.

"Now, Visser, for all his conceit, was no fool. He knew that Dimitrios would have foreseen that he might be followed, and guessed that the Rougemont apartment was not his only place. Accordingly he set himself to watch Monsieur Rougemont's comings and goings. It was not long before he discovered that there was another way out of the apartment house at the rear and that Dimitrios used to leave that way.

"One night when Dimitrios left by the back entrance Visser followed him. He did not have far to go. He found that Dimitrios lived in a big house just off the Avenue Hoche. It belonged, he found, to a titled and very *chic* woman. I shall call her Madame la Comtesse. Later Visser saw Dimitrios leave with her for the opera. Dimitrios was *en grande tenue* and they had a large Hispano to take them there.

"At that point Visser lost interest. His curiosity was satisfied. What he had discovered was, after all, very much what he might have expected to discover. Dimitrios was a man with a large income. He was spending it in the same way as other men with large incomes.

"They told me that, when Visser was arrested in Paris, he said very little about Dimitrios. I think that, to begin with, he had intended to kill Dimitrios when he found him; but as he began to get short of money his hatred of Dimitrios became more reasonable. He probably remembered the Hispano and the luxury of the house of Madame la Comtesse. She would perhaps be worried to hear that her friend made his money by selling heroin, and Dimitrios might be ready to pay good money to save

(Continued on page 45)

THE CASE FOR HONEST MOVIES

BY SAM WOOD

as told to Howard Sharpe

What is a dirty picture and why? A producer has it out with censors who live in an absurd world of their own—and make moviegoers share it with them

Sam Wood, directing Saratoga Trunk, shows Ingrid Bergman just how he wants her to hold her head for a kiss which Gary Cooper is going to give her.

WHEN motion pictures were very young (and just about as naïve as a Milne Pooh book) they offered their limited nickelodeon audiences two things: action and sex. They played on the extremes of two emotions with extreme results: crocodile tears and belly laughter.

It can't be denied that by producing such shrewdly designed merchandise the picture industry mushroomed. It obeyed the classic maxim of giving the public what it wanted—and for some years—particularly after the first World War did what it did to American tastes—the public wanted sex to an orgiastic degree.

It got sex. It got Gloria Swanson in De Mille's first bathtub scene, in a James Barrie story that had once been called The Admirable Crichton but was now typically retitled Male and Female. It got a naked Clara Bow floating perilously near the surface of a pond in Hula, and Aileen Pringle (in Three Weeks) leaving her worthless husband to join Conrad Nagel on a bed of prop roses under the stars. It even got Eugene Pallette registering lust in Parlor, Bedroom and Bath.

Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan in Kitty Foyle, in which a delicate scene was deftly handled.

The movie public itself, as it grew larger and more representatively American, put the damper on all this commercialized filth. (To cite only one example: When Dante's Inferno, a great property cheaply misinterpreted in terms of writhing nudes and corny sex symbolism, was released, audiences stayed away in droves.) Hence the Hays office was created by Hollywood producers to serve as a self-censorship committee—as an alternative to the other thing.

Like almost everything Hollywood, it leaned over backward. It still does, although the necessity for such contortions is long past.

FILM critics have developed the habit of assailing picture makers for "prostituting" what might, in proper hands, be the "art of the cinema." We who create the movies are accused of "underestimating the intelligence and artistic appreciation of the public" and of ruining fine books by editing them down to what we naïvely consider to be our audiences' "level."

There is much truth in this accusation.

Motion pictures this year reach a paying public numbering around 100,000,000 a week out of a national population of 130,000,000. Book publishers and Broadway play producers sell their product to minute fractions of this figure. Yet, after James Joyce's Ulysses was released for national consumption by an act of the Senate, no restrictions whatsoever have been placed on the contents of books; and Tobacco Road is still endlessly and delightfully shocking theatergoers.

Films, on the other hand, are forbidden by their own Hays office to show a husband and wife together in any situation which might suggest that they enjoy a relationship other than platonic. If in the course of plot development it is unfortunately necessary to suggest that they get some sleep, they are required to do so separately in twin beds, clad to the neck in appropriate sleeping garments and with a nice neuter bed stand between them. The fact that probably 90 per cent of American husbands and wives tumble casually into a double bed has, as with most aspects of reality, no influence on the Keepers of the Code.

No more are they swerved in their rigid attitude toward young love by the published statistics of U. S. marriages, doubtless preferring to assume that all of these brides and grooms came to each other innocent of any physical contact beyond a thirty-second kiss, measured in film footage. . . .

You cannot express art, in whatever medium, so long as you are required to hide the facts of life not only behind the fig leaf but in a Mother Hubbard as well.

DURING the last four years I have filmed four best sellers which individually had been accepted as little masterpieces of their kind. The more timid producers believed none of these novels could be filmed intact without running into the stone wall of censorship, and that, deprived of their censorable portions, the resulting pictures would be disappointing husks of the originals.

The first of these controversial stories, Kitty Foyle, I felt to be solid entertainment, particularly workable as a vehicle for Ginger Rogers

(Continued on page 67)

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Safe at last on the island where he has found a haven, Alan Kent finds himself in love and then has his happiness threatened by the sudden appearance of faces he has seen before

BY JOHN JENNINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN the Shoshone, out of Aruba with a cargo of fuel for the Allies, was torpedoed by a U-boat, only six men were left alive. The submarine drew alongside the lifeboat.

"So?" the U-boat captain said. "You are all the survivors?"

Alan Kent, who had been the Shoshone's chief officer, nodded.

The German grinned. "I will advice you how to sail," he said. "Go west andt you will in time to America come. Go east andt Afrika you will findt."

Then the sub pulled away, and its captain and the two men in civilian clothes who were on the bridge with him, watched the drifting lifeboat with mocking eyes.

Several weeks later, on the little island of St. John, in the Virgin Islands, Karen Christensen rode off on a picnic with Eric Krause. Eric and Karen's grandfather, Dr. Svend Christensen, both Danes, were partners in running an inn, Wheel of Fortune, on St. John. Now business was practically nonexistent because of the war, and Eric had plenty of time to pursue his courtship of Karen, who had recently returned from college in the States. Karen liked Eric, but she wasn't keen on marrying him, although she was resigned to the fact that some day she probably would, because her grandfather wished it.

On the day of the picnic Karen rode ahead, and so it was she who first saw the lifeboat on the beach and the emaciated young man in it. Eric was aghast when he realized that she meant to take the "scarecrow" to Wheel of Fortune, rather than wait to get him to the hospital at St. Thomas. But at her insistence he rode away for help.

Karen bent over the man.

"'M Alan Kent," he whispered, "first off'cer—tanker Shoshone—torpedoed—Atlantic—twe'-six days 'go—others dead—all—all gone."

ALAN KENT woke to find himself in a comfortable bed in a sunlit room. A girl was sitting in an armchair near by, reading, and he saw her before she was aware that he was awake.

There was something familiar about her. He couldn't remember at all how he came there. The last thing he remembered clearly was being in the boat in the windless night. As he had feared, both Lopez and Murphy had died within a few hours. Nevertheless their food was nearly gone, and little more than a cupful of water remained. The winds that Kent had hoped for had failed after those first stormy days, and then they had lain practically becalmed beneath the blazing sun, watching, straining for the least puff of wind.

On that last still, star-bright night Kent had been awakened by some sound—a tinkle, a half-mad chuckle, he could not tell which. He had come up all standing, to find Gardella, gone quite out of his head, carefully refilling the nearly empty water breaker with sea water.

That had been the last straw. Schultz had been slipping rapidly. Now, roused by Kent's exclamation, he clambered upon the gunwale and threw himself overboard with a wail of despair. While Kent was reaching for him, in an effort to bring him back into the boat, Keating had snatched up the ax and in a burst of insane fury had battered Gardella's skull to a pulp. Then, when Kent had lunged for him, forgetting Schultz, Keating, too, had whirled and leaped overboard.

After that, Kent's memory failed. He recalled rolling Gardella's body out of the boat. He seemed, too, to remember a breeze that sprang up soon after. But he did not recall drifting in among the islands, or the grating of the boat's keel on the sand. Now he was in bed, and there was a girl sitting beside him, and he felt somehow that he should know her.

For a long time he lay watching her, noticing the delicate coloring of her cheek and the way her long lashes swept down over her blue eyes, seeing the gentle sweep of her throat and the soft curve of her breast. And as he watched, it came upon him, as suddenly as that. At one moment he was lying there asleep, not even aware of her existence. In the next he was awake and she was there. He was looking at her, and he was in love.

"Hello!" he said, and the sound of his own voice startled him.

She looked up, and something in his eyes made her flush. She jumped up, confused and smiling.

"Oh!" she cried. "You're awake."

She went out quickly and returned a moment later with a tall old man, white-haired and with tremendous white military mustachios, who carried himself like an old soldier.

"Sso-o!" the old one boomed. "You have come around at last? Well, it is time!"

Kent saw that he had the girl's eyes—and he liked him at once. But the girl was speaking.

"This is my grandfather, Dr. Svend Christensen, who has been taking care of you, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Kent—Alan Kent." He held out his hand. "I'm mighty glad to know you, sir."

"The pleasure is mine," the old man smiled. "Since we are introducing: This is Karen, who found you."

ALAN KENT'S recovery was rapid. There was nothing seriously the matter with him. His broken ribs had knit of themselves during the voyage in the lifeboat, and his own care had kept the wound in his chest from infecting and becoming serious. Shock and undernourishment had wrought the greatest damage to his system, and for these rest and care were the only treatment.

He lacked neither. At the doctor's insistence, he remained in bed two full weeks after his awakening, and throughout that time Karen made him her special charge.

Nor did he lack company. The circumstances of his coming aroused sympathy, and brought official visitors to his bedside to extend the island's welcome and to press him to stay among them as long as he wished, or as seemed necessary. Jonas Muzzey, the blocky, somewhat pompous little commissioner from Cruz Bay, at the western end of the island, was the first of these. The governor himself came a day or two later from St. Thomas, accompanied by a representative of the Navy, who questioned Alan closely. But most welcome of all to Kent was Henry Lockridge, the suave, gaunt, saffron-colored representative at St. Thomas of the Caribbean Oil Company, owners of the Shoshone. Lockridge brought assurance, direct from company headquarters in New York, that Kent was not to be hasty in attempting to return. He was to remain where he was until he was fully recovered and had gathered his strength. Then air passage would be arranged for him to New Orleans, where he would find a new berth awaiting him in a new ship.

But Lockridge brought more than this. He also brought clothes to replace the rags in which Kent had landed, and money, arrears in pay and a bonus for what he had undergone. After that, Kent felt a little less like a stray waif.

It was a relief to be able to get up and go out on the gallery. There he enjoyed his conversations with the doctor. They enabled him to piece together much of the background of the situation in which he found himself. As an instance:

"You have been long in the islands, doctor?" he asked one day.

"All my life," the old man replied.

"Then you are an American."

"I? Ho! Ho! Not I!" the doctor laughed. "You see, my young friend, until 1917 these islands were Danish. By that time I was too old to be changing. A Dane I was born, a Dane I will die. And there are many more like me. But Karen, there, she is a good Yankee."

It was on the gallery, too, that Kent first encountered Eric. When Karen introduced them, Eric was frigidly reserved, and Kent, seeing his hostility, was not more unbending.

"I suppose, now that you're up and around again," said Eric after he had given Kent's hand a perfunctory shake, "you'll be leaving us soon."

"Eric!" Karen exclaimed.

"Why? What's the hurry?" Kent grinned.

Eric shrugged and turned away, striding along the gallery. Kent stared after him.

"I do not like you, Mister Krause," he muttered, half under his breath, paraphrasing the old rhyme.

KAREN tried hard to choke back a giggle, but did not quite succeed. Kent gave her a quizzical look.

"Let's talk about something pleasant," he said.

That was not difficult. Any conversation with Karen was pleasant to Kent, for in inverse ratio to his physical improvement the state of his heart seemed to grow worse.

For her part, Karen seemed to look upon his entertainment as her special duty. As soon as he was able to walk about a little, it was she who showed him about the inn's grounds. As he grew stronger their walks grew longer. When he was able, they went down to the beach and swam in the warm caressing waters, and lay afterward on the soft sand, soaking up the invigorating rays of the sun. Another day they climbed the steep pathway toward the ridge behind the hotel until they came to a stout chain-link fence topped with barbed wire and pierced by a heavy gate. There was a spring lock on the gate, opened by a knob on the inside and with a key from without. The gate was closed and locked, and beyond it Kent could see the path passing up the hill to the ridge top and disappearing beyond.

"What's this?" he asked.

"That's the maintenance yard," Karen told him. "There's a deep-water cove on the other side of the ridge, and Eric had a good dock and

Eric went down full length on the path. For a moment he lay still.

boathouse built there for landing supplies. He has his shop down there, and the Diesel plant for our lights, storehouses, fuel tanks, and all that."

"Does he always keep it locked?"

Karen nodded. "Always. He says the natives will go in and steal things if he doesn't."

"I suppose that's why he has all white help," said Kent, "instead of local folk?"

"That's what he says. They're the only ones who ever go down to the cove. I've never been there myself. Eric always lands the guests at the dock by the beach, and then takes the boat around by himself."

"Particular, isn't he?" Kent asked, and added jocularly, "Once there was a man named Bluebeard—"

Karen laughed, and they turned and started back down the hill.

"What do you keep a guy like that around for?" Kent demanded as they went.

"The inn was his idea," Karen told him. "He proposed it when he came back from studying abroad. He was the one who raised the money for it and built it, so he's really a sort of partner in it. Besides, he's a rather old friend of the family."

She did not go further into it than that.

That evening, looking over Karen's shoulder, Kent picked out their position on the big chart that hung on the lobby wall. Krause came to stand by his elbow while he did it.

"Here we are," Kent said, jabbing a finger at the east end of St. John. "Here's Round Bay." He traced the shore line. "Here's Hurricane Hole and Coral Bay and Water Creek and Careening Hole. Say! That is deep water there! Nine fathom in that Hole! And look. Eleven out at the mouth of the creek, fifteen in the bay!"

"Yes," Karen agreed. "The Danish frigates used to come in here to careen in the old days. That's how it got its name."

"It's a regular harbor!" Kent exclaimed. "A snug little hideaway!"

Eric's look was almost startled. Then his brows drew down in a frown.

"Ho!" he chuckled mirthlessly. "You make jokes. If you think this is a good harbor, you should see Gorda Sound, at the outer end of Virgin Gorda. Come, have a drink."

He was almost affable. Kent was to remember that later.

IT was Karen who, when Kent was strong enough, proposed riding. They rode often. They rode around by the narrow neck that connected the east end with the rest of the island to the settlement at Emmaus at the head of Coral Bay. They rode up into the mountains. They rode far back onto the main ridge of the island. On one of their rides at Coral Bay they met Mister Willie Marsh, the dapper, handsome, saddle-colored proprietor of Carolina Plantation. He was affable. He insisted upon showing them around, and invited them to take tea with himself and his sister Gerda.

Kent found him charming. But he was as well pleased when he and Karen were by themselves once more.

For all his delight in Karen's presence, Kent held himself carefully in check. A thousand times a day he told himself that he was nothing to her—no more than a bit of human wreckage, a poor sailor who had chanced to be washed up on her shore, and whom she treated with instinctive kindness. A thousand times a day he warned himself that he must not take advantage of the situation to play upon her sympathies. He had to keep a tight rein upon his tongue, which at the instance of his heart was itching to cry out his love for her.

This was not easy. There were times when it was all but impossible. There was the time when they climbed to the top of the waterfall at Reef Bay to pick wild orchids. There was the time, on Bordeaux Mountain, when Karen picked wild bay leaves and crushed them in her hands and rode close to him, holding her fingers up to his face for him to sniff the delicious fragrance. There were the times when he found her looking at him with a little expression of puzzled bewilderment.

But when all was said and done, he was no more than human. There came a time—a time when nothing else mattered.

It was a clear night, bright, with a white moon hanging high across the bay, with scarcely a touch of breeze, and with the scent of the ilang-ilang and jasmine in the garden drifting along the gallery and through the open doors of the lobby. Old Svend had retired early. Eric was busy with some books behind the desk. It was natural that Kent and Karen should drift toward the door. The soft strains of Stardust floated out from the radio in their wake. Out on the gallery Karen leaned against a pillar.

"Oooh!" she breathed. "See how the moon lights a path across the water! Let's go down to the beach."

The music flowed around them. The fragrance from the garden filled the air. Kent found himself trembling. Yet he could not refuse.

THEY went down, arm in arm, through the palm trees. Where the path came down to the beach there was a long step. Kent stepped down first and turned, holding up his hand to Karen. Smiling down at him in the moonlight she put her hand in his; and he tingled at its gentle pressure. Then she jumped.

He never knew afterward how it happened. At one moment she was there above him, her hand in his. In the next she was in his arms and he was kissing her. Her arms were about his neck, and her lips were soft and warm against his. Her body clung to his as though it belonged there.

It was an instant before he realized what he had done. Then he pulled away, aghast. "Karen! Karen, I—"

But she would not let him go.

"Alan—Alan darling, don't!" she whispered. "Can't you see? This is what I've wanted! Oh, Alan, I love you so!"

That did it. He surrendered,

HARDTACK

"I like a feed. I pointed out to dad that spanking wears out a fellow's pants."

crushed her to him, and her lips sought his as hungrily as his sought hers.

For a long time they stood so, while the palms nodded, silver in the moonlight, overhead. But presently conscience, returning once again to the attack, made Kent break free.

"Karen!" he cried. "We can't! I can't! I'll never be able to give you all the things you deserve. I'd be away from you most of the time, at that. It isn't fair to you, darling!"

"You don't love me," she stopped his lips with her fingers.

"I do!" he cried. "I do! I love you more than life. But, Karen, that's just why!"

"Hush, darling," she interrupted him. "There's always been a Christensen at sea somewhere ever since away back. It's a sort of tradition with us. I love you. That's all that matters!"

"It's all that matters to me," he told her.

"Then it's settled," she said.

He drew her to him and stroked her hair tenderly in the moonlight.

"Settled, is it?" He grinned at her lovingly. "There's so much to be settled, darling! You know I shall have to be going back to sea again soon, now that I'm all recovered."

She clung to him fiercely. "No, darling, no!" she cried. "Not yet awhile, please! Now that we've found each other, we have the right to a few days of happiness together!"

He smiled at her gently. "A few days," he told her, "but no more. There's work to be done before we can think of ourselves. But maybe soon—maybe before I go—we can be married. Would you like that, darling?"

Her arms tightened about him and she lifted her face to his. "Oh, yes!" she whispered. "Yes! Soon, darling! Oh, soon, soon, very soon!"

THEY strolled a little way along the beach in silence. It was Karen who spoke first, with a little shiver:

"There's just one thing, darling."

"What's that?"

"Eric."

"Eric!" he exclaimed.

She told him swiftly how Eric had spoken to her grandfather long ago, when she was scarcely more than a child; how it had always been understood that one day she would marry him. Kent swore under his breath.

"But surely your grandfather wouldn't stand in the way of your happiness!"

"I'm sure he wouldn't," she told him.

"Well, then—" he said.

"There's Eric. He may be difficult. He usually is."

"Shucks!" he exclaimed. "You never promised him anything. If he makes trouble, I'll handle him."

She kissed him. "Darling!"

They turned about and walked back toward the pathway. When they reached it, he stopped and held out his arms and she came into them. He kissed her tenderly, and into it he put all the yearning of the weeks when he had fought against himself.

"Alan! Oh, Alan, my love!" she whispered. "Don't ever let this end. Don't ever, please, no matter what!"

"Never, my darling," he said. "Not ever—"

The sound of a step grinding on the path above startled them apart. They broke and looked up to see Eric Krause, clear in the moonlight, standing rigid, staring down at them.

"So! There you are!" His voice was flat and heavy. "I wondered where you had got to. Are you coming up now?"

For a long moment after Eric spoke no sound broke the brittle silence. Then abruptly he turned and strode away, up the pathway toward the hotel. Karen's fingers relaxed their grip on Kent's arm, and he smiled down at her. She flashed him a grateful little look. He bent quickly and kissed her, then helped her up on the path.

Eric was waiting when they came to where the pathways crossed in the garden. He turned his pale eyes on Karen.

"Don't you think it's time you went to bed?" he asked.

Kent almost laughed aloud. It was too ridiculous, this proprietary attitude.

"Don't *you* think—" he began, but Karen interrupted him, laying a hand upon his arm. The look she gave him said clearly, "Not now, darling."

"I *am* tired," she said aloud.

Kent grinned understanding. "Run along," he said. "I'll see you in the morning."

She gave him again that flashing grateful smile. To Eric she said nothing as she swept past.

Kent turned toward his own room. But Krause grasped him by the sleeve.

"Just a minute, Kent. I want to talk to you."

"I bet it's the butler, sir."

Alan Kent might have been willing to stop and talk reasonably, but Eric's tone irritated him. He jerked free.

"Sorry," he said curtly. "There's nothing to talk about."

"That's not true," Krause replied. "Do you really think, for instance, that Karen is in love with you?"

KENT stopped abruptly and whirled about. There was silence while he fought for a grip on himself. The palms along the shore nodded and rattled gently in the breeze. Over the hill the sputter of the Diesel plant seemed unnecessarily loud.

"What do you mean?"

"I am sorry you felt it necessary to take such advantage of our hospitality," said Eric, ignoring the question. "I am going to St. Thomas in the morning. I would advise you to go with me—and stay there."

Kent laughed aloud. "And leave the field to you, Eric?"

Krause shrugged. "I have tried to spare you, Kent, but since you persist in being stubborn I may as well tell you. The truth is, Karen is a romantic. She has always been—for the sake of charity shall we say—ultramodern? It is something that I, as her fiancé, have found it necessary to recognize and understand."

"What are you getting at?" Kent demanded angrily.

"Never mind the heroics," Eric replied coldly. "I speak as man to man. You are not the first to amuse her. You came into her life in rather startlingly romantic fashion. She nursed you back to health. It would be strange, particularly in her case, if she did not dramatize the situation into some sort of shoddy little affair."

Kent moved forward, his shoulders hunched. Krause backed away.

"I don't say," he went on hastily, "that she does not convince herself

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VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER

WE are fighting a global war—in two hemispheres. In each we have a powerful enemy, firmly established behind strong breastworks, with interior lines of supply able to shift strength rapidly to any point where we attack. We must crush these breastworks and overwhelm the source of our enemies' strength. In this effort air power will play the dominant role.

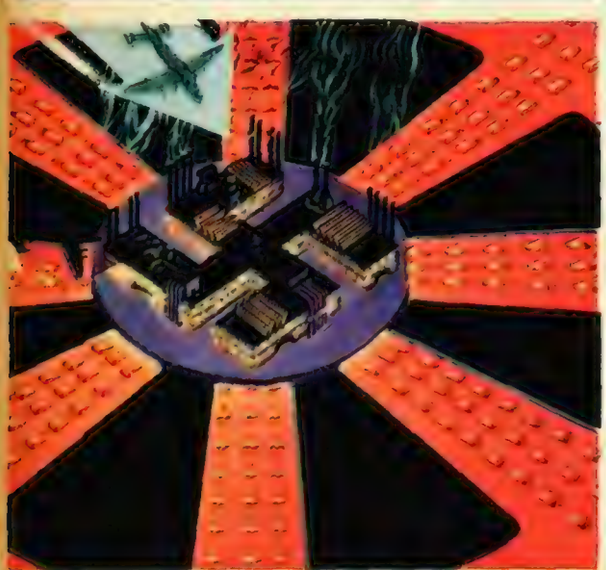
To make clear to the people what air power is and how it will operate to bring victory, Walt Disney has taken Major de Seversky's exciting book and turned it into a full-length picture, soon to be released.

Highlights of the film are presented herewith.

Pictures © Walt Disney

← In Europe, enemy strength springs from the mighty Nazi industrial plants. They lie at the center of a wheel. The Allied armies must crack its outer rim.

But, no matter at what point they strike, Hitler can quickly mass his strength to meet the thrust. Meanwhile his factories continue to pour out munitions and supplies. →



← But air power can leap over the opposing armies to strike and destroy the very center of Nazi power the ground armies are fighting toward laboriously.

Science has developed gigantic rocket bombs which are driven downward at terrific speed. They hit with enough force to cause minor earthquakes on impact. →

← These terrible bombs, carried by new colossal bombers already on the way, will take the war to the enemy's territory, blasting his hydroelectric dams.

His U-boat pens, with their "impenetrable" concrete-and-steel roofs, will be penetrated and blasted out of existence together with the sea wolves they shelter. →

← His airplane and munitions factories, his steel mills, his mines and his railroads will stagger and falter. His armies at the front will starve for supplies.

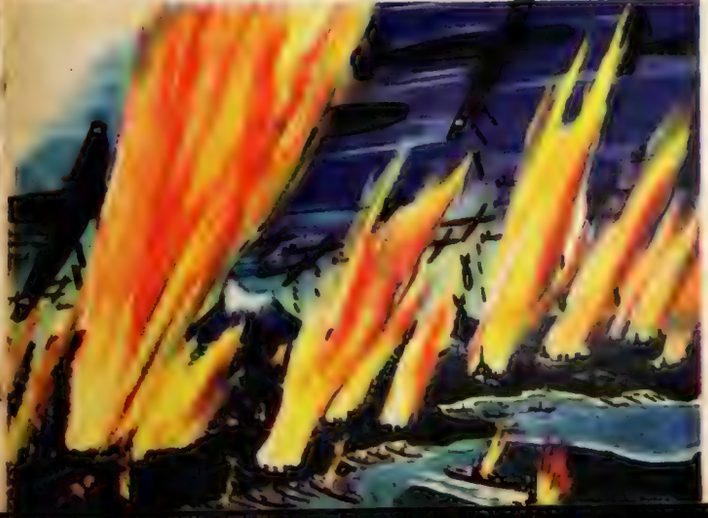
No longer supported → by a smoothly functioning industrial establishment, shattered itself by terrific air bombardment, the rim of Nazi power will collapse.

← In the Pacific, too, enemy power lies at the center of a wheel. Jap supply lines are much shorter than ours. His strength lies protected behind a vast network of island bases.

From these islands the → Jap draws vast wealth to support his growing war machine. We can take them from him one by one, a long, costly, bloody process, or—

← We can use long-range air power to destroy the sources of his strength from bases we now have and can supply. From Australia, from India, from the Aleutians.

For this we need immense bombers, able to fly long distances with heavy loads, armed with heavy guns so that protecting fighter escort is unnecessary. →



← Japan's industrial ports, her factory cities, her overstrained railroad and shipping lines will be unable to feed out the vital supplies to her armies of conquest.

Thus will the American Eagle take his vengeance. With the heart and the brain dead and in ashes, the slimy tentacles which now grip other men's homes and lives will wither and die. →

Pictures © Walt Disney

some, to chatter as sillily too, if she were.

"The admiral's giving a dinner tonight to—" Sh-shh; whisper; the rest was lost.

Strange, thought Patricia, when Mrs. Gates speaks she never raises her voice, yet you hear. So assured and quiet, it somehow carries, the way Alex says that men in command who are natural leaders make themselves heard.

If the admiral's wife could approve of her, Patricia thought on, the rest would follow. Not only because of her husband's rank, which meant such a lot among service wives; because of herself and that something—whatever—which was bred in her and which set her apart.

But Mrs. Gates could never approve. She and Patricia were poles apart. The circumstance of the Wintons' marriage, her elopement with Alex, who had been engaged to a "suitable" girl of a "proper" family, was all against her. Patricia was blamed. There was a hush-hush service legend, passed on by wives from station to station, which had it that Alex, himself good navy and son of a captain, was trapped into marriage by her while drunk. It went even further, with nasty details of how she had forced him to make her his wife. Not true, as such legends seldom are. But Alex had been a high-spirited hellion, a navy darling from Academy days when he was a dazzling varsity star. Any woman could see how *he* might have slipped; forgiving him was a simple matter, for clearly he had been victimized by a scheming show girl hot on the make!

PATRICIA froze as she overheard the two words "homing pigeon" behind her. She listened:

". . . in this morning's paper. A freighter which put into Honolulu reported the pigeon was on a yard—roosting, you know, while it rested its wings."

"But, my *dear*, what made them think the pigeon—"

"A tiny cylinder tied to its leg. That's why the captain ordered it caught. He could see the cylinder through his glasses and he naturally figured—"

"The pigeon was caught?" It seemed to Patricia she must have shouted, that everything else in the room had stopped except her heart, now pounding like mad. The hum of conversation had ceased. Those women all were staring at her.

"Well, hardly," said Mrs. Warenholz. Somehow her tone conveyed the disdain she had always shown for née Kobelmeyer. "When a sailor tried to coax it down, it took to the air and flew northeast."

Patricia felt dizzy. Flying northeast! Ships, countless transports, convoyed freighters creeping along the lanes of the sea; all those islands, big and little, dotting the ocean beyond Hawaii. Could it be a small pigeon of Bosun's toughness might make the long flight a stage at a time from Rekata Bay to California?

She was not poised like the admiral's wife. Impulsively she cried what she thought:

"Oh, I just know if the Furness was sunk Alex would try to send me some word. He'd release—" Abruptly she checked herself, recalling the F. B. I. and the fact that one of the women now present had told. It was no crime to have homing pigeons. And yet in war people thought the worst, particularly if you were disliked.

She met the frown of the admiral's wife. And then she heard Mrs. Carteret sob. That one word "sunk" had unnerved the bride and she was hysterical.

Patricia gasped, "Oh!" Too late she realized her blunder. Women were glaring, as though to say, "What else could you expect of a no one, a chorus girl from some Broadway show!" Mrs. Holmquist's arms were about the girl, and Patricia could see Mrs. Carteret's ring, her wedding circlet, where anguished fingers were gripping the older woman's shoulder.

"Oh, I'm so terribly, terribly sorry. If I could only make you see that there's no death—not really death. My husband told me, before he sailed. There *is* no death. And he's right. I just know."

If a Japanese bomb had exploded outside, showering fragments against the building, it couldn't have shocked them more than her words. Such talk from a fighting sailor like Alex! From a chaplain, yes, but not from a skipper so known to all for his lusty living.

Patricia was vaguely aware of faces gaping with unbelief at her own. All right, if they wanted to feel that way. There was more to be said. She would have to go on. So many things were changed by this war, and Alex with them, and herself as well.

Imagine him talking—before Pearl Harbor—as he had their last night together at home! In the bay the Furness lying at anchor awaiting daybreak, when he would return. Awaiting the sharp hail, "Boat, ahoy!" and the coxswain's cocky answer, "Furness," for the skipper himself would be coming aboard to take his destroyer back to the fighting.

Five hours remaining before the dawn, and the clock on the taboret ticking off time, counting the seconds until he would leave; and Patricia trembling in Alex's arms, biting her lip to keep from crying. Tick, tick, tick, tick. She mustn't spoil their night with her tears. Tick, tick, tick, tick. In the dark the sound seemed to swell, to boom, till her whole attention was focused on it.

SHE tightened her hand on Alex's arm. The hardness of him, his steel-like muscles, the splendid strength of him reassured her. There was no danger she could not face with him beside her. But the clock boomed on, tick, tick, tick, tick. Soon he would go, and she would be left alone with their son.

It was as though Alex sensed her thoughts, for he said to her gently, "Easy, Patsy. There's nothing you ever need to fear. Big Skipper's got His arms around you."

"Who?"

"I mean God. He's with you, honey."

"Oh . . . God."

He laughed softly, holding her close.

"Belay. That's not such a letdown, honest. Of course we've never been religious, never gone to church, said prayers, sung hymns. Too smart for that sort of thing! But I *know*. What I mean, you can't fight actions out there without you discover—well, you find God. Which is finding yourself. Your real, inner self, not the wise-guy you fancied you were, too big and too smart to believe in Him. You feel pretty small when the guns start talking. And suddenly—well, you know He is there."

Strange, she had no longer heard the clock, and her fears seemed to fade. His voice assured her. Alex *believed* what he had just said, and if he had faith, then so had she.

"Never be afraid, Pats. Not of anything. Oh, I'll not tell you I've never been scared. I *was*, and plenty, when it looked like the Furness— But that was before I discovered things."

It was then she remembered what some one had said about the soldiers who fought on Bataan. Some one who knew, being one of them and sharing that grimness so far from home: "There are no atheists in fox holes." War deepened men, like Patricia's Alex, who before had always felt, in the pride of their strength, sufficient.

"Afraid of nothing," his voice went on. "Not even of death. That's nothing, either—just a transition we all go through."

She had lain very still, attempting to see it as Alex saw it. For he did see it. Somewhere out there he had come upon God just like those soldiers besieged on Bataan.

"Immortality's nothing I've bothered about. Never cared a damn one way or other. Yet now I *know*. And just knowing, Pats, being certain—why, everything's changed. It makes you confident, scared of nothing, so you can face anything coming your way."

His hand had stroked her hair. He had smiled. In the darkness she had sensed him smiling.

"Darling, I want you to feel that, too."

And Patricia had. Love made her feel it. When he kissed her good-by and strode toward the pier, his grip in one hand, the box with the pigeons grasped in the other, she had not wept. Big Skipper was there, His comforting arm drawn close around her.

And he was here now in the Red Cross station. His nearness had touched her while she was talking; must have touched Mrs. Ensign Carteret too, for the bride had stopped sobbing, grown quiet at last, and the torturing fear had gone out of her eyes.

AT the home of Mrs. Lieutenant Ladd, whose turn it was to take charge of children while their mothers were busy with home-front duties, Patricia stopped by to collect her son. To the question, "Any more battles today?" Mrs. Ladd sighed largely and answered:

"Just two."

"Did Sandy—"

"Oh, yes—with Junior Schroeder. He's a new boy here, transferred from Norfolk. Father's merely another lieutenant, but his granddad's Admiral Works, retired!"

"Oh-oh!"

"Your Sandy wasn't impressed. No cuts or bruises. But I wish you'd tell him to save his bellicose fists for the Japs."

Luckily she "outranked" Mrs. Ladd. If the latter's husband had been a commander! There were times when the rigid caste of the navy, which irked Patricia, did have its uses. But it cut both ways. It had kept her under a social cloud because of an admiral's wife's disfavor, and years would pass, *if Alex survived*, before he might rate a flag of his own and clinch her "social security number."

Walking home, Sandy fought a running engagement with an enemy cruiser. "Boom, boom, boom! Hard right rudder. Boom, boom, boom! Mr. Gates."

Patricia didn't answer, and peremptorily he tugged at her dress. "Mr. Gates!"

"What is it?"

"*Don't* say, 'What is it?' Say, 'Aye, aye, *sir*.'"

"Aye, aye, *sir*. But it's Admiral Gates, not mister, Sandy."

"It's mister," he piped. "Boom, boom, boom! Mr. Gates, look lively there! Torpedo that yellow ——!"

"Why, Sandy Winton!"

"Ber-*room!* We sank her, mother. She's gone. The Furness just sank that yel— that cruiser."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The first Roman dictator was a high official of state appointed by the Senate for a term of six months only. During the term he was not allowed to touch the public money, and was not permitted to leave Italy under any circumstances, and could not ride through the streets of Rome on horseback without first obtaining the consent of the people!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

But this was not what the radio voice had said at noon. No enemy cruiser: a destroyer of *ours* . . . and next of kin would soon be informed. She caught the boy's hand and gripped it so hard that Sandy interrupted the battle to stare at his mother with startled eyes.

They looked at the loft before going in. Again that empty feeling possessed her. It was easy enough to talk bravely to others, to a small scared bride who has gone to pieces; but to face one's fears alone was different. The sun was just sinking into the sea. The dusk was biding its time to gather, and stout little Bosun—was Bosun out there, caught far from shore, his last strength ebbing and nothing in sight where a pigeon might rest its wings till dawn?

Patricia got something to eat for Sandy and put him to bed, her own appetite gone. She sat in the living room, hearing a voice which sang of a chaplain who praised the Lord and shouted, "Pass the ammunition!" Waiting, wondering, silently praying, aware that eleven other women all on this island were doing the same. In darkness except for the radio lamp which glowed like a candle before an altar.

When the news came on she tuned it out, hunting for music, a murmur rhythm which would not waken her sleeping son.

The sound of steps outside escaped her, so that she started on hearing the bell. She pressed the light switch and opened the door. When she saw who it was she gasped aloud:

"Don't go. Don't go."

"Beg pardon, ma'am?"

"I—I was talking to Someone Else." You couldn't say to an elderly stranger, "I mean Big Skipper. I need His help."

With a shaking hand she signed her name and took the message and closed the door. This was it! She did not have to read the notification in so many words. Patricia tore the envelope open. As she had known from the first, it was there.

A bleak cold numbness closed on her heart. It was as though she too had been lost. But gradually she recalled his voice. She heard it again, very near in the dark, and his arms around her: "Never be afraid. Not even of death. That's nothing, either . . . *that's nothing, either*—just a transition we all go through." She clung to his voice. Alex must have known that he wouldn't return! He had tried to tell her, tried to prepare her to meet this news. Had tried to give her his new-found faith for her hour of need.

HER eyes were still dry. Here was a something far too deep to be reached by her tears. As she sat and listened, still grasping his voice, it came to Patricia what she must do now. There were those other women who still were waiting, who still didn't know if their husbands still lived.

She opened the phone book and dialed a number, and her heart felt a twinge at hearing that answer, faint with its fearfulness, come on the wire.

"Mrs. Carteret? This is Mrs. Winton. I—I've just heard from the Bureau of Nav. It was Alex—my husband's destroyer. I didn't want you to worry all night."

She smiled rather wistfully, saying good-by. The young bride's relief, so decently tempered by sorrow for Patricia, had seemed almost a shout. Now for the next one. Junior wives first. This time, for once, the order of rank would be reversed, with Mrs. Commander Thistlebaugh last.

". . . Nothing, thank you. I'll be all right. No, Mrs. Thistlebaugh. Thank you so much."

The doorbell rang as she put down the phone. The thought flashed through her, There's been a mistake and now they're wiring to— Easy, easy. Don't build up for a letdown, Pats.

She opened the door and exclaimed, "Mrs. Gates!"

"I came as soon as I heard, Patricia."

At the curb stood the admiral's limousine with the two-starred flag just over the hood. She saw it dimly

through tears which welled from the warmth which had suddenly flooded her heart. Mrs. Admiral Gates had called her "Patricia"! She had taken the outcast into her arms.

It was as though a dam had burst and the younger woman was caught by its surge. In her helplessness she started to sob. A soothing voice kept murmuring things: "There, it'll help. Just let yourself go...." Was Patricia alone?

"Y-y-yes," she answered, "except for Sandy. S-Sandy's asleep."

"I'll stay, Patricia."

For a while those words seemed to lap on her mind like a gentle surf caressing the sand. She would stay, Patricia; would see her through this hour of her agony that was worse than death.

But presently her mind grew clear and Patricia remembered. A dinner party. Mrs. Gates was dressed for something more formal than just a quiet evening at home.

"No," she said quickly. "You mustn't stay here. You have dinner guests."

"Oh, that! They'll keep. The admiral's with them. He asked me to tell you . . ."

Patricia fought hard to control herself. It was kindness, more than the news of Alex, she had found so upsetting this night of all nights.

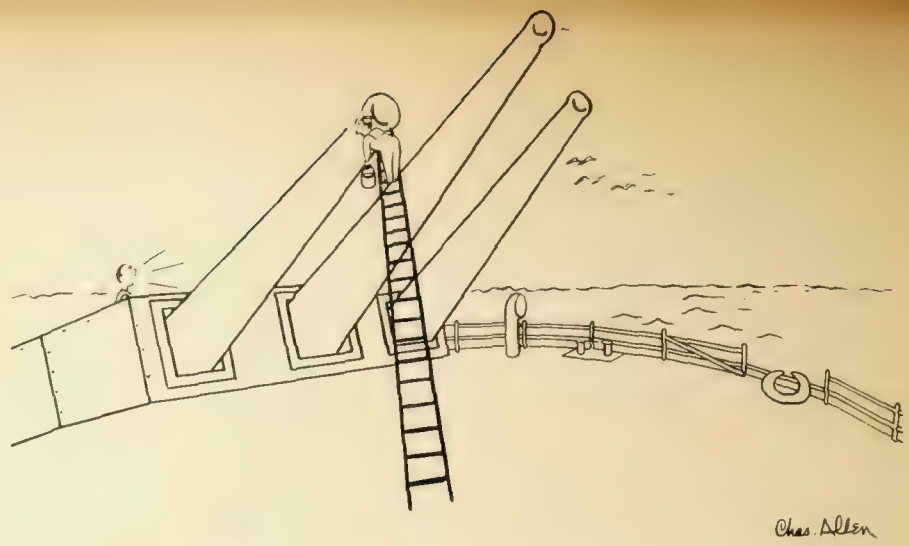
"How lovely of him. Please thank the admiral. Mrs. Gates, I'm ashamed that I went to pieces. I didn't mean to make such a scene. I know that if *you*—"

"Hush, child," said Mrs. Gates. "You are brave. You've spirit, Patricia—much more than most. Like Alex that way. You are genuine navy, my dear."

Genuine navy! From Mrs. Gates! Alex would like that. He would be proud. As she lay in the darkness hearing the clock—tick, tick, tick, tick—count off the seconds which meant so little with him now gone, she found true comfort in those two words. Alex would know! And he would be proud; know what Mrs. Gates had said and take pride in his Pats for carrying on.

Others had come. Mrs. Holmquist had come and Mrs. Commander Thistlebaugh. Even Mrs. Captain Warenholz had come with quick sympathy, wanting to help. But these women were different from Mrs. Gates, and the admiral's wife had been the first!

IN the morning Patricia got Sandy his breakfast, then walked with him the three blocks to the shore. She would have to tell him, else he would learn it from navy juniors, boys like himself. Behind her, eastward, the sun moved higher over the barren Laguna hills, and far out there, past the rim of the world, a slim gray ship lay twisted and dead in the coral underworld bedding this sea. She had died in a blaze of bursting salvos thousands of miles away from home. Died unafraid, as her [illegible] had died. But—



"What about that two bits you owe me?"

"Death is nothing; just a transition we all go through." She stole a sidelong glance at her son, who was tensely stalking another cruiser. You couldn't say *that* to a boy like Sandy, or about the Big Skipper's arms around him. He would not understand. He was too like his father, before Alex learned—a healthy animal.

Patricia returned without breaking the news. First she would have to think this out. Perhaps if she sat very still and waited, if she asked the Big Skipper to give her the course, it would come to her then how she must tell him.

SANDY had already sunk the cruiser, was steaming full speed to blast a carrier which had swung hard astarboard into the drive and was seeking shelter from certain destruction under the lee of the Winton garage. Patricia could hear the sound of his shooting:

"Boom! Boom, boom!" Any moment now would come the "Rerroom!" that meant a torpedo had found its target.

But abruptly the battle was broken off with a treble, "Mother! *Mother,* come quick! Bosun's back! Bosun is back!"

"I hear you, darling."

"He's on the loft."

As she ran, Patricia kept thinking of Alex, of something he'd said to her that night: "You suppose a peanut head of a pigeon could figure directions all by itself? Couldn't be. Big Skipper steers it home, just as He guides *us* when we believe." And now He guided Bosun home! From Rekata Bay, six thousand miles, He guided a little feathered postman to strengthen her faith and encourage her steps on the lonely road which lay before her.

With a pang she saw Bosun on the porch of the loft, so spent from his flight that he couldn't go in through the open entrance to peck at the grain, his gray wings drooping, his small eyes glazed, more dead than alive. And yet he could stand.

She stared at the cartridge strapped to his leg. But she did not hurry to take the message. There was eternity, there was forever in which to read Alex's final words.

Instead, she held Bosun in both her hands, caressing him softly. He was so weary.

Sandy cried, "Mother! That's from *dad!*"

"Yes, darling, from dad." From a gallant sailor who had been about to go down with his ship.

"But it's *important!* It's about the *war!* Boom, boom, boom! About sinking the *Japs!*"

"I know. But poor little Bosun's tired. He's come a long way. I can feel his heart."

"Beating?"

"Like everything. Get some water. He must be thirsty, flying so far." Flying so far from a stricken destroyer, her thin hull shattered by enemy shells, her crew fighting on, though they knew she was doomed.

It could not have been otherwise with Alex coolly directing his men from her bridge. They'd fought to the end. And not until then, till the Furness was finished, would he have sent Bosun fluttering skyward to carry his farewell over the sea.

She unbent the fragile bands from the leg and opened the cylinder. The message was there. Written in pencil on thin rice paper. She started to read:

Darling: Not "steak & muffins" till later. Sank cruiser Asigona class, but Furness lost too. Phone base C. O. we're marooned on atoll longitude 159° 36′ . . .

"*What*, mother?"

Giddiness swept Patricia. But she mustn't faint now. She must get to the phone. She must tell the admiral at once—

"Help me," she pleaded. *He* would give her the strength she needed to take good news as she had the bad. "Oh, stay!"

And He heard. He kept her from falling. Aye, just as Alex told her He would, Big Skipper put His arms around her.

THE END

WILL JAPAN WALK OUT ON A LOSING GAME?

Continued from page 11

the Japanese to believe the raids would not be repeated.

They have seized from their neighbors vast and populous territory containing every important resource which they need for building up the world's most powerful empire. With the assistance of islands which nature placed in strategic locations, they have built around that empire a ring of fortifications which they think is impregnable.

What will happen when the Japanese realize that their empire, far from being impregnable, is in danger of toppling? The experiences of another group of Americans who had close contact with the Japanese before Pearl Harbor may throw some light on this.

THE Fourth Regiment U. S. Marines were stationed in Shanghai from 1927 to 1941, when they were transferred to the Philippines. In that period they had many experiences which proved that the Japs lack guts for a fight when they realize the cards are stacked against them. Our Marines shared with the Japanese, British, and French the job of protecting the International Settlement and French Concession at Shanghai. Each force was assigned a sector in accordance with a plan worked out by a committee composed of the commanding officers. The Marines had the job of protecting the Bund, or water front, and the downtown section which included the big department stores, banks, and business houses.

In the fall of 1937, after General Chiang Kai-shek had withdrawn his Chinese forces from the environs of Shanghai, the Japanese insisted upon staging a "victory parade" through the center of the International Settlement. The local authorities strongly advised against it, but without avail. American newspaper correspondents stationed in Shanghai immediately sensed a sinister motive behind the Japanese plan. For one thing, the Japanese had not won a victory, for the Chinese had held them off and inflicted severe losses on the invaders and had only withdrawn when outflanked. But the Japanese wanted to create the impression among thousands of Chinese who resided inside the Settlement that they *had* won a victory. Moreover, it was suspected that they intended to create an incident which would justify their seizure of the Settlement.

The situation was tense, and the local English police did everything they could to prevent incidents by clearing the streets of all traffic. The American consul general issued orders for all employees of the consulate and other Americans to stay away from Nanking Road while the Japanese parade was passing.

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ON ACTIVE DUTY ON EVERY FRONT

In the heat of battle everywhere, on land, water and in the air, Champion-equipped engines add their roar to the thunder of our march to Victory. On the home front too, in a less spectacular way, Champion-equipped engines keep supply lines and transportation rolling with that characteristic dependability which is synonymous with the name Champion.

Stalkers of hidden "devilfish", helicopters are destined to become a tremendously valuable defense against submarines. Sikorsky Helicopters with engines equipped with dependable Champion Spark Plugs are in production for this job.

Patrolling our coastal waterways is an entire navy of smaller power boats—powerful gas engines with spark plug ignition give them extreme speed and maneuverability. In war, as in peace, Champion Spark Plugs are tops.

Cars, trucks, and buses, troop transports and commercial transports are all equally vital to the war effort. Champion Spark Plugs are actively in the service here, giving their dependable best.

FOR NATIONAL SECURITY—
FOR PERSONAL SECURITY—BUY WAR BONDS

Nevertheless, as the parade reached the center of the department-store district, the expected happened. Some one threw a small bomb, and the Japanese claimed some of their soldiers were wounded. The long procession of Japanese went into action with the precision of clockwork. Taking positions along the intersecting streets, they gradually extended their lines until they had occupied several blocks. Squads of Japanese searchers, on the pretext of looking for the bomb thrower, took possession of all department stores and hotels. No one could pass the Jap lines and business was paralyzed.

AT this point something happened which was not in the Jap program. There was a roar down the street, and a contingent of American Marines on motorcycles with exhausts wide open tore along Nanking Road, utterly unmindful of the fact that the Japanese had stationed squads armed with machine guns at all intersections. The motorcycle squadron was followed by two staff cars carrying American Marine officers. They halted at the point where the bomb had been thrown and insisted upon seeing the commander of the Japanese troops. When he arrived, considerably agitated, Colonel Charles F. B. Price, commander of the Marines, informed him that the entire district was within the American protective zone and that the Japanese had no right to take independent military action in that area. The Japanese attempted to argue about it, but Colonel Price was firm and told them that he would make an investigation and the bomb thrower, if found, would be punished, but under no circumstances were the Japanese to be permitted to occupy the American sector. While the Japanese officers were conferring among themselves another staff car with escorts appeared on the scene, and out stepped Major General Telfer-Smollett and several other high British officers.

Without further argument, the Japanese called in their pickets and patrols and marched back to their headquarters.

Some time later the Japanese attempted to create another incident in the American zone by sending an armed contingent into the area to search for Chinese "spies." A small Marine patrol which observed the Japanese cars filled with a tough-looking gang armed to the teeth didn't stop to argue. Although greatly outnumbered, the Marine officer ordered the Japs out of their cars and disarmed them. A few who refused to get out were yanked into the street and their guns taken away from them. It was then discovered that the cars contained large stocks of arms and ammunition. When the Marine relief arrived, the entire Japanese contingent was bundled into Marine trucks and driven straight to the Japanese consulate. When they were turned over to the consul general, it was discovered that all of the Japanese were high gendarmerie officers. This ended Japanese attempts to create trouble in the American defense sector.

These incidents, in the light of later developments, were minor affairs, but they indicated how the Japanese react when they are up against the real thing.

There is a gap in Japan's ring of defenses around her stolen empire. This gap extends from Bering Sea at the western end of the Aleutians, southward along the Siberian coast to Kamchatka peninsula and through the Sea of Okhotsk and Sakhalin Island to the port of Vladivostok, thence westward along the border between Japanese-controlled Manchukuo and Soviet-controlled Siberia and Outer Mongolia for about two thousand miles.

Long before Pearl Harbor, while we were squabbling in Congress about fortifying Guam and arguing about placing an embargo on shipments of war materials to Japan, Russia took determined action to assure peace with Japan along her border. Immediately after Japan's seizure of China's Manchurian Provinces in 1931 the Russians set about fortifying their Siberian border and double-tracking their Trans-Siberian Railway. All military statements in Tokyo indicated that Japan's next move would be into Siberia.

IN order to test out Russian strength, the Japanese decided to "correct" their border on two important sectors. In both cases they moved troops into the disputed districts without prior notice.

Had the Russians withdrawn in order to avoid a conflict, there would have been no stopping the Japanese; but the Russians, knowing Japanese psychology better than we did, fought them to a standstill in both places. At Lake Khassan the Russians used artillery and airplanes which the Japanese hadn't suspected they possessed. At Nomonhan the Japanese had aerial superiority, but the Russians brought up a number of their largest tanks, against which the Japanese butted their heads until some 16,000 Japanese dead and wounded littered the countryside. In the face of two stinging defeats the Japs decided that their destiny led to the south, into the territories of China proper and the colonial and insular spheres of America and the Europeans in the southwest Pacific, rather than to the north into Russian-controlled territory.

On April 13, 1941, Japan signed a four-point neutrality pact with Russia, and the two countries have been at peace since, despite the fact that Japan's Axis partners, Germany and Italy, are at war with the U. S. S. R.

Shortly after I was imprisoned in the Bridge House internment camp in Shanghai, my chief captor, Lieutenant Yakamoto, gendarmerie officer, boasted to me that the Japanese navy had destroyed the entire American fleet at Honolulu, had occupied the Aleutians, and was bombarding the United States' west coast preparatory to landing opera-

(*Continued on page 58*)

THE HOME FRONT

"He's been given his discharge, sir—he runs and fetches the hand grenades we throw!"

A COFFIN FOR DIMITRIOS

Continued from Page 32

her that worry. But it was easier to think about Dimitrios and his money than it was to find them. For several months after he was released from prison early in 1932, Visser looked for Dimitrios. The apartment in the Avenue de Wagram was no longer occupied. The house of Madame la Comtesse was shut up and the concierge said that she was in Biarritz. Visser went to Biarritz and found that she was staying with friends. Dimitrios was not with her.

"Eventually Visser located Dimitrios living in Rome as Monsieur C. K. He wrote to me and urgently asked a loan. I sent him 3,000 francs. I never expected to hear from him again. You may therefore imagine my astonishment when, a year ago, I received here a letter from Visser enclosing a *mandat* for the 3,000 francs.

"The letter was very short. It said: 'I have found him, as I said I would. Here, with my profound thanks, is the money you lent me. It is worth 3,000 francs to surprise you.' That was all. He did not sign it. He gave no address."

"That letter made me think, Mr. Latimer. Visser had recovered his conceit. He could afford to indulge it to the extent of 3,000 francs."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you see now what happened, Mr. Latimer? You tell me that the *carte d'identité* was a year old when they found it on the body. That means that it was obtained a few weeks before Visser sent me that 3,000 francs. Dimitrios was that 'Frenchman' whom your interpreter spoke of. You see, from the moment Visser found Dimitrios, he was doomed. Dimitrios must have made up his mind at once to kill him. You can see why. Visser was dangerous. He might have blurted out indiscretions at any time when he had been drinking.

"See how clever Dimitrios was! He could have killed Visser at once, no doubt; but he did not do so. He had evolved a better plan. If it were necessary to kill Visser, could he not dispose of the body in some advantageous way? Why not use it to safeguard himself against the consequences of that old indiscretion in Smyrna? It was unlikely that there would be consequences, but here was his chance to make certain of the fact. The body of the villain Dimitrios Makropoulos would be delivered to the Turkish police. Dimitrios the murderer would be dead, and Monsieur C. K. would be left alive. But he would require a certain amount of co-operation from Visser himself. The man would have to be lulled into feeling secure. So Dimitrios smiled and paid up, and set about getting the identity card which was to go with Visser's dead body. Nine months later, in June, he invited his good friend Visser to join him on a yachting trip. Finish!" Mr. Peters spread out his hands.

"And you have seen him since?" said Latimer.

"Yesterday. In Paris. Though he did not see me."

"And now that you have found him, what next?"

Mr. Peters frowned. "Come now, Mr. Latimer. I am sure that you are not quite as obtuse as all that. You know and can prove that the man buried in Istanbul is not Dimitrios. If necessary, you could identify Visser's photographs on the police files. I, on the other hand, know what Dimitrios is calling himself now, and where to find him. Our joint silence would be worth a lot of money to Dimitrios. With Visser's fate in mind, we shall know, too, how to deal with the matter. We shall demand a million francs. Dimitrios will pay us, believing that we shall come back for more. We shall not be as foolish as to endanger our lives in that way. We shall rest content with half a million each—nearly three thousand pounds sterling, Mr. Latimer—and quietly disappear."

"I see. Blackmail on a cash basis. But why bring me into the business? The Turkish police could identify Visser without my help."

"How? They identified him as Dimitrios and buried him. Weeks have gone by. Are they going to remember Visser's face well enough to justify their beginning expensive extradition proceedings against a rich foreigner because of their fourteen-year-old suspicions about an old murder, and admit themselves wrong about Dhris? My dear Mr. Latimer! Dimitrios would laugh at me. He would do with me as he did with Visser: give me a few thousand francs here and there to keep me from making myself a nuisance with the French police and to keep me quiet until, for safety's sake, I could be killed. But you have seen Visser's body and identified it. You have seen the police records in Smyrna. He knows nothing about you. He will have to pay or run an unknown risk. He is too cautious for that. Listen. In the first place, it is essential that Dimitrios does not discover our identities. He will know me, of course, but he will not know my present name. In your case, we shall invent a name. Mr. Smith, perhaps, as you are English. I shall approach Dimitrios in the name of Petersen, and we shall arrange to meet him outside Paris, at a place of our own choosing, to receive our million francs. That is the last that he will see of either of us."

LATIMER laughed, but not very heartily. "And do you really suppose that I shall agree to this plan of yours?"

"If, Mr. Latimer, your trained mind can evolve a more ingenious plan, I shall be only too happy to—"

"My trained mind, Mr. Peters, is concerned with wondering how best to convey this information which you have given me to the police."

Mr. Peters' smile became thin. "The police? What information, Mr. Latimer?" he inquired softly.

"Why, the information that—" Latimer began impatiently, and then stopped, frowning.

"Quite so," nodded Mr. Peters approvingly. "You have no real information to convey. If you go to the Turkish police, they will no doubt send to the French police for Visser's photographs and record your identification. What then? Dimitrios will be found to be alive. That is all. I have not, you may remember, told you the name that Dimitrios uses now, or even his initials. It would be impossible for you to trace him from Rome as Visser, and I traced him. Nor do you know the name of Madame la Comtesse. As for the French police, I do not think that they would either be interested in the fate of a deported Dutch criminal or excited by the knowledge that somewhere in France there is a Greek using a false name who killed a man in Smyrna in 1922. You see, Mr. Latimer, you cannot act without me. If, of course, Dimitrios should prove difficult, then it might be desirable to take the police into our confidence. But I do not think that Dimitrios will be difficult. He is very intelligent. In any case, Mr. Latimer, why throw away three thousand pounds?"

Latimer considered him for a moment. Then he said: "Has it occurred to you that I might not want that particular three thousand pounds? I think, my friend, that prolonged association with criminals has made it difficult for you to follow some trains of thought."

"This moral rectitude—" began Mr. Peters wearily. Then he seemed to change his mind. He cleared his throat. "If you wished," he said, with the calculated bonhomie of

one who reasons with a drunken friend, "we could inform the police *after* we had secured the money. Even if Dimitrios were able to prove that he had paid money to us, he could not, however unpleasant he wished to be, tell the police our names or how to find us. In fact, I think that that would be a very wise move on our part, Mr. Latimer. We should then be quite sure that Dimitrios was no longer dangerous. We could supply the police anonymously with a dossier, as Dimitrios did in 1931. The retribution would be just." Then his face fell. "Ah, no; it is impossible. I am afraid that the suspicions of your Turkish friends might fall upon you, Mr. Latimer. We could not risk that, could we!"

But Latimer was scarcely listening. He knew that what he had made up his mind to say was foolish and he was trying to justify its folly. Peters was right. There was nothing he could do to bring Dimitrios to justice. He was left with a choice. Either he could go back to Athens and leave Peters to make the best deal he could with Dimitrios, or he could stay in Paris to see the last act

of the grotesque comedy in which he now found himself playing a part. The first alternative being unthinkable, he was committed to the second. He really had no choice. To gain time, he had taken and lighted a cigarette. Now he looked up from it.

"All right," he said slowly; "I'll do what you want. But there are conditions."

"Conditions?" Mr. Peters' lips tightened. "I think that a half share is more than generous, Mr. Latimer. Why, my trouble and expenses alone—"

"Just a moment. I was saying, Mr. Peters, there are conditions. The first should be very easy for you to fulfill. It is simply that you yourself retain all the money that you are able to squeeze from Dimitrios. The second—" he went on and then paused. He had the momentary pleasure of seeing Mr. Peters disconcerted. Then he saw the watery eyes narrow quite appreciably. Mr. Peters' words as they issued from his mouth were charged with suspicion.

"I don't think I quite understand, Mr. Latimer. If this is a clumsy trick—"

"Oh, no. There is no trick, clumsy or otherwise, Mr. Peters. 'Moral rectitude' was your phrase, wasn't it? It will do. I am prepared, you see, to assist in blackmailing a person when that person is Dimitrios; but I am not prepared to share in the profits. So much the better for you, of course."

Mr. Peters nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, I see that you might think like that. So much the better for me, as you say. But what is the other condition?"

"Equally inoffensive. You have referred mysteriously to Dimitrios' having become a person of importance. I make my helping you get your million francs conditional on your telling me exactly *what* he has become."

Mr. Peters thought for a moment, then shrugged. "Very well. I see no reason why I should not tell you. It so happens that the knowledge cannot possibly be of any help to you in discovering his present identity. The Eurasian Credit Trust is registered in Monaco and the details of its registration are not therefore open to inspection. Dimitrios is a member of the Board of Directors."

IT looked as if Latimer were committed to Mr. Peters' blackmailing scheme. Lying in a comfortable bed with his eyes closed, he found the fact that in a few days' time he would be, technically speaking, one of the worst sorts of criminals no more than odd. Yet at the back of his mind there was a certain discomfort. Dimitrios was a dangerous man; more dangerous by far than he had been in Smyrna and Athens and Sofia because he now had more to lose. Visser had blackmailed him, and died. Now he, Latimer, was going to blackmail him. Dimitrios had never hesitated to kill a man if he had deemed it necessary to do so, and if he had deemed it necessary in the case of a man who threatened to expose him as a drug peddler, would he hesitate in the case of two men who threatened to expose him as a murderer?

It was most important to see that he was not given the opportunity. Mr. Peters had proposed the taking of elaborate precautions.

The first contact with Dimitrios was to be established by letter. Latimer had seen a draft of the letter and had found it gratifyingly similar in tone to a letter he himself had written for a blackmailer in one of his books. It began, with sinister cordiality, by trusting that, after all these years, Monsieur C. K. had not forgotten the writer and the pleasant and profitable times they had spent together, went on to say how pleasing it was to hear that he was so successful, and hoped sincerely that he would be able to meet the writer, who would be at the So-and-so Hotel at nine o'clock on the Thursday evening of that week. The writer concluded with an expression of his *"plus sincère amitié"* and a significant little postscript to the effect that he had chanced to meet some one who had known their mutual friend Visser quite well, that this person was most anxious to meet Monsieur K., and that it would be so unfortunate if Monsieur K. could not arrange to keep the appointment on Thursday evening.

Dimitrios would receive that letter on the Thursday morning. At half past eight on the Thursday evening "Mr. Petersen" and "Mr. Smith" would arrive at the hotel chosen for the interview and "Mr. Petersen" would take a room. There they would await the arrival of Dimitrios, who would be informed that he would receive instructions as to the payment of the million francs on the following morning and told to go. "Mr. Petersen" and "Mr. Smith" would then leave.

Precautions would now have to be taken to see that they were not followed and identified. Mr. Peters had not specified what sort of precautions but had given assurances that there would be no difficulties.

That same evening a second letter would be posted to Dimitrios, telling him to send a messenger with the million francs, in *mille* notes, to a specified point on the road outside the cemetery of Neuilly at eleven o'clock on the Friday night. There would be a hired car waiting for him there with two men in it. The two men would have been recruited for the purpose by Mr. Peters. Their business would be to pick up the messenger and drive along the Quai National in the direction of Suresnes until they were quite sure that they were not being followed, and then to make for a point on the Avenue de la Reine near the Porte de St. Cloud, where "Mr. Petersen" and "Mr. Smith" would be waiting to receive the money. The two men would then drive the messenger back to Neuilly. The letter would specify that the messenger must be a woman.

Latimer had been puzzled by this last provision. Mr. Peters had justified it by pointing out that if Dimitrios himself came there was just a chance that he might prove too clever for the men in the car and that "Mr. Petersen" and "Mr. Smith" would end up lying in the Avenue de la Reine with bullets in their backs. Descriptions were unreliable and the two men would have no certain means of knowing in the dark if a man presenting himself as the messenger were Dimitrios or not. They could make no such mistake about a woman.

The day seemed interminable. Mr. Peters had said that he had arrangements to make in connection with the car and the men to drive in it, and that he would meet Latimer at a quarter to eight, after dinner. Latimer spent the morning walking aimlessly in the Bois and in the afternoon went to a cinema.

It was toward six o'clock and after he had left the cinema that he began to notice a slight breathless feeling in the region of the solar plexus. He had cold feet.

The realization annoyed him. Why should he be afraid? There was nothing to be afraid of. This man Dimitrios was a clever and dangerous criminal, but he was far from being superhuman. If a man like Peters could— But then, Peters was used to this sort thing. He, Latimer, was not.

If he went to the police now, this minute, something could surely be done. He stopped. This minute! But he couldn't go through with it.

Instead he met Mr. Peters in a long narrow room with an old hair carpet, an iron bedstead, a wardrobe, two bent-wood chairs, a small table, a screen, and an enameled iron *bidet*. The carpet was red; but by the washbasin was a threadbare patch, black and shiny with use. The wallpaper depicted a trellis supporting a creeping plant, a number of purple disks and some shapeless pink objects of a vaguely clinical character. The curtains were thick and blue and hung on brass rings.

Mr. Peters looked at his watch. "Twenty-five minutes before he is due. We had better make ourselves comfortable. Would you like the bed?"

"No, thank you. I suppose you will do the talking."

"I think it will be best." Mr. Peters drew his Luger pistol from his breast pocket, examined it to see that it was loaded, and then dropped it into the right-hand pocket of his overcoat.

Latimer watched these preparations in silence. He was now feeling quite sick. He said suddenly: "I don't like this."

"Nor do I," said Mr. Peters soothingly; "but we must take precautions. It is unlikely, I think, that they will be needed. You need have no fears."

"What is to prevent him from walking in here and shooting us both?"

Mr. Peters smiled tolerantly. "Now, now! You must not let your imagination run away with you, Mr. Latimer. Dimitrios would not do that. It would be too noisy and dangerous for him. Remember, the man downstairs will have seen him. Besides, that would not be his way."

"What is his way?"

"Dimitrios is a very cautious man. He thinks very carefully before he acts."

"He has had all day to think carefully."

"Yes; but he does not yet know how much we know, and if any one else knows what we know. He would have to discover those things. Leave everything to me, Mr. Latimer. I understand Dimitrios."

THEY fell silent. Mr. Peters began to trim his nails with a pair of pocket scissors.

Except for the clicking of the scissors and the sound of Mr. Peters' heavy breathing, the silence in the room was complete. To Latimer it seemed almost tangible—a dark gray fluid that oozed from the corners of the room. He began to hear the watch ticking on his wrist. He waited for what seemed an eternity before looking at it. When he did look, it was ten minutes to nine. Another eternity. He tried to think of something to say to Mr. Peters to pass the time. He tried counting the complete parallelograms in the pattern of the wallpaper between the wardrobe and the window. Now he thought he could hear Mr. Peters' watch ticking. The muffled sound of some one moving a chair and walking about in the room overhead seemed to intensify the silence. Four minutes to nine.

Then, so suddenly that the sound seemed as loud as a pistol shot, one of the stairs outside the door creaked.

Mr. Peters stopped trimming his nails and, dropping the scissors on the bed, put his right hand in his overcoat pocket.

There was a pause. His heart beating painfully, Latimer gazed rigidly at the door. There was a soft knock.

Mr. Peters stood up and, with his hand still in his pocket, went to the door and opened it.

Latimer saw him stare for a moment into the semi-darkness of the landing and then stand back.

Dimitrios walked into the room.

Hat in hand, in his dark neat French clothes, with his slim, erect figure and sleek gray hair, Dimitrios was a picture of distinguished respectability. It was only the expression of his eyes that fitted in with any of Latimer's preconceived ideas about his appearance. Actually the face was utterly expressionless, as impassive as that of a lizard.

For a moment the brown eyes rested on Latimer. Then, as Mr. Peters closed the door behind him, Dimitrios turned his head and said in strongly accented French: "Present me to your friend. I do not think that I have seen him before."

Latimer very nearly jumped. The face of Dimitrios might not be revealing, but the voice certainly was. It was very coarse and sharp, with an acrid quality that made nonsense of any grace implicit in the words it produced. He spoke very softly, and it occurred to Latimer that the man was aware of the ugliness of his voice and tried to conceal it. He failed. Its promise was as deadly as the rattle of a rattlesnake.

"This is Monsieur Smith," said Mr. Peters. "There is a chair behind you. You may sit down."

Dimitrios ignored the suggestion. "Monsieur Smith! An Englishman. It appears that you knew Monsieur Visser."

"I have *seen* Visser."

"That is what we wanted to talk to you about, Dimitrios," said Mr. Peters.

"YES?" Dimitrios sat down on the spare chair. "Then talk, and be quick. I have an appointment to keep. I cannot waste time in this way."

"Since you insist on making this purely a business meeting—we want money."

The brown eyes flickered toward him. "Naturally. What do you want to give me for it?"

"Our silence, Dimitrios. It is very valuable."

"Indeed? How valuable?"

"It is worth at the very least a million francs."

Dimitrios sat back in the chair and crossed his legs. "And who is going to pay you that for it?"

"You are, Dimitrios. And you are going to be glad to get it so cheaply."

Dimitrios smiled. It was a slow tightening of the small, thin lips, nothing more. Yet there was something inexpressibly savage about it—something that made Latimer feel glad that it was Mr. Peters who had to face it. At that moment, he felt, Dimitrios was far more appropriate to a gathering of man-eating tigers than to a diplomatic reception, however large. The smile faded. "I think," he said, "that you shall tell me now precisely what you mean."

To Latimer—who would, he knew, have responded promptly to the menace in the man's voice—Mr. Peters' bland hesitation was maddeningly reckless. He appeared to be enjoying himself.

"It is so difficult to know where to begin." There was no reply. Mr. Peters waited for a moment and then shrugged. "There are," he went on, "so many things that the police would be glad to know. For instance, I might tell them who it was who sent them that dossier in 1931. And it would be such a surprise for them to know that a respectable director of the Eurasian Credit Trust was really the Dimitrios Makropoulos who used to send women to Alexandria."

Latimer thought that he saw Dimitrios relax a little in his chair. "And you expect me to pay you a million francs for that? My good Petersen, you are childish."

Mr. Peters smiled. "Very likely, Dimitrios. You were always inclined to despise my simple approach to the problems of this life of ours. But our silence on those matters would be worth a great deal to you, would it not?"

Dimitrios considered him a moment. Then: "Why don't you come to the point, Petersen? Or perhaps you are only preparing the way for your Englishman." He turned his

head. "What have you to say, Monsieur Smith? Or is neither of you very sure of himself?"

"Petersen is speaking for me," mumbled Latimer. He wished fervently that Mr. Peters would get the business over.

"May I continue?" inquired Mr. Peters.

"Go on."

"The Yugoslav police, too, might be interested in you. If we were to tell them where Monsieur Talat—"

"Par example!" Dimitrios laughed malignantly. "So Grodek has been talking. Not a sou for that, my friend. Is there any more?"

"Athens, 1922. Does that mean anything to you, Dimitrios? The name was Taladis, if you remember. The charge was robbery and attempted murder. Is that so amusing?"

Into Mr. Peters' face had come the look of unsmiling, adenoidal viciousness that Latimer had seen for a moment or two in Sofia. Dimitrios stared at him unblinkingly. In an instant the atmosphere had become deadly with a naked hatred that to Latimer was quite horrible. He felt as he had once felt when, as a child, he had seen a street fight between two middle-aged men. He saw Mr. Peters draw the Luger from his pocket and weigh it in his hands.

"You have nothing to say to that, Dimitrios? Then I shall go on. A little earlier that year you murdered a man in Smyrna, a money-lender. What was his name, Monsieur Smith?"

"Sholem."

"Sholem—of course. Monsieur Smith was clever enough to discover that, Dimitrios. A good piece of work, don't you think? Monsieur Smith, you know, is very friendly with the Turkish police; almost, one might say, in their confidence. Do you still think that a million francs is a lot to pay, Dimitrios?"

Dimitrios did not look at either of them. "The murderer of Sholem was hanged," he said slowly.

Mr. Peters raised his eyebrows. "Can that be true, Monsieur Smith?"

"A Negro named Dhris Mohammed was hanged for the murder, but he made a confession implicating Monsieur Makropoulos. An order was issued for his arrest in 1924. The charge was murder; for the Turkish police were anxious to catch him for another reason. He had been concerned in an attempt to assassinate Kemal in Adrianople."

"You see, Dimitrios, we are very well informed. Shall we continue?" Mr. Peters paused. Dimitrios still stared straight in front of him. Not a muscle of his face moved. Mr. Peters looked across at Latimer. "Dimitrios is impressed, I think. I feel sure he would like us to continue." He went on.

"MONSIEUR SMITH has told you he saw Visser. It was in a mortuary in Istanbul that he saw him. As I told you, he is very friendly with the Turkish police, and they showed him the body of a criminal named Dimitrios Makropoulos. It was foolish of them to be so easily deceived, was it not? But even Monsieur Smith was deceived for a while. Fortunately, I was able to tell him that Dimitrios was still alive." He paused. "You do not wish to comment? Very well. Perhaps you would like to hear how I discovered where you were and who you were." Another silence. "No? Perhaps you would like to know how I knew that you were in Istanbul at the time poor silly Visser was killed, or how easily Monsieur Smith was able to identify a photograph of Visser with the dead man he saw in the mortuary." Another silence. "No? Perhaps you would like to be told how easy it would be for us to arouse the interest of the Turkish police in the curious case of a dead murderer who is alive, or of the Greek police in the case of the refugee from Smyrna who left Tabouria so suddenly. I wonder if you are thinking that it would be difficult for us to prove that you *are* Dimitrios Makropoulos, or Taladis, or Talat, or Rougemont, after such a long time has elapsed. Are you thinking that, Dimitrios? You do not wish to answer? Then let me tell you that it would be quite easy for us to prove. I could identify you as Makropoulos, and so could Werner or Lenôtre or Galindo or the Grand Duchess. One of them is sure to be alive and within reach of the police. Any of them would be glad to help to hang you. Monsieur Smith can swear that the man buried in Istanbul is Visser. Then there is the crew of the yacht you chartered in June. They knew that Visser went with you to Istanbul. There is the concierge in the Avenue de Wagram. He knew you as Rougemont. Your present passport would not be a very good protection to a man with so many false names, would it? And even if you submitted to a little *chantage* from the French and Greek police, Monsieur Smith's Turkish friends would not be as accommodating. Do you think that a million francs is too much to pay for saving you from the hangman, Dimitrios?"

He stopped. For several long seconds Dimitrios continued to stare at the wall. Then at last he stirred and looked at his small gloved hands. His words, when they came, were like stones dropped one by one into a stagnant pool. "I am wondering," he said, "why you ask so little. Is this million all that you are asking?"

Mr. Peters sniggered. "You mean, are we going to the police when we have the million? Oh, no, Dimitrios. We shall be fair with you. This million is only a preliminary gesture of good will. There will be other opportunities for you. But you will not find us greedy."

"I AM sure of that. You would not want me to become desperate, I think. Are you the only ones who have this curious delusion that I killed Visser?"

"There is no one else. I shall want the million in *mille* notes tomorrow."

"So soon?"

"You will receive instructions as to how you are to give them to us, by post, in the morning. If the instructions are not followed exactly, you will not be given a second chance. The police will be approached immediately. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

As Dimitrios stood up, an idea seemed to occur to him. He turned to Latimer. "You have been very silent, monsieur. I wonder if you have been understanding that your life is in your friend Petersen's hands. If, for example, he decided to tell me your real name and where you might be found, I should very likely have you killed."

Mr. Peters showed his white false teeth. "Why should I deprive myself of Monsieur Smith's help? Monsieur Smith is invaluable. He can prove that Visser is dead. Without him you could breathe again."

Dimitrios took no notice of the interruption. "Well, Monsieur Smith?"

Latimer looked up into the brown anxious-seeming eyes. They were certainly the eyes of a man ready to do something that hurt, but they could have belonged to no doctor. There was murder in them.

"I can assure you," he said, "that Petersen has no inducement to kill me. You see—"

"You see," put in Mr. Peters quickly, "we are not fools, Dimitrios. You can go now."

"Of course." Dimitrios went toward the door, but at the threshold he paused.

"What is it?" said Mr. Peters.

"I should like to ask Monsieur Smith two questions."

"Well?"

"How was this man whom you took to be Visser dressed when he was found?"

"In a cheap blue serge suit. A French *carte d'identité*, issued at Lyons a year previously, was sewn into the lining. The suit was of Greek manufacture, but the shirt and underwear were French."

"And how was he killed?"

"He had been stabbed in the side and then thrown into the water."

Mr. Peters smiled. "Are you satisfied, Dimitrios?"

Dimitrios stared at him. "Visser," he said slowly, "was too greedy. You will not be too greedy, will you, Petersen?"

Mr. Peters gave him stare for stare. "I shall be very careful," he said. "You have no more questions to ask? Good. You will receive your instructions in the morning."

Dimitrios went without another word. Mr. Peters shut the door, waited a moment or two, then very gently

opened it again. Motioning to Latimer to remain where he was, he disappeared onto the landing. Latimer heard the stairs creak. A minute later he returned.

"He has gone," he announced. "In a few minutes we too shall go." He sat down again on the bed, lit one of his cheroots, and blew the smoke out as luxuriously as if he had just been released from bondage. His sweet smile came out again like a rose after a storm. "Well," he said, "that was Dimitrios, about whom you have heard such a great deal. What did you think of him?"

"I didn't know what to think. Perhaps if I had not known so much about him I should have disliked him less. I don't know. It is difficult to be reasonable about a man who is obviously wondering how quickly he can murder you." He hesitated. "I did not realize that you hated him so much."

Mr. Peters did not smile. "I assure you, Mr. Latimer, that it was a surprise to me to realize it. I did not like him. I did not trust him. After the way he betrayed us all, that was understandable. It was not until I saw him in this room just now that I realized that I hated him enough to kill him. If I were a superstitious man, I should wonder if perhaps the spirit of poor Visser had entered into me." He stopped, then added *"Salop!"* under his breath. He was silent for a moment; then he looked up. "Mr. Latimer, I must make an admission. I must tell you that even if you had agreed to the offer I made you, you would not have received your half million. I should not have paid you." He shut his mouth tightly as if he were prepared to receive a blow.

"So I imagine," said Latimer dryly. "I very nearly accepted the offer just to see how you would cheat me. I take it that you would have made the real time for the delivery of the money an hour or so earlier than you would have told me, and that by the time I arrived on the scene you and the money would have gone. Was that it?"

Mr. Peters winced. "It was very wise of you not to trust me, but very unkind. Though I suppose that I cannot blame you. But it was not to abase myself that I admitted to having tried to deceive you. It was to defend myself. I would like to ask you a question."

"Well?"

"Was it—forgive me—was it the thought that I might betray you to Dimitrios that made you refuse my offer to share the money with you?"

"It never occurred to me."

"I am glad," said Mr. Peters solemnly. "I should not like you to think that of me. You may dislike me, but I should not care to be thought cold-blooded. I may tell you that the thought did not occur to me, either. There you see Dimitrios! We have discussed this matter, you and I. We have mistrusted each other and looked for betrayal. Yet it is Dimitrios who puts this thought in our heads. I have met many wicked and violent men, Mr. Latimer, but I tell you that Dimitrios is unique. Why do you think he suggested to you that I might betray you?"

"I imagine that he was acting on the principle that the best way to fight two allies is to get them to fight each other."

MR. PETERS smiled. "No, Mr. Latimer. That would have been too obvious a trick for Dimitrios. He was suggesting to you in a very delicate way that *I* was the unnecessary partner and that you could remove me very easily by telling him where I could be found."

"Do you mean that he was offering to kill you for me?"

"Exactly. He would have only you to deal with then. He does not know, of course," added Mr. Peters thoughtfully, "that you do not know his present name." He stood up and put on his hat. "No, Mr. Latimer, I do not like Dimitrios. Do not misunderstand me, please. I have no moral rectitude. But Dimitrios is a savage beast. Even now, though I know that I have taken every precaution, I am afraid. I shall take his million and go. If I could allow you to hand him over to the police when I have done with him, I would do so. He would not hesitate if the situation were reversed. But it is impossible."

"Why?"

Mr. Peters looked at him curiously. "Dimitrios seems to have had a strange effect on you. No, to tell the police afterward would be too dangerous. If we were asked to explain the million francs—and we could not expect Dimitrios to remain silent about them—we should be embarrassed. A pity. Shall we go now? I shall leave the money for the room on the table. They can take the suitcase for a *pourboire*."

They went downstairs in silence.

In the street Mr. Peters halted and faced Latimer.

"Have you ever been followed?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Then you will be followed now. I do not suppose that Dimitrios had any real hope of our leading him to our homes, but he was always thorough." He glanced over Latimer's shoulder. "Ah, yes. He was there when we arrived. Do not look around, Mr. Latimer. A man wearing a gray mackintosh and a dark soft hat. You will see him in a minute."

The hollow feeling which had disappeared with the departure of Dimitrios jolted back into its position in Latimer's stomach. "What are we to do?"

"Return by Métro."

"What good will that do?"

"You will see in a minute."

The Ledru-Rollin Métro station was about a hundred yards away. As they walked toward it the muscles in Latimer's calves tightened and he suddenly had a ridiculous desire to run. He felt himself walking stiffly and self-consciously.

"Do not look round," said Mr. Peters again.

They walked down the steps to the Métro. "Keep close to me now," said Mr. Peters.

He bought two second-class tickets and they walked on down the tunnel in the direction of the trains.

It was a long tunnel. As they pushed their way through the spring barriers, Latimer felt that he could reasonably glance behind him. He did so, and caught a glimpse of a shabby young man in a gray raincoat about thirty feet behind him. Now the tunnel split into two. One way was labeled: *"Direction* Pte. de Charenton," the other: *"Direction* Balard." Mr. Peters stopped.

"It would be wise now," he said, "if we appeared to be about to take leave of each other." He glanced out of the corners of his eyes. "Yes, he has stopped. He is

wondering what is going to happen. Talk, please, Mr. Latimer, but not too loudly. I want to listen."

"Listen to what?"

"The trains. I spent half an hour here listening to them this morning."

"What on earth for? I don't see—"

Mr. Peters gripped his arm and he stopped. In the distance he could hear the rumble of an approaching train.

"*Direction* Balard," muttered Mr. Peters suddenly. "Come along. Keep close to me and do not walk too quickly." He timed his steps.

They went on down the right-hand tunnel. The rumble

of the train grew louder. They rounded a bend in the tunnel. Ahead was the green automatic gate.

"*Vite!*" cried Mr. Peters.

The train was by now almost in the station. The automatic door began to swing slowly across the entrance to the platform. As Latimer reached it and passed through with about three inches to spare, he heard, above the hiss and screech of pneumatic brakes, the sound of running feet. He looked round. Although Mr. Peters' stomach had suffered some compression, he had squeezed himself through onto the platform. But the man in the gray raincoat, in spite of his last-minute sprint, had missed. He now stood, red in the face with anger, shaking his fists at them from the other side of the automatic gate.

They got into the train a trifle breathlessly.

"Excellent!" puffed Mr. Peters happily. "Now do you see what I meant, Mr. Latimer?"

"Very ingenious."

The noise of the train made further conversation impossible.

Mr. Peters touched his arm. They were at Châtelet. They got out and took the Porte d'Orléans *correspondence* to St. Placide. As they walked down the Rue de Rennes, Mr. Peters hummed softly. They passed a café.

Mr. Peters stopped humming. "Would you like some coffee, Mr. Latimer?"

"No, thanks. What about your letter to Dimitrios?"

Mr. Peters tapped his pocket. "It is already written. Eleven o'clock is the time. The junction of the Avenue de la Reine and the Boulevard Jean Jaurès is the place. Would you like to be there, or are you leaving Paris tomorrow?" And then, without giving Latimer a chance to reply: "I shall be sorry to say good-by to you, Mr. Latimer. I find you so sympathetic. Our association has, on the whole, been most agreeable. It has also been profitable to me." He sighed. "I feel a little guilty, Mr. Latimer. You have been so patient and helpful, and yet you go unrewarded. You would not," he inquired a trifle anxiously, "accept a thousand francs of the money? It would help to pay your expenses."

"No, thank you."

They had stopped at the corner of the street which contained the Impasse. Latimer looked into Mr. Peters' watery eyes. "I should say," he said deliberately, "that you are wondering if there is a chance that Dimitrios might decide to call your bluff and thinking it might be a good idea to have me in Paris until you have the money actually in your pocket."

Mr. Peters' eyes slowly closed. "Mr. Latimer," he said bitterly, "I did not think—I would not have thought that you could have put such a construction on—"

"All right, I'll stay," irritably Latimer interrupted him. He had wasted so many days, another one would make no difference. "I'll come with you tomorrow, but only if you buy me a bottle of champagne. It must come from France, not Meknes, and it must be a vintage *cuvée* of either 1919, '20 or '21. A bottle," he added vindictively, "will cost you at least one hundred francs."

Mr. Peters opened his eyes. He smiled bravely. "You shall have it, Mr. Latimer," he said.

MR. PETERS and Latimer took up their positions at the corner of the Avenue de la Reine and the Boulevard Jean Jaurès at half past ten, the hour at which the hired car was due to pick up the messenger from Dimitrios opposite the Neuilly cemetery.

It was a cold night, and as it began to rain soon after they arrived, they stood for shelter just inside the porte-cochère of a building a few yards along the Avenue in the direction of the Porte de St. Cloud.

"How long will they be getting here?" Latimer asked.

"I said that I would expect them by eleven. That gives them half an hour to drive from Neuilly. They could do it in less, but I told them to make quite certain that they were not followed. If they are in doubt they will return to Neuilly. They will take no chances. The car is a Renault *coupé-de-ville*. We must have patience."

They waited in silence.

Suddenly Mr. Peters grunted, "*Attention!*"

"Are they coming?"

"Yes."

A large Renault was approaching from the left. It began to slow down. Mr. Peters put his hand in his overcoat pocket.

"Wait here, please," he said to Latimer, and walked toward the car.

"*Ca va?*" Latimer heard him say to the driver. There was an answering "*Oui.*" Mr. Peters opened the rear door and leaned forward.

Almost immediately he withdrew a pace and closed the door. In his left hand was a package. "*Attendez,*" he said, and walked back to where Latimer was standing.

"All right?" said Latimer.

"I think so. Will you strike a match, please?"

Latimer did so. The package was the size of a large book about two inches thick, and was wrapped in blue paper and tied with string. Mr. Peters tore away the paper at one of the corners and exposed a solid wad of *mille* notes. He sighed. "Beautiful!"

The Renault started with a jerk, swung round in a wide circle, and splashed away on its return journey. Mr. Peters watched it go with a smile.

"A very pretty woman," he said. "I wonder who she can be. But I prefer the million francs."

They found a taxi near the Porte de St. Cloud. Mr. Peters enlarged on his success while they drove. Back at his house he opened the door, switched on the light, and then, going straight to the largest divan, took the package from his overcoat pocket and undid the string. With loving care he extracted the notes from the wrappings and held them up. For once his smile was real.

"There, Mr. Latimer! A million francs! Have you ever seen so much money at once before? Nearly six thousand English pounds!" He stood up. "But we must have our little celebration. Take off your coat and I will get the champagne. I hope that you will like it. I have no ice, but I put it in a bowl of water. It will be quite cool."

He walked toward the curtained-off part of the room. Latimer had turned away to take off his coat. Suddenly he became aware that Mr. Peters was still on the same side of the curtain and that he was standing motionless. He glanced round.

For a moment he thought that he was going to faint. Mr. Peters was standing with his back to him, and his hands were raised above his head. Facing him in the gap between the gold curtains was Dimitrios, with a revolver in his hand.

Dimitrios stepped forward and sideways, so that Latimer was no longer partly covered by Mr. Peters. Latimer dropped his coat and put up his hands. Dimitrios raised his eyebrows.

"It is not flattering," he said, "for you to look so surprised to see me, Petersen. Or should I call you Caillé?"

Mr. Peters said nothing. Latimer could not see his face, but he saw his throat move as if he were swallowing.

The brown eyes flickered to Latimer. "I am glad that the Englishman is here too, Petersen. You were always too ingenious, Petersen. I told you so once before. It was on the occasion when you brought a coffin from

Salonika. You remember? Ingenuity is never a substitute for intelligence, you know. Did you really think that I should not see through you?" His lips twisted. "Poor Dimitrios! He is very simple. He will think that I, clever Petersen, will come back for more, like any other blackmailer. He will not guess that I may be bluffing him. But, just to make sure that he does not guess, I will do what no other blackmailer ever did. I will tell him that I *shall* come back for more. Poor Dimitrios is such a fool that he will believe me. Poor Dimitrios has no intelligence. Even if he finds out from the records that, within a month of my coming out of prison, I had succeeded in selling three unsalable houses to some one named Caillé, he will not dream of suspecting that I, clever Petersen, am also Caillé. Did you not know, Petersen, that before I bought these houses in your name they had been empty for ten years? You are such a fool!"

He paused. The anxious brown eyes narrowed; the mouth tightened. Latimer knew that Dimitrios was going to kill Mr. Peters and that there was nothing he could do about it. The wild beating of his heart seemed to be suffocating him.

"Drop the money, Petersen."

The wad of notes hit the carpet and spread out like a fan.

Dimitrios raised the revolver.

Suddenly Mr. Peters seemed to realize what was about to happen. He cried out: "No! You must—"

Then Dimitrios fired twice. Mr. Peters emitted a long-drawn-out retching sound and sank forward onto his hands and knees, with blood pouring from his neck.

Dimitrios stared at Latimer. "Now you," he said.

At that moment Latimer jumped.

Why he chose that particular moment to jump he never knew. But he did jump, and the jump did save his life. For, as his right foot left the floor a fraction of a second before Dimitrios pressed the trigger, he stumbled over one of Mr. Peters' thick tufts of rug and the shot went over his head into the wall.

Half dazed and with his forehead scorched by the blast from the muzzle of the revolver, he hurled himself at Dimitrios. They went down together with their hands at each other's throats, but immediately Dimitrios brought his knee up into Latimer's stomach and rolled clear of him.

He had dropped his revolver, and now he went to pick it up. Gasping for breath, Latimer scrambled toward the nearest movable object—which happened to be the heavy brass tray on top of one of the Moroccan tables—and flung it at Dimitrios. The edge of it hit the side of his head as he was reaching for the revolver, and he reeled; but the blow stopped him for barely a second. Latimer threw the wooden part of the table at him and dashed forward. Dimitrios staggered back as the table caught his shoulder. The next moment Latimer had the revolver and was standing back, still trying to get his breath, but with his finger on the trigger.

HIS face sheet-white, Dimitrios came toward him.

Latimer raised the revolver, "If you move again, I shall fire."

Dimitrios stood still. His brown eyes stared into Latimer's. Then they flickered toward the notes on the floor and then back to him. "What are you going to do?" said Dimitrios suddenly. "If the police come, we shall both have something to explain. If you shoot me, you will get only that million. If you will release me, I will give you another million as well. That would be good for you."

Latimer took no notice. He edged sideways toward the wall until he could glance quickly at Mr. Peters.

Mr. Peters had crawled toward the divan on which his overcoat lay, and was now leaning against it with his eyes half closed.

"My pistol," he muttered. "Get my pistol. Overcoat." He said something else that was inaudible.

Cautiously Latimer worked his way round to the overcoat and fumbled for the pistol. Dimitrios watched with a thin ghastly smile on his lips. Latimer found the pistol and handed it to Mr. Peters. He grasped it with both hands and snicked back the safety catch.

"Now," he muttered, "go and get police."

"Some one will have heard the shots," said Latimer soothingly. "The police will be here soon."

"Won't find us," whispered Mr. Peters. "Get police."

Latimer hesitated. What Mr. Peters said was true. The Impasse was hemmed in by blank walls. The shots might have been heard, but unless some one had happened to be passing the entrance to the Impasse during the few seconds in which they were fired, nobody would know where the sounds had come from.

"All right," he said. "Where is the telephone?"

"No telephone."

"But—" He hesitated again. "All right," he said. "I'll be as quick as I can."

He went toward the door.

"One moment, monsieur." There was an urgency in the harsh voice that made Latimer pause.

"Well?"

"If you go, he will shoot me. Don't you see that? Why not accept my offer?"

Latimer opened the door. "If you try any tricks you will certainly be shot." He looked again at the wounded man huddled over the Luger. "I shall be back with the police. Don't shoot unless you have to."

Then, as he made to go, Dimitrios shouted angrily: "Five million, monsieur! Is it not enough, or do you want this carrion to kill me?"

LATIMER was halfway down the stairs when he heard the shots. There were four of them. He turned and ran back up to the room. Dimitrios was not a pleasant sight. One shot had hit him between the eyes and almost blown the top of his head off. His body was still twitching.

The Luger slipped from Mr. Peters' fingers, and he was leaning, with his head on the edge of the divan, opening and shutting his mouth like a stranded fish. As Latimer stood there, he choked suddenly and blood trickled from his mouth.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, Latimer blundered through the curtain. Dimitrios was dead. Mr. Peters was dying; and all he, Latimer, could think about was the effort required not to faint. He strove to pull himself together. He must do something. Mr. Peters must have water. Wounded men always needed water. There was a wash-basin and beside it were some glasses. He filled one and carried it back into the room.

Mr. Peters had not moved. His mouth and eyes were open. Latimer knelt down beside him and poured a little water into the mouth. It ran out again. He put down the glass and felt for the pulse. There was none.

Latimer got quickly to his feet and looked at his hands. There was blood on them. He went to the washbasin, rinsed them and dried them on a small dirty towel which hung from a hook.

He should, he knew, call the police immediately. Two men had killed each other. That was a matter for the police. Yet—what was he going to say to them? How was he going to explain his own presence there in that shambles? Could he say he had been passing the end of the Impasse and had heard the shots? But someone must have noticed him with Mr. Peters. There was the taxi-driver who had brought them. And when they found that Dimitrios had that day obtained a million francs from his bank . . . there would be endless questionings. Suppose they suspected him?

His brain seemed to clear suddenly. He must get out at once, and he must leave no traces of his presence there. He thought quickly. The revolver in his pocket belonged to Dimitrios. It had his fingerprints on it. He took it out of his pocket, put on his gloves, and wiped it all over carefully with his handkerchief. Then, setting his teeth, he went back into the room, knelt down beside Dimitrios, and, taking his right hand, pressed the fingers round the butt and trigger. Removing the fingers and holding the revolver by the barrel, he then put it near the body on the floor.

He considered the *mille* notes strewn over the rug like so much waste paper.

The glass of water must be emptied, dried, and replaced with the other glasses. He looked round. Was there anything else? No. Nothing at all? Yes—one thing. His fingerprints were on the tray and the table. He wiped

them. Nothing more? Yes. Fingerprints on the doorknobs. He wiped them. Anything else? No. He carried the glass to the washbasin, dried and replaced it. He turned to go.

No one saw him leave the Impasse. He went to a café in the Rue de Rennes and ordered a cognac.

Now he began to tremble. He had been a fool. He ought to have gone to the police. If only there were some way of telling the police! An anonymous letter would be too dangerous. The police would know immediately that a third person had been concerned and would not be satisfied with the simple explanation that the two men had killed each other. Then he had an idea. The main thing was to get the police to the house.

There was an evening paper in the rack. He took it to his table and read it through feverishly. There were two news items in it which suited his purpose. One was a report of the theft of some valuable furs from a warehouse in the Avenue de la République; the other was an account of the smashing of the shop window of a jeweler in the Avenue de Clichy and the escape of two men with a tray of rings.

He decided that the first would suit his purpose best, and summoning the waiter, ordered another cognac, together with writing materials. He drank the brandy at a gulp and put his gloves on. Then, taking a sheet of the letter paper, he examined it carefully. It was ordinary cheap café note paper. Having satisfied himself that there was no distinguishing mark of any kind on it, he wrote across the middle of it in capital letters: "FAITES DES ENQUÊTES SUR CAILLÉ—3, IMPASSE DES HUITS ANGES." Then he tore the report of the fur robbery out of the paper, folded it inside the note, and put the two in an envelope, which he addressed to the Commissaire of Police of the Seventh Arrondissement. Leaving the café, he bought a stamp at a tobacco kiosk and posted the letter.

It was not until four o'clock that morning, when he had lain awake in bed for two hours, that the nerves of his stomach succumbed at last to the strain which had been put upon them and he was sick.

Two days later a paragraph appeared in three of the Paris morning papers saying that the body of a man named Frederick Peters, together with that of a man at present unidentified, had been found in an apartment off the Rue de Rennes. Both men, the paragraph continued, had been shot, and it was thought that they had killed each other in a revolver fight following a quarrel over money, a considerable sum of which was found on the floor.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

A BOOK that is likely to charm a considerable number of people this summer is **Since You Went Away**, by Margaret Buell Wilder (Whittlesey House, New York, $2).

It is a series of letters from a service wife to her husband. Through them she tells the story of her life, and that of her two daughters, from the time she and the girls went on their own until the first Christmas of their separation from her husband.

They are letters that are calculated to amuse and cheer an absent husband and father. But what makes them a book, and different from just anybody's letters, is the facility Mrs. Wilder has for expression.

From the first letter, she makes

Margaret Buell Wilder

you feel an interest in her, and then in her two daughters. From the time she almost resentfully rents her husband's room to an old-line harrumphing colonel, and her daughters decide on remunerative methods of spending their spare time, you are won to this family.

You are not surprised either, once you know Mrs. Wilder, to discover that humorous things happen to her. Like the time when Mrs. W. had to cope with the arrival, simultaneously, of an artist with an outsize nude and Fidelia, the family helper who then and there organized herself

Walter Lippmann

into a one-woman vice squad. Or when Mr. John, a white bulldog and an amiable enough canine in other ways, insisted upon drawing the color line.

Of course, there are also the lonesome times, the wistful letters. But, on the whole, the man who received these reports from his home front could enjoy them. Most readers will, too.

WHAT has sent American men to war again, what can prevent their fighting a third World War, is considered in a thoughtful book by Walter Lippmann, **United States Foreign Policy, Shield of the Republic** (Little, Brown, Boston, $1.50).

We have come to our present pass, Mr. Lippmann warns, because the people and the statesmen of this country have not, in more than a hundred years, understood the necessity for our having a decided foreign policy. And because of this lack we have been virtually without one.

There have been only two constants in America's dealings with other nations during this time—the principle of the Monroe Doctrine and our insistence upon the Open Door in China.

But both of these, plus our expansion beyond continental United States, have meant commitments beyond our own borders which required either overwhelming power of our own or that of strong allies. We faced the first World War, and now this one, with neither. If we are to avoid a third World War which will find us again unprepared to protect our overseas commitments, we must begin now to shape a realistic foreign policy.

This will require a realistic reading of history, to start with; an appreciation of the fact that foreign alliances were not scorned by the founding fathers and cannot safely be junked by us.

It will require an understanding of the facts which Mr. Lippmann so cogently presents. We all have a deep and personal interest in the future developments of our foreign policy. Before we squabble about it among ourselves, let us examine the facts about it carefully. Mr. Lippmann's book is, so far as I know, the best place to begin.

BOSS OF THE LADY MARINES

The Leathernecks sniffed when Major Ruth Streeter was sworn in. Here's why you now hear them say, "Hell, she's a real Marine!"

BY
BETTY GASKILL

Major Ruth Streeter in uniform.

WHEN the Marines took a good long look at their first and highest ranking woman officer, Major Ruth Streeter, they heaved a mighty sigh of relief. Oldest branch in the armed services and proud of its tough heritage, the Marine Corps had shaken a sorrowful head when the manpower shortage made it necessary to admit women.

But when the new major reported for duty in Washington, word went around that "she" wasn't too bad. The next report had her ticketed as "pretty much O. K." By the end of the month many Marines were admitting, "Hell, she's a real Marine."

At the time of Pearl Harbor, Ruth Streeter had just turned forty-five. She'd never held a paid job in her life, but she'd organized and managed everything from pink teas to politics. She'd been the only woman member of the New Jersey State Relief Council; she'd been vice-president and president of a New Jersey county welfare board. She'd had her finger in a lot of big pies, and all over the East women who "did things" had heard of her.

It didn't surprise a soul who knew her when she announced her intention of becoming a ferry pilot. That she didn't know how to fly was, to her mind, irrelevant. America needed women to ferry planes across the Atlantic, and she intended to fill that need. By the time an age limit was set for women ferry pilots which eventually barred her from active participation, she had piled up enough hours to become one of the 300 women in the country holding commercial pilot licenses.

She was "between ideas" as to her next best place in the war effort when General L. W. T. Waller, director of the Marine Reserves, approached her with the giant task of organizing and heading the Women's Reserve in the Marine Corps.

Ruth Streeter's father was a Boston banker and her stepfather a Harvard professor. As a girl she did all the right things and knew all the right people. She went to Miss May's, Bryn Mawr, and a fashionable school in France. But through the years she was more impressed by her long line of stanch New England ancestors who were soldiers and pioneers. Some member of the family has been in every war America has fought. And now her three sons as well as herself have gone to war. Frank, twenty-five, and Henry, twenty-three, are naval officers and haven't yet seen their mother in uniform. The youngest son, Tommy, twenty-one, is a buck private in the Army; has trouble remembering to salute his mother as an officer. Even her daughter Lillian, who's still in school, wants to join the Spars.

HER first answer to General Waller's offer was pretty typical: "I'll have to ask my husband!" Fortunately, Tom Streeter (a retired New York banker and lawyer) thought it was a fine idea, though he joked: "Now I'll have some place to stay when I come to Washington."

Organizing the Women's Reserve has been no easy task. Some of her staff were Marinettes in the last war, and together they probed out Marine needs, started recruitment and training. The first class, enlisted women and officers, rolled off the training line three months ago. Now two more classes are in session and many others will follow.

Since taking over her new post Major Streeter has flown all over the United States recruiting and organizing. Fellow officers say she usually spurns passenger planes, preferring to thumb a ride around with some of the "boys" (Marine flyers), and can often be seen crowding into the rear cockpit of a dive bomber or the steel bucket seat on a cargo plane.

When she discovered that many Marine women were slated for parachute rigging, she made a special flight with Marine parachutists to learn all phases of the training. High in the air she discovered that Marine tradition said each man usually packed his own chute, and if her girls were to take over such a responsibility she felt they should be made to feel the weight of it. She ordered all Women's Reserve training schools moved to the big Marine base at New River, North Carolina, where the students could see Marines training for actual combat.

Of all Marine bigwigs, she is the easiest to see. Newcomers who expect a barrage of secretaries are constantly surprised. And when you telephone the Women's Reserve section you're just as likely to get the major herself on the wire as you are any number of underlings. A born extravert, she's rarely alone. Even when traveling she'll gather any soldier, sailor, or Marine she spies into the club car for a chat.

Thoroughly democratic, she originated the idea of having enlisted women wear the same uniform as women officers, with only the difference of insignia. In the winter, when the girls go into dark green with bright red hat cords, she scrutinizes them carefully to make sure they're matching that cord with a similar shade lipstick. As for herself, she wears no lipstick, and never has.

She has little regard for social forms if they interfere with business. It took up so much of her time to wait in line for lunch at the Marine cafeteria that she decided to bring her own lunch in a lunch box. Every morning sees her trooping in with it under her arm, and promptly at one o'clock she starts eating, still at her desk, usually engrossed in the afternoon newspaper. That there may be no confusion, she sticks a painted sign out in front of her which reads plainly: "Out to Lunch."

The spirit of the new Women's Reserves is somewhat reminiscent of another group of Marine newcomers at Belleau Wood. Advised to retreat, they answered, "Retreat hell! We just got here," and stayed until complete victory. As long as Ruth Streeter's managing things, that's the way it'll be with the women Marines.

THE END

PUBLIC WORKS CAN TAKE UP THE SLACK

Continued from Page 19

engineers, and field superintendents, one of the largest design and inspection forces ever assembled in a short time, went to work on real plans, but it was many weeks after the CWA had faded into the TERA before we could establish an orderly procedure. We don't want this sort of thing to happen again.

What is before us now is a dislocation of industry and a demand for jobs so much greater, more urgent, and more serious that by comparison the unemployment in the depression shrinks to insignificance. No two statisticians agree on the precise figures. One distinguished professor, whose figures for some reason seem to carry great weight in Washington, has changed his estimates at least three times in as many months. He throws millions underhand as though he were tossing horseshoes, and rarely rings the stake. We know how many are now in the armed forces and we can make a pretty good guess at the additions before the war is over. We know roughly how many persons are employed in war industries, although many of these industries are merely expansions of those which existed before the war and will presumably go on at a reduced pace afterward. We know about how many women never before employed in industry are now at work.

In New York State, for example, there are approximately 1,200,000 in the armed forces and 1,300,000 in war production. Of the latter some 27 per cent are women. I don't have the figures for the whole country, but it is reasonable to assume that an approximation is arrived at by multiplying the New York figures by ten. That means 12,000,000 in the armed forces and 13,000,000 in war industries—a lot of people to be responsible for. Some will stay in the Army and Navy. Industry will keep on others. But there still remain millions whose adjustment is not easy to accomplish. Are these millions to have applesauce or work? Slogans are not jobs. You can't eat the Four Freedoms.

WE know that the government is spending at the rate of $100,000,000,000 a year for the war, and that there will be a dizzy drop to somewhere around $30,000,000,000 afterward unless we are to resort permanently to what the highbrows call deficit financing, live on shinplasters and be permanently busted. We know that it takes a lot of time for business to retool and that immense numbers of men and women will have to be discharged even if war orders are tapered off instead of being abruptly terminated

quired to discuss here academic theories of an immediate "replacement boom"—which, translated into English, means a buying spree right after the war, indulged in by people who want in a hurry all the things they have been deprived of in the war years. No doubt there will be some kind of a boom, but all past records indicate that it will not develop in less than a year and a half after demobilization.

It has been suggested that if we adopt a plan like the Beveridge Plan every one will have security and freedom from want and our unemployment problem will be instantly settled. The Beveridge Plan would not give a single honest job to a returning soldier or discharged war worker. These cradle-to-the-grave, womb-to-tomb schemes no doubt have some merit. As a matter of fact, parts of the English plan are already in effect in this country under other names. The point is that such paternalistic legislation has nothing to do with providing employment *in the period immediately following the war.*

Every study, estimate, and guess I have seen, from sources which have any claim to responsibility, indicates that there will be at least 5,000,000 men in each of two years who must get jobs on public works if we are to avoid the dole. I do not count the men in mine, mill, fabricating plant, and railroad who furnish those on the job with their equipment, tools, and materials, although these must not be overlooked.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

I have avoided public speaking, feeling that one voice to a family was enough.

—Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

This is no insoluble problem if we begin attacking it now. New York City is preparing a public improvement program to employ over 200,000 men on the scene. New York State has a similar program. The city projects include repairing, modernizing, and expanding hospitals and other institutions, port, air, terminal, school, library, fire, police, health, housing, market, court, arterial, rapid transit, street, sewer, and other facilities, all of them carefully analyzed and approved only after full consideration at public hearings. Under a special act, New York State is authorized and given appropriations not only to plan state improvements but to pay half the cost of postwar design of local projects sponsored by municipalities, on the assumption that responsible local officials will be careful to sponsor only necessary works if they must pay half the cost of specifications and anticipate substantial contributions to actual construction.

What effect will these New York programs have on industry and on the men behind the men on the job? We have found, for example, in breaking down our New York City program into basic materials, that we shall use over 400,000 tons of steel and 9,000,000 barrels of cement. That isn't much, you will say, in a country which is now producing over 80,000,000 tons of steel and 125,000,000 barrels of cement—but it is a real start. It represents genuine pump priming.

IF every state and municipality will follow the example of New York State and plan similar public works now and get specifications ready, the whole nation will have taken out first insurance against unemployment. Preparation of such plans, however, is no simple matter. The notion that it can be done from Washington is absurd. Washington can help by designing strictly federal and regional works and by making contributions toward the design of certain local works of national significance, such as main highways. The rest has to be done by the states and the municipalities. Few states and only a very few of our thousands of municipal governments have undertaken anything as yet. Many do not understand the problem. Others do not have the funds available, or, if they have, do not want to spend them. Still others claim there are no technicians to do the designing. Many refuse to employ outside architects and engineers and insist that the work be done by the regular civil service forces, who are unable to keep up with the demand.

New York City has taken the lead in this work and has provided over $25,000,000 for the design of postwar public works. This looks toward a construction program of over $750,000,000. New York State also has a substantial program which is slowly getting under way. We are not waiting for Washington to do the job. This is what President Roosevelt said of our contribution:

"I hope that other cities and states will follow New York's example, and to encourage them I have recommended to the Congress on several occasions, beginning as early as the spring of 1941, that federal aid ought to be provided for such detailed plan preparation."

Highway construction is at the head of the list of practical postwar public works projects. It is spread all over the country. It is relatively easy to get under way, and it creates substantial employment both on and off the actual scene of the job. Moreover, we must assume that the automobile manufacturers will retool immediately, using their old models and dies, and will turn out more cars after this retooling period than ever came off the assembly lines before. Eventually there will be new models which will weigh and cost less and go farther on a gallon of gas than ever before. The products of this great American industry will be worthless unless the government supplies good roads. Private enter-

prise cannot build these roads. This is an unavoidable responsibility of government, and it should be anticipated now. Just as the motorcar will be vastly improved, highway construction must also advance, and the latest and best designs tested by war experience must be adopted. The same logic applies in other fields of public construction, where labor practices should also conform to new, higher, and more liberal standards.

How are these postwar works to be financed? It cannot be done solely with state and municipal funds. Here the federal government must make a contribution. We need not discuss now just what the basis of contributions will be. If every unit of local government must prove right now that it has sufficient borrowing capacity and adequate funds in hand or in sight for 100-per-cent financing of every postwar project before a stroke is made on a drafting board, we shall be just as bankrupt of plans as we were at the beginning of the depression, when Harry Hopkins sold the idea of the CWA because no one had anything better to offer.

THE problem before us today is that of making contract specifications for needed improvements, not of determining formulas to finance them or of deciding just how fast contracts shall be let, or what the priorities shall be among them. Obviously we cannot spend more as a nation than we can afford, but we cannot afford to spend less. Keep in mind that a straight dole is the most expensive of all luxuries, the least productive and the most debilitating. As applied to honorably discharged fighting men, it means despair and something like revolution.

While private industry may be able to meet our employment problem in a reasonably short time after the war, it would be rash to rely upon such an optimistic assumption. Since there is at least the possibility that we may have to choose between public works or straight relief, I think all sensible people will concede that the least we can do now is to get ready for public works. But we must make sound, practical plans. Otherwise we may have a wasteful, badly executed, and enormously expensive program which will be little better than a dole.

Let us keep our eyes on the ball and not be diverted either by sky writers or by peddlers of peanuts in the stands.

We owe every one of our boys a job when he comes down the gangplank of the transport, leaves the train, or checks in his tools at the plant. These boys want no election slogans and Beveridge banners. No want ads. No soup kitchens. No bread lines. No charity. No government relief.

Our aim must be an honest job for every man who has earned an honorable discharge.

THE END

BASEBALL SCOUTS THE CRADLE

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high figure. But all the time, the Detroit club had Wakefield's earnest promise to stick to their remarkable offer—"We'll top anything any one offers you!" Dick Wakefield signed with Detroit for a reported $50,000, and a custom-built car thrown in. Last May, Wakefield was among the first five leading hitters of the American League.

But it remains a gamble—the scout's work, the boy he picks, the future. Once more heed Ted McGrew, the Dodger scout:

"Scouting is interesting work," says this veteran of the baseball wars, "but every boy you spot is a gamble. Some can't stand the strain of competition and never improve. Some have the right fire and progress up the line. It takes nerve to spend money on a player—and sometimes you're out on the end of a limb as a result of it. But the satisfaction you get when one of your players makes good is immeasurable. Maybe that's why I've such an intense rooting interest in every boy I pick."

GET that word "satisfaction"? It reminds me of the grand story "Andy" Coakley tells on himself. Andy is the Columbia University coach who still dotes on telling amazing stories of his greatest college ballplayer, the late Lou Gehrig, dear to the hearts of the Yankees—and the nation. Anyway, Andy got married one day long ago and we won't tell you just when. Andy was a great ballplayer then, pitching for Connie Mack's Athletics. So Andy went to Connie and asked for a few days off for a honeymoon. He got the O. K.

Andy's bride insisted on one thing—to get away as far as possible from baseball. Andy agreed, and off they went to Vermont.

They were up in New England just one day when, after a buggy ride, they ranged past—by an amazing coincidence—a ball park. Andy asked his wife for two minutes inside the ball park to see an old friend.

The two minutes stretched into two hours. Andy had to use the persuasiveness of a Clarence Darrow to regain his new-found happiness. He finally got it—plus a signed baseball contract for the Philadelphia Athletics. The name on the contract was "Eddie Johnson"—pseudonym for Eddie Collins, the immortal. It wasn't until years later that Mr. Coakley told Mrs. Coakley that one reason for the Vermont honeymoon was to scout the great Collins, who spent twenty-five brilliant years as a great player in the big leagues.

See? Sounds pretty simple, doesn't it? But remember this: a lot of nice fat turkey gobblers would strut less if they could see into the future. And, by the same token, a lot of duds may some day set the world in flames. The old cry that you have to work for what you get still holds—war or no war.

Bill Hinchman, Pirate scout, once traveled ninety miles over country roads to see a pitcher on whom he had a tip. When Hinchman arrived, the game was going sure enough—but the game was between a couple of girls' teams. Funny? Sure it is. But it proves something: if you're in there scouting, you're not missing a bet, whether you're ridiculed or not.

My advice to the up-and-at-'em high-school boys who may be in the big time tomorrow, then, is this—don't be too wise. This good old world isn't leaning over so far that the simple things still don't hold true.

The big fallacy in most youngsters' minds is that it's tougher to get in the big leagues if they come from a small town than it is if they live in a large city. This is all wrong.

By and large, you'll find that most major leaguers hail from the byroads and whistle stops of the nation. Ernie Bonham, ace right-hander of the Yankees, comes from Ione, California; Ernie White of the St. Louis Cardinals is from Pacolet Mills, South Carolina; and Pete Suder, Philadelphia Athletic infielder, hails from the Pennsylvania town by the simple name of Aliquippa. Bill Baker, Pittsburgh Pirate catcher, was reared in the flourishing village of Paw Creek, North Carolina, and Harry Brecheen of the St. Louis Cardinals comes from Broken Bow, Oklahoma.

A few other towns where our modern baseball stars donned their first gloves are Pascagoula and Olive Branch in Mississippi; Hicksville, Ohio; Harmony, Minnesota; Ash Flat, Arkansas; Bisbee, Arizona; Logan, Utah; Nowata, Oklahoma; Walla Walla, Washington; Kings Mountain, North Carolina; and Crabapple, Georgia.

SOMETIMES, however, the young player tries too hard. For instance, take the case of Roy Cullenbine, who is now with the Cleveland Indians. Roy, at the time, was playing with a Detroit sand-lot baseball team. A friend of his came up to Roy and tipped him off that there were a couple of scouts watching him that day. Cullenbine then played the greatest game of his life.

When the game was over, Roy Cullenbine rushed up to his friend and said, "Boy, what a day I just had! Am I ready to talk to those scouts! Where are they?" Cullenbine's friend pointed over to the bleachers and said, "There they are. And they want your autograph too." Cullenbine's face fell a mile as he replied, "You mean those two kids sitting out there? I thought you said they were scouts?" To which his friend answered, "They are—Boy Scouts!"

THE END

ACTION IN THE PACIFIC

Continued from Page 15

the sea. That was the Astoria's first scratch, and the men were proud of it.

When the smoke from a two-day battle had disappeared, we had sunk or damaged four, possibly five Japanese carriers, three or more battleships, four cruisers, and perhaps five transports. The Japanese had lost something like twenty thousand men. We had contributed our bit to the battle that—as America will some day realize—had turned back an eventual invasion of our western coast. The score was leveling off since Pearl Harbor, but it was our turn to take it next.

After a lot of tough patrol work off Hawaii, we joined a large force of carriers, cruisers, tankers, destroyers and transports that were loaded to the gunwales. We didn't know where we were going, but on the Astoria's bridge the officers were smiling and saying, "This is it!"

Going south, we practiced bombardment on a little sand island, and saw dirt and coconut trees tossed upward by our shots. Then we got the real news: we were going to Guadalcanal, with orders to take the island.

On the dark and foggy morning of August 7, just at daybreak, we slipped up on it and let go with everything we had. Our ships began to fire on the shore installations and we could see another of our group giving Tulagi a working over. We spread buildings and debris into thin air. Meanwhile our planes were going over and we could see the marines in their landing barges streaming toward the beach. The amphibian tanks waddled up the shore with men following and we lifted our fire as they disappeared into the coconut grove.

THE whole operation was a success. We had caught the Japanese by surprise, but it was "general quarters" all day and night the 7th and 8th. We ate sandwiches on watch and maneuvered hard right and hard left as the Astoria dodged Jap dive bombers and splattered their planes with our fire.

On the morning of the second day we got word that forty twin-engined heavy bombers were coming in to blot us out. This was our first real worry. Everything we had went up to intercept them; but suddenly they came toward us at below masthead height, from over the palm tops of Florida Island. Boy, it proved duck soup for our men! We took them as they came, blanking out eighteen, and our fighters finished off the rest. One Japanese bomber crashed his burning plane on a transport and we lost the ship, and a destroyer suddenly up-ended and dived to the bottom. In a few minutes we were all alone and were cruising through a sea of wrecked Jap planes and floating Jap airmen.

"Hi, ya rat!" a gunner's mate called down to one of them. "Remember Pearl Harbor?"

But we saved our gags. Most of those Japs were mere kids of eighteen. They were going to drown and they knew it. We could tell by the look on their faces.

One of our destroyers threw a line to a Japanese pilot. That rat waited until he was almost up to the rail, then pulled out his Nambi pistol and began firing. They dropped him back into the drink and a machine gun from the deck rubbed him out.

So far, so good.

The marines had landed on Guadalcanal. Our supply ships were unloading and it was our job to stand by and protect them. A fellow never really knows the over-all picture of a sea engagement; we take orders and carry them out; but it seemed that about this time our patrol planes had sighted a squadron of Japanese cruisers and destroyers headed our way. It was figured they would arrive early the next day. Instead, as it turned out, they pushed up their speed, and they got to us an hour after midnight.

I shared my room with Ensign Henry Whitehurst. We were off watch for an hour and below, asleep,

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The first casualty when war comes is truth.

—Senator Hiram Johnson.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

when the forward guns went off. We hit the deck. I ran aft, and as I came to the weather deck I was surprised to see that we were fixed by a searchlight like a bug on a pin. The Astoria was taking a terrific beating on her port side.

The Japanese had executed a brilliant maneuver. Coming from behind Savo Island, they had circled the land in the deep water that they knew lay close to shore. Hiding their silhouettes against the trees until they had us in position for a broadside, they had dropped parachute flares, pinned us with their searchlights, and opened a murderous fire. Continuing at full speed, they unexpectedly turned left in another encircling movement that gave them a chance to pour it in from every quarter as they went out.

The Astoria was shuddering from heavy hits and the repercussion of her own gunfire. The air was filled with shrapnel that was clanging against the bulkheads, and the well deck, as I passed over it, was strewn with the bodies of fallen men.

I crouched down to the level of the metal railing, then clambered to the hangar deck. Up there I was struck by the full glare of the Jap searchlights—and, between that and the whizzings and ringings of metal all around me, I suddenly felt as if the fury of the whole war had been turned on me. The lightly armored turret houses for our eight-inch guns and the after control station I was trying to reach seemed like flimsy "Chic Sales" on a hilltop in the morning sun.

One more crossing, another ladder, and I was up at my battle station and in, out of the light. A burst of shells followed me through the door. They pierced the hangar deck and set the launches on fire. Then the planes began to burn. Their gas tanks caught fire and spread the flames. Bombs and machine-gun ammunition began to explode. The Diesel oil went up with a *whoof*, and we were trapped aft in the control room with smoke pouring in and the paint on the walls crackling with the heat.

THE metal deck was slippery with blood, and in the flashes of light I could see some of my men, dead, with their earphones still on their heads. They had stepped to the door to see what was happening and had taken shrapnel through the chest. The smoke and heat were unbearable in our iron box, but we still tried to get our guns into play. First-class fire-control man Walter Johns reported huskily, "I can see 'em, sir!" It was more than I could do. My gun pointer and gun trainer were at their places straining to get their cross wires lined up, and my sight setter sat on his metal stool. I noticed wounded men on the floor trying to drag themselves up to their posts.

Then a roar like an express train's in a tunnel deafened us as a five-inch Jap shell hit the control station. It came right through it, clipping off the steel stem of the sight-setter's stool and dropping him, swearing, to the deck. In the half-dark we could see him clawing at the rear of his pants to find out if he was all there.

"That'll teach you," a Tennesseean drawled, "not to be settin' when yo' betters are left standin' up."

We didn't have long to laugh. Our director was jammed in train, so we couldn't move it. All communications were shot away, our eyes were burning with smoke, and we were choking in the fumes of flaming Diesel oil. Third-class fire-control man Dean pulled a piece of shrapnel out of his right thigh and threw it disgustedly to the deck.

"I'm hit," he announced, "but still ready to go."

That was it. We still had a machine gun on the platform outside, and I ordered the men to it. We found one officer and six men killed and five wounded men, all heaped together behind the torn splinter shield in a jumble of arms, legs, and broken bodies.

Before we could get in a shot with the machine gun, it was all over. The searchlights were off, the firing had ceased, the Japanese were gone. The Astoria reeled with a heavy list to port.

We salvaged the first-aid kit from

the control room and gave the wounded shots of morphine. Then I called down to the fantail for a fire hose. Our ladders were cut off by the flames. We brought the hose up on a light line, but it sputtered and went dead. Then the men knotted it around the machine-gun mount; that gave us a line of escape, but it wouldn't help the wounded.

Without a word, Seaman Barker went down the hot ladder to the flaming launches and hacked off a heavy coil of rope. Machine-gun ammunition exploded around him, but he got back up with only minor burns. Working rapidly, we lowered the wounded in slings made with the rope and then slid to safety ourselves.

THERE were about a hundred and fifty men aft, penned up on the fantail, and many of them were wounded. Blankets and some mattresses were passed up from the chief petty officer's quarters below, and some one found cigarettes and a little box of peppermints. We sat there while the fire roared amidships and our ammunition was blowing up. There was little hope of rescue; our rafts and launches were burned and we expected a torpedo to finish us off.

I learned afterward, from Lieutenant Willman, who had been wounded, that at that very time one of our destroyers was taking some men off the bow. We were sure that all hands forward were dead, while they never dreamed that any one could have survived the fire aft. They thought the destroyer was a Jap ship coming down on them—until they heard its captain, Lieutenant Commander Angus Sinclair, swearing from his bridge. He had been chief engineer on the Astoria and loved every inch of her.

The Vincennes floated slowly by us in the night. She was a flaming funeral pyre from stem to stern. Then it began to rain, and we sat there in it until, by the grisly light of dawn, we beheld an awful yet inspiring sight.

The Astoria was a black and smoking hulk. Fuel hoses were burned to their wire coils, the ship's mast structure was twisted out of shape, but our guns still pointed in the direction of the last Japanese fire, and the corpses of their gun crews still manned them. Over all was a sickening smell and acrid smoke.

I stood for a moment of silence, in memory of the men I had known. Then an inner voice began to cheer me. These remains were not our pals; *they* had gone on, and what was left behind was part of the fighting mechanism of a great ship that had done her part.

Voices roused me. A destroyer was coming up alongside. They put a towing cable on us, but it parted. Then they took off our wounded and a boarding party surveyed the damage. The ship was done for. At twelve twenty, something like a death gurgle went through her and she started rolling to port. We went off the starboard side and swam to the destroyer as the Astoria slid to the bottom.

I was assigned next as executive officer to the U. S. S. Little. She was an old World War I destroyer, now converted into a high-speed transport for carrying marine combat teams. I joined her in a South Pacific port, and we started on a dangerous mission to Tulagi. The party began at once. We had submarine contacts and aerial attacks for ten days. The Little was straddled by bombs and was missed by torpedoes by no more than ten feet, but we got our teams ashore and landed Richard Tregaskis, the author of Guadalcanal Diary.

THAT night we heard heavy firing astern. Concluding that it must be Jap submarines shelling the beach, we pushed up to full speed, and went in for the charge. In a flash we were caught by searchlights from three Jap cruisers. The sky was illuminated by flares, and it was one, two, three, and out for us after that.

The Japs got our range and their first salvo knocked out the steering engine and our after guns and set the fuel oil afire. The next hit, forward of the bridge, took out the forward guns and set the forecastle aflame. The third hit, on the galley deckhouse, blew up our last guns and cut the main steam lines. We were helpless, sinking, without steering or firing power, and the captain gave orders to abandon ship. We wrapped the wounded in life jackets and, taking them in our arms, leaped overside in the dark.

"Over here, men," I called to my little group. "Get all the wounded up on this raft and stay together. Land is about four miles straight ahead."

We had a surprise then. Our own blazing ship, with her rudder jammed over, had turned in a wide arc and was bearing down on us. We gauged her course and tried to get out of her way, but she charged on through, missing us by inches. Following her came another ship. I could hear the high whine of turbines, and as this ship drew nearer I could tell by the form of the bow, the shape of the smokestack, and the position of the searchlight platforms that she was Japanese.

"Off the raft and under water!" I yelled. "They'll burn us with machine-gun fire! Get those wounded men down!"

There was no escaping this one. She plowed us down, grinding up two officers and several men with her screws. The Japanese never saw us. They were firing over our heads at the burning Little. Two more ships, steaming in column, followed after. We could hear commands given in Japanese on the last one and a victory bugle call was sounding on the decks. There was no need for a bugle at a moment like that. It was simply a bantam rooster's crow of triumph. I could imagine the toothy grins on their ugly faces, and it was a smile that I vowed some day to wipe off.

At daybreak we were off Lunga Point. A plane from Henderson Field sighted us on the raft and shortly afterward we were picked up by a tank lighter. It would have done your heart good to see the spirit of all our men when they saw the marines. Even the badly wounded managed to joke with the grimy-faced fighters of Guadalcanal. A little food, some cigarettes and coffee, and the able-bodied were singing and ready to go again.

LIEUTENANT GIBSON glanced at his watch. "That's about all," he said. "It was San Francisco and then New York after that. I saw June and Sally and my youngest baby, Kay—already five and a half months old—for the first time. . . . Now I'm anxious to get back again. You see, the Japanese are a cruiser and a destroyer ahead of me on their tally sheet."

Close by, in the Navy Yard, a squadron of PT boats were being given a final check-over—PT boats which Lieutenant Gibson would soon be taking out to the Pacific to help even that score with the Japs.

THE END

"Maybe we'd better call the whole thing off!"

WILL JAPAN WALK OUT ON A LOSING GAME?

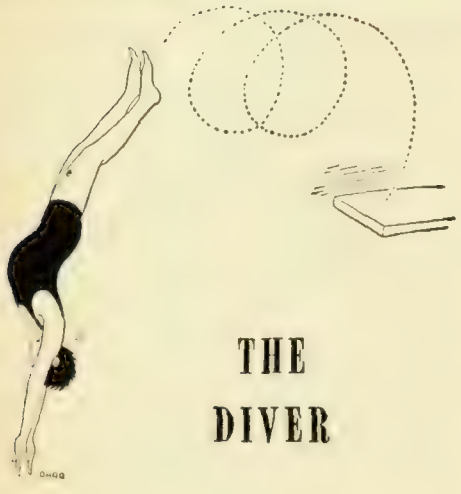
Continued from Page 44

tions. He proudly declared that the Japanese were in complete control of the Pacific and that the war was over so far as Japan and the United States were concerned. Later he boasted of the sinkings of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse and the occupation of Malaya, Singapore, Rangoon, Burma, and the Netherlands Indies. But he was mum when I asked him about the Philippines and the rumors which were seeping in of the heroic defense by our American and Filipino forces at Bataan and Corregidor.

and supplies over a single-track railway, literally a streak of rust stretching for thousands of miles from Europe across the forests and deserts of Siberia and Mongolia to south Manchuria, before they could meet the well equipped Japanese army. The Russian fleet had to steam most of the way around the world to meet the Japanese fleet in Japan's home waters.

Japan was hailed as the victor over the Russian colossus, but it was not generally known that Japan was on the point of collapse and was only saved by the intervention of President Theodore Roosevelt.

Japan's war with the effete Manchu regime of China in 1894 was a walkover which resulted in the acquisition of vast territorial spoils to which she has greatly added in her present struggle with China, but this time the Chinese have been fighting back for more than six years.



THE DIVER

Hardly a man is now alive
Who's done a triple back-flip dive—
Except, of course, J. Tinkham Scudder,
A most extraordinary mudder.

He climbed the tower clad in mauve,
And my, how beautifully he dove!
But he complained, when they dislodged him,
The waters of the lake had dodged him.

—MARY WARD.

What Yakamoto told me was what the Japanese general staff was telling the literate newspaper-reading elements in the Japanese population—that the Occidentals had been defeated and Japan now had sufficient stores of all vital materials to make her impregnable against the onslaughts of the European world. The Japanese people also have been told that Japan is now the leader of a billion Orientals, with millions of industrious workers to be used in exploiting the raw products of the lands seized.

But what will happen when the newspaper-reading masses in Japan learn, as they must, that there is no escaping the noose which is being drawn about their collective neck?

Historically, there is little to support the theory of modern Japan's impregnability. Since Commodore Perry's time, the more or less modernized Japanese have fought one major war, with Russia in 1904-05. In that war all fighting took place on Japan's home grounds, in Manchuria and on the Sea of Japan. The Russians, besides serious revolutionary unrest at home, were gravely handicapped as to transport, [illegible] of their [illegible] Russia had to send armies

The Japanese have been able to accomplish their objectives since Pearl Harbor because they secretly prepared for war for a quarter of a century while the rest of the world was at peace. They have been secretly fortifying their island bases ever since World War I. Japan's participation in that world war, on the side of the Allies that time, was made only to the extent that was beneficial to Japan. She seized the German-controlled port of Tsingtao and Shantung Province on the China coast, and occupied the former German-owned Carolines, Marianas, Pelew, Marshall, and Yap islands in the Pacific.

The practical lull which prevailed so long on the main Pacific front before we broke it by taking the offensive at Attu indicated to some thoughtful Americans that the Japanese have not been able to masticate the vast stock piles of raw materials which fell into their hands after Pearl Harbor. The fact that they are feverishly building wooden ships, in a futile effort to replace the 1,500,000 tons our submarines and bombers have sunk, is significant. Perhaps there is greater significance in the press reports that seep out, of warnings by Tojo and others of more serious times to come.

There have been times when Japan has backed down in the face of determined opposition. The Japanese didn't "fight to the last man" when a coalition of European powers stepped in and forced her to disgorge some of the territory she had seized from China in the war of 1894-95.

Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes pounded on the table at the Washington Arms Conference in 1922, and the Japanese restored Tsingtao and Shantung Province to China and Siberian territory to Russia. Perhaps President Roosevelt has reminded Mr. Stalin of that important matter in connection with our need of the loan of a few Siberian air bases for use in carrying the war to Japan proper!

THERE have been other important occasions when Japan was forced to recede from positions she had taken. A notable case was that of the infamous Twenty-one Demands which she attempted to enforce on China in 1915 following the outbreak of World War I. Had China been compelled to accede to the demands, the country would have become a colony of the Island Empire; but when faced with an energetic protest by the United States and Great Britain, the Japanese quickly withdrew the most drastic of the demands. Tokyo politicians even denied they had ever made them.

Probably the most significant instance of Japan's withdrawal in the face of determined opposition was in 1917, just prior to America's entrance into World War I. This incident is still shrouded in considerable mystery, but the Allies had accumulated evidence indicating that Japan was planning to desert them and join the Central Powers. Despite the fact that Japan got rich out of the war, her military elements were dissatisfied with restrictions which were placed on their activities by the Allied Powers. Also, the Japanese could scarcely resist the temptation to seize the rich Oriental possessions of America, Britain, and France. Even though Japan was at war with Germany, the Japanese press was openly pro-German, and on one occasion the Japanese papers, under military inspiration, launched a vicious campaign against the Allies. British Intelligence officers had evidence of secret meetings between Japanese and German emissaries at which the possibility of Japan's switching to the German side was discussed.

It was at this point that the United States took determined action. The Japanese ambassador was told in plain language that our War Trade Board would cut off all of Japan's

supplies of cotton, oil, and iron unless she remained a loyal member of the Allied group. At that time there was no dillydallying about embargoes. We acted.

There has been no united opposition to Japan since she seized Manchuria in 1931, since she declared war on China in 1937, or even since Pearl Harbor. True, China, America, and Britain are at war with Japan, but up to the present China has stood the brunt of the battle. Also the United Nations policy of "defeat Germany first" has given Japan time to build up the defenses of her newly acquired empire.

But the greatest weakness of United Nations strategy in the Pacific is the missing face of Russia at the table. The Soviet Union has remained at peace with Japan despite the fact that Russia's three allies, America, Britain, and China, are at war with the common enemy in the Pacific. Thus far, Mr. Stalin has been disinclined to take any action that might offend the Japanese. Their ambassador stays on in the Soviet capital even though the U. S. S. R. is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Japan's ally, Nazi Germany.

When this anomalous situation has been corrected, the United Nations will be in a position to talk to Japan in the language of overwhelming force—the only language the war lords of Japan will understand and heed. We can and will defeat Japan even though the Russians do not help, but it is likely to be a long and expensive struggle. Russia's entrance would make short work of the Japanese menace.

But even then it would be necessary to watch out for Jap tricks. On the many occasions in the past when Japan was forced to step down, she usually managed to wriggle out in some way. The Japanese might stage a phony revolution by bringing back into office the pseudo-liberals who are now in eclipse. They have already reinstated one, Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu, who has been rated in the past as pro-American, pro-British, pro-Chinese, and also pro-Russian.

WHILE they might, if they won the war, become the strongest power in the world, they have elements of weakness which will make their leaders do anything to escape defeat. Chief among their worries is the growing economic and military strength of the United States, which they know will bring about their ultimate defeat. In order to prevent this eventuality, they will try to obtain a negotiated peace that will enable them to hang on to the major part of their gains.

In an attempt to wipe out the stigma of Pearl Harbor and worm their way back into our good graces, the Japanese war lords might stage a mass hara-kiri. They have done things of that nature in the past. Many of our military experts disbelieve the Japanese statement that Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, commander in chief of the Japanese combined fleet, was killed in action in the South Pacific; they think he really committed hara-kiri. Admiral Yamamoto, who framed Pearl Harbor, was the outstanding enemy of the United States in Japan and boasted he would sign a peace treaty with us in the White House. The recent appointment of the old master of intrigue, General Kenji Doihara, as Japan's eastern defense commander, the most important military post in Japan proper, indicated, in the opinion of some Far Eastern observers, an inclination on Japan's part to place in power the "old guard" commanders who were largely responsible for dragging Japan into the war.

It was General Doihara who was largely responsible for the Manchurian incident in 1931, and also for the establishment of the puppet state of Manchukuo.

THE Japanese also might offer to restore the Philippines to us; they already have announced that they would give the Filipinos their independence—with strings attached. Simultaneously they might offer to return Burma to Great Britain; they have already promised the Burmese independence.

The most dangerous Japanese move, however—the one to be watched above all else—is intrigue to split the United Nations. Japan has been able up to the present to keep Russia out of full partnership with us, and if she is unable to defeat sorely battered China she is likely to promise China anything in order to eliminate the opposition of Chungking. With China and Russia both out of the war with Japan, Britain and America would have their hands full.

Then there is the conceivable menace of Japanese intrigue between America and Britain, the dangerous ramifications of which are apparent when we realize that much of the loot which Japan has stolen was previously under the American or the British flag in the Orient. The bait of a recovery of control over these vast resources would be almost too attractive for rival American and British industrialists to resist.

Three things are necessary in the United Nations strategy to prevent the accomplishment of any of these dire eventualities:

First, bring Russia into the war against Japan.

Second, insist on the absolute surrender of Japan.

Third, don't wait too long.

The fruition of these vital objectives in United Nations strategy might bring about genuine revolution in Japan, the only thing that will provide a real foundation for the development of democracy in that country—or in the Orient in general, for that matter.

THE END

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Continued from Page 37

that she loves you. She does—for the moment. Just as she has with all the others. But I hardly think love is the word. Infatuation—"

Kent lashed out. Eric went down full length on the path. For a moment he lay still. Then he raised himself groggily on one elbow and fingered his jaw.

Kent stepped toward him, balancing lightly on his toes. "Get up!" he snarled. "Get up and fight!"

Eric did not move. He lay where he was, glaring sourly up in the moonlight. It became apparent that he was not going to accept the challenge. Kent spat disgustedly in the path and stalked away. Not until Kent's door had slammed behind him did Eric rise and dust himself off. Then he turned and walked, stumbling, along the path toward Karen's cottage.

ERIC was already gone when Kent came into the dining room next morning, but Karen was there. She looked tired and somehow distraught, but it seemed best not to mention it. He kissed her quickly, when the waiter's back was turned. For an instant it seemed to him that she stiffened. Then all at once she seemed to give in, and returned his caress with an urgency that was almost as if she thought it might be their last. Kent was a little breathless when he took his place across from her.

"Lord, darling," he exclaimed, "you ought to give a man warning! What's on the program for today?"

Her laugh was strained. "What do you say to a long ride?" she asked. "Let's go over to Hogsnest Bay. I'll show you where you landed."

"What could be more appropriate?"

A shadow flicked across her face. "Nothing!" she said almost vehemently. "I'll run and get ready. Be with you in two shakes."

Kent was finishing breakfast when the doctor came in.

"Well, and where is it to be this morning?" the old man asked, shaking out his napkin.

"Karen's going to take me over and show me where I came ashore."

The other chuckled. "I suppose by this time you have been pretty much all over the island?"

"I guess there isn't much we've missed."

"Oho! These young ones! They think they know all there is. But really they know nothing. Some day, perhaps, when you have time for an old man, I will show you things about this island that they do not even guess!"

The old man laughed and nodded to Karen, just entering the door. "Go on! Go on! Run along and enjoy yourselves. It is good to be young and happy. God knows there is little enough happiness in the world these days!" . . .

It was past noon when they reached the beach at Hogsnest Bay. All the way Karen had ridden ahead of Kent. Now she swung down slowly, almost reluctantly. Kent followed her example and went to stand beside her where she was staring down at some marks in the sand. The boat had long since been removed by the Coast Guard.

"That's where it was." She pointed at the sand.

He put an arm about her waist, but she moved away from him.

"So that's where I came so romantically into your life," he grinned, not noticing her movement.

She looked at him oddly. "Romantic!" she exclaimed. "There was nothing romantic about it. You were hairy and filthy and you looked like —like—"

She shuddered.

"I know," he said gently, "like a fuzzy skeleton, I'll bet. But I'm all recovered now, and cleaned and shaved and filled out, and look what a prize I've turned out to be!"

HE was joking, of course, but when he looked up from the sand and gazed off out to sea his eyes were shadowed, almost haunted. He did not see her look away from him with a little gesture of agony.

"See!" she said brightly, forcing gaiety. "We lifted you out here, and laid you over there, in the shade."

"I know." He smiled at her gently. "I remember now. That's where I fell in love with you."

She turned away from him abruptly then. He caught at her sleeve and turned her back toward him. "Karen," he said—"Karen, you do love me, don't you?"

She caught her breath in a little choking gasp. "Alan Kent!" she exclaimed. "Don't tell me you took all that nonsense seriously!"

He looked at her aghast. It was as though she had flung ice water on his heart. Within him he could feel it turning cold, and a great lump gathered in his throat. He tried to speak, but words did not come. He could only nod. At last a sound forced itself through his lips:

"I—I'm afraid I did."

She laughed—too loudly. But Kent was too miserable to catch its false note.

"Alan, you're so naïve!" She spoke rapidly as if only by so doing could she get the words out. "So old-fashioned. Nobody takes those things seriously these days!"

"I do."

"Nonsense!" she cried. "There was the moon and all the sweet smell of the flowers in the garden! It was just too romantic! I couldn't resist it! I never dreamed—I never—but it was fun!"

"Fun!" He almost gagged on the word. "Fun!"

It was almost as if a cloud had passed across the sun and the whole bay had darkened and become ugly. The beauty was gone from the day, and there was no longer any warmth anywhere. The world that he had built up for them with such tender, loving care overnight, was falling now about his ears, and he struggled to uphold it. Blindly he flung out his hands toward her.

"Karen!" he cried. "Karen! You don't mean this! It isn't so! It can't be. I don't know why you're doing it, but you can't mean it. I know you can't!"

She moved slightly, eluding his arms. "I'm afraid I do mean it," she said.

"But why?" The misery, the bewilderment, the utter agony of that cry made her wince, but he was too distressed to see. "But why, Karen? This isn't like you!"

She made an unhappy little gesture and looked away, out to sea.

"What about all that talk of getting married?" he persisted. "'Soon,' you said, 'very soon!' If you meant it we could go to the commissioner today—now—and do it. But now you say— Why is it, Karen? What makes you do this? You know you meant it last night! I know you meant it! Then why do you do this now—?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

At roll call in a Russian regiment it is reported that an officer sneezed and four soldiers promptly answered, "Here!"

—Pocketbook of War Humor.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

She half turned to him and made as if to speak, but when she did not, he flared out.

"I know what's behind it!" he cried. "It's Eric who's making you do it, isn't it? Well, I won't let him. By heaven, I won't—"

She cut him short abruptly.

"You won't!" she said harshly. "Who are you to interfere in things that don't concern you? Who are you to command? If I should happen to prefer Eric—"

His eyes widened. "Then it was true!" he exclaimed.

"True?" She looked as though she might cry.

"Yes!" he said. "What Eric told me last night. He warned me. He said you liked that sort of thing. I wouldn't believe him. I knocked him down. I suppose it was true about the others, too?"

She stiffened as though he had struck her. "Oh!" she gasped. Then: "Oh, yes, of course. What did you think? That you were the only man I had ever kissed?"

"I believed you," he said, looking at her with hands clenched. "I believed you when you said you loved me, and that was all that mattered. I still believe you! This *is* something Eric has made you do. That's it, isn't it, Karen? Tell me that's the truth! I don't care how he's doing it. Just tell me you love me. Let me help you fight him!"

She went deathly white and her lips trembled. He reached out his arms for her, but she drew back and turned her head away from him. When she spoke, it was in a small hard voice.

"This is so silly, Alan—all this great scene about nothing at all. I really didn't mean it. I didn't mean to hurt you, either. You know that!"

"'Don't ever let this end,' you said." His voice was harsh. "'Don't ever, please, no matter what,' you said! Now it looks as though I had no choice. You didn't mean a word of it!"

Her hands went up to her mouth and she looked at him, but he was too hurt himself to see the dreadful misery in her eyes.

"You shouldn't say things you don't mean, Karen," he said bitterly. "Somebody might take you seriously!"

He turned away abruptly. "I guess I owe Eric an apology."

"I guess you do," she said in a small voice.

He moved toward the horses.

"Where are you going?" she called after him.

"I'm going back to the inn," he replied, without looking back. "When Eric comes back I'll get him to take me over to St. Thomas. I guess there won't be any objection to that."

"No, I guess there won't," she said flatly.

He untied his horse and flung up into the saddle, driving his heels savagely into the animal's ribs as he yanked him around. He did not look back as he plunged into the fringe of brush at the end of the trail. If he had he would have seen that she had flung herself on the sand, and that she was lying now, face down, and that her shoulders were shaking with sobs.

KENT gave his horse his head and let him pick his own way homeward, while he gave himself over to the hurt that was in him. He was approaching the open slopes above Carolina Plantation when he was overtaken by Mister Willie Marsh, returning from his weekly trip to Cruz Bay. At sight of Kent, Mister Willie swept off his white Stetson and smiled, his tawny handsome features brightening at the prospect of company.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Kent."

It was impossible to ignore him. The movement, the gesture, the words penetrated Kent's preoccupation. He started and looked up. "Hello," he said dully.

Mister Willie fell in beside him.

"You ride alone today?" he inquired.

"Yes."

Mister Willie was a gentleman of breeding and sensitivity beyond that of many who would place themselves above him. He saw immediately that this was not a subject to be pursued.

"I trust you are enjoying your stay at Wheel of Fortune," he said.

"Um," said Kent absently.

"It looks a comfortable place," said Mister Willie, "though how you can

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sleep with that Diesel going constantly, I don't see."

"We don't notice it."

"No," said Mr. Willie speculatively, "I don't suppose you do on the other side of the hill. But we do. Give you my word! It's four miles across the bay, but sound carries over water and the hill acts as a sounding board. Nights, the noise of it drowns out everything else on the bay."

"Um," said Kent again.

"That's a curious arrangement over there," Mister Willie went on. "I don't mean to say anything against Miss Karen or the doctor, but that Krause—he's an odd one."

Kent looked at him with interest for the first time.

"He has a pick on the local folk," his companion went on, gratified at having caught his attention. "Won't have them around. Why, when he built the place he even went so far as to import his labor—all of it. Wouldn't hire any one at all from around here."

Kent grunted.

"Fact!" said Mister Willie. "And there's another thing. He brought in all his material direct. Shipload after shipload, right into the Hole, there, at the dock, a most incredible amount of stuff. Lord knows where it all went. It doesn't show in the buildings!"

"It's deep enough, then, for a good-sized vessel?" Kent said, more out of politeness than curiosity.

"Deep enough? My word, yes! Ma-an! In the old days these waters were a favorite refuge in evil weather. And it was not all so long ago, either. Back in '28, when we had a nasty hurricane pass over, a destroyer and three submarines were caught out in the channel yonder. They put in and rode out the storm in the Hole, snug as could be. I remember it well!"

"Hmmm!" said Kent, expressing incredulity.

"Give you my word!"

MISTER WILLIE left him at Coral Bay and Kent rode on alone. When he reached the inn he flung himself on his bed to try and think things out straight in his mind. But thought would not come. Instead, a wave of weariness engulfed him. Lack of sleep, the emotional strain, his weakness, all overcame him, and he dozed off. He was asleep when Karen came in and went directly to her own cottage.

He was awakened by the sound of steps and voices from the dock below. As he sat up abruptly, he realized that Krause must have returned and at once he swung his feet down off the bed and stood up. Well, here it was.

He paused only long enough to run a comb through his rumpled hair and straighten his clothing. Then he stepped out onto the gallery and down to the path.

They were coming up from the landing. He could see them through the trees. In the lead came the houseboy with an armful of luggage. Krause must have drummed up some trade in St. Thomas, Kent thought. Behind the houseboy came Karen, who had evidently gone down to meet them. Close behind her came Krause, and on his heels came three vague figures in white linen suits. In the dusk and the shadow of the trees Kent could not see them clearly. He stepped forward.

At sight of him Karen appeared to hesitate and catch her breath. She halted and waited for Eric. Kent went forward, his eyes fixed upon them. He did not see the three guests behind halt, as they had halted. As Kent approached, Eric's eyes were mockingly triumphant.

"Good evening, Kent," he said.

Kent did not answer. He was looking at Karen, and she was looking at him with an expression of mute appeal. Their eyes were locked upon each other's. Krause cleared his throat.

"Ahemm!" he said loudly. "Mr. Kent, may I present our new guests, Mr. Slane, Mr. Forrest of New York, Mr. Fernandez of San Juan?"

Kent wrenched his eyes from Karen's, and for appearances' sake stepped forward.

"Mr.—" he began, and stopped abruptly as if he had been slugged suddenly in the stomach.

THE man Slane was looking at him curiously, his hand outstretched. He was tall and lean, almost emaciated. His face was thin and dark and topped by a great mass of black hair. His eyes were deep set in his head, and almost hooded under heavy lids. His mouth was a thin cruel slash across his lean features, and his large hooked nose had a pinched look about his nostrils.

Standing just behind him, peering past his shoulder, his companion, Forrest, was short and square and bulky. His head rose from his blocky shoulders with scarcely any graduation for his neck. His hair was light and close-cropped. His eyes were wide set in his square face, and in color they were a cold greenish yellow, almost like a cat's. His mouth, in contrast, was small and pouting and shaped like a woman's.

Kent scarcely saw the third man, Fernandez. His gaze was fastened on the other two. He had seen these men before, and the last time he had seen them they had not been called Slane or Forrest. They had stood on either hand of Captain Walther von Fries, as he had leaned down from the conning tower on his submarine and questioned Kent, and the names by which von Fries had addressed them then, by the glaring light of the burning Shoshone, had been "Herr Vogel" and "Herr Bosch"!

Will the Germans recognize Kent? Who on the island can he trust to help him against them? The young American makes a difficult decision in next week's chapter—one which he later has reason to regret.

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NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

Continued from Page 12

ently, and took it into protective custody, while the other frisked Clarence's pockets as thoroughly as a police officer, extracting the razor, the pint of whisky, and his wallet of identification papers. Then, one leading him ignominiously by the rope that bound his arms to his body, while the other prodded him from behind with something sharp, presumably the gutting knife, they started off at a brisk lope, Clarence perforce loping with them.

"All right, all right, have it your own way!" he sighed, always willing to oblige. "Only you-all needn't of acted so rough. I bet we was aimin' for the same place, anyhow."

But they turned aside out of the open trail into a much narrower one, barely traceable through the jungle, still trotting rapidly single file, until they came to the bank of a broad river which they followed upstream, the thud of the drum coming steadily nearer and louder. Clarence tried, as he trotted, to take his usual instinctive note of landmarks, wondering how he was ever going to find his way back to camp but too out of breath to be able to worry much about it; he was unaccustomed to long-distance running. The lean black bodies of his captors were not even sweating when they came to a stop at last, on higher ground overlooking a native river settlement larger than the village he remembered, with a double row of daub-and-wattle huts surrounding a more pretentious building in the center. This was made of concrete blocks, with a sort of raised terrace before it, but, like many such buildings he had noticed in Liberia, it did not appear to be quite finished. The roof was of woven wattle like the rest; there were no panes in the windows. The village was surrounded by a wide ditch full of water, like a moat.

SEEN clearly in the brightening moonlight, the whole settlement reminded Clarence of his own neighborhood at home—the same bare earth, padded clean of grass; the same nondescript dogs that came out barking and wagging to give warning; the same prevalence of ash heaps, replete with empty tomato cans, though tomato cans were hardly what one would expect to find in Darkest Africa. Clarence felt reassured. After all, these were brethren, people of his own race, his own color—only perhaps rather more so—Clarence's being of the coveted pale khaki shade known in the vernacular as "bright."

The beat of the drum was close at hand, and he saw that people were gathering around a trench of glowing coals in front of the central house, over which something was turning on a spit. The savor of roasting meat came pleasurably to his nostrils. Hot dawg, it's a barbecue! Must be havin' some kind of an election here, thought Clarence, his mouth beginning to water with anticipation. Yet the scent was not quite that of pork, or mutton, or beef, or any barbecue material with which he was familiar. People in foreign places liked to eat queer things, he had heard; mighty queer things, such as sheep tails, and eels, and snails. Horses, too; maybe even dogs— Suddenly the memory came, all too clear, of something he had encountered once in his studies about the regrettable culinary habits of certain tribes, which had made him blush for his own ancestry.

Feeling a little weak in the knees, he was grateful when his captors seated him on a rock and, tying his arms tightly around a tree trunk behind him, went elsewhere. He felt that the time had come to pray aloud, and to pray with eloquence; yet his teeth chattered so that the words came incoherently: "Oh, Lord, thy servant sure has got hisself into a helluva mess this time! Oh, Gawd, confound mine enemies, and make 'em not be what I think they is! Oh, my sweet Saviour, get me out of here, and I promise I won't go traipsin' after no more strange women again all the rest of my bawn days. Amen!"

His two captors returned presently and, undoing the rope, led him down between them toward the fire, where people came crowding around him curiously, making guttural remarks in a language he did not need to understand, and eying his lithe but well nourished young body with obvious approval.

Oh, Lawdy, wished I hadn't of et so good ever since I j'ined the Army! thought Clarence fervently.

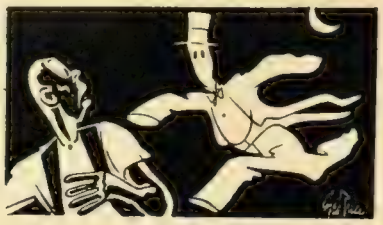
They seemed friendly enough. One of them brought him a bowl of what appeared to be hot blood, which he refused with horror. Another proffered a chunk of well toasted fat, which he brushed aside, retching. A third, a spindle-legged witch of a creature, dressed in a sort of abbreviated Mother Hubbard and old enough to know better, ingratiatingly held up a calabash gourd of what looked like coconut milk, which he ventured to taste and taste again, until it was empty. Refreshed by this, he made her a sign to bring more. The hag did so, toothlessly grinning.

FEELING better every moment, Clarence decided that the time had come for him to fade away inconspicuously while the fading was good; but when he endeavored to do so, he stumbled over his own feet, and fell flat. The entire company burst out laughing, and Clarence laughed with them, feeling that as long as they all laughed together it might take their minds off the chief purpose of a barbecue.

Then the drum, which had been keeping up its dull monotonous beat, changed to a rapid rolling climax, and a woman came out upon the terrace before the concrete house, moving with the poised, slow, deliberate grace of a trained manequin.

Clarence stopped his laughing abruptly to stare, almost sobered. She was such a creature as every

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (*Unabashed*)



DAPPERITION: Ghost with a top hat, white tie, and tails.

COLTIVATE: Planting young horse-radish.

SNOOTRIMENT: High-toned food.

HERRAH! Girls' college yell.

HINDERLOCUTOR: Head minstrel who delays the show.

CANALMANAC: Panama calendar.

BREADUCATION: Learning to become a baker.

ALLAHLUJAH: Praise Mohammed!

BUMBARDIER: A guy who can't drop his bombs on the target.

FOYERPLACE: A hearth in the vestibule.

male of his race envisions in his richer dreams, her sumptuous, undulant figure clad below the hips in a close sheath of shimmering molten gold that parted tantalizingly as she moved, and above the hips in nothing at all except a garland of crimson hibiscus blossoms, one of which hung pendent on either side of her face, like an enormous earring. Her skin was of a deep glowing ebony that made Clarence ashamed for once of his own comparative pallor; her hair of glossy crinkled crepe was looped and coiled about her head with an abundance unusual in Negresses, the whole surmounted by a coronet of nodding ostrich plumes that would have done credit to the leader of a Ziegfeld chorus. The eyes were half closed in a sort of smoldering hauteur, the mouth wide-lipped and full of promise as a ripe pomegranate. So might the young Queen of Sheba have looked on her way to King Solomon.

An uncontrollable "Zowie!" burst from the lips of Clarence in artless tribute; and Sheba, turning a languid gaze in his direction over the heads of the company, faintly but unmistakably smiled.

What happened after that was always a little vague in Clarence's recollection. The man who seated himself beside her, on a pair of large thronelike armchairs brought out of the concrete house by attendants, was a figure almost as striking as her own: an obese old buck Negro, with a split nose and brass rings in his ears, clad in shorts, spats, tortoise-shell spectacles, and an English sun helmet. This figure for some reason incurred Clarence's extreme displeasure. He could have overlooked the shorts, since the night was warm, but the sun helmet and spats seemed to him distinctly inappropriate—Clarence was himself a very meticulous dresser. Moreover, the man was in possession of his own treasured saxophone, Hot 'n' Sweet, which he examined from time to time with a pleased childlike interest, shaking it up and down, running irreverent fingers along the stops, putting the mouthpiece experimentally to his lips and ears.

"Naw, naw, not that-a-way! You got to put some spit into it," protested Clarence, whom the contents of the calabash bowl had endowed with a brief inconvenient valor. "Here, lemme show you, bo!" And shouldering aside interference, he brashly mounted the dais, regardless of a sudden deadly hush that had fallen on the assemblage.

The man in the sun helmet lowered his head with the ferocious fixed attention of a bull about to charge. But before he did so, the Queen of Sheba reached across, took the saxophone out of his grasp, and placed it in the arms of Clarence. She said no word. The gesture was enough. Clarence played.

He put into it all he had, wooing her ear with dovelike flutings, with brayings as of an impassioned mule, with mellifluous swing, and yearning blues, and inspired boogie-woogie, while she kept her gaze upon him broodingly, and whenever he paused for breath, made him a slight imperious gesture to continue.

Her companion also listened, the ferocity of his expression relaxing by slow degrees until at last, summoning the old witch woman with the calabash gourd, he drank from it ceremoniously, afterward motioning to Clarence in regal condescension to do likewise.

Hot dawg! Got old Smarty Pants going, Clarence told himself, and continued to play as he had never played before. Chattanooga Choo-choo, Mammy Done Tol' Me, Ol' Man River, Mr. Five-by-Five, even the classic Alexander's Ragtime Band, followed each other in rhythmic succession, together with improvisations of his own on themes of a far older race memory, all to the emphasis of a jerking shoulder, a rolling eye, a syncopated tapping heel; until suddenly the jungle drum caught the contagion, and in the rapt crowd below there showed signs of movement, a suggestive shuffling of feet here and there, a slightly rotating hip.

"Whoopee! Look at them hepcats! They're beginnin' to jive. They want to jitterbug! Come on, big girl. Let's you an' me get in the groove!" cried Clarence recklessly; and seizing the Queen of Sheba about a yielding

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"He swore he had a pedigree a mile long, and I, like a fool, believed him!"

waist, accompanied only by the monotonous, curiously exciting beat of native percussion instruments, he stepped forth into the midst of a jerking, prancing, slap-footing terpsichorean orgy that would have done credit to Paducah's Darktown itself on a Saturday night.

Vaguely, at intervals, he became aware of a change of partners—once, one of the two black grinning giants who had brought him here; again, the toothless hag who had supplied the calabash bowl, leaping and wriggling and flinging her withered person about with an abandon that seemed to Clarence not altogether suitable.

"Dat ain't no way for a nice old lady to ack!" he admonished her, even as they jittered together in complete unison. But always sooner or later the partner of his choice was with him again, glimmering skirt caught high about lyrical ebony limbs, round firm breasts shaking the hibiscus flowers, mouth laughing at him, wide open, while her hips performed gyrations such as he had never seen hips do before.

"You got it! Dat's showin' 'em, baby," he encouraged.

More than once some small inner voice—perhaps the part of him that had got religion—warned Clarence that this was the time for a prudent man to be making himself scarce, while they were all too busy to notice. But the beat of the desert drum held him fast, the lure of a wide-open, laughing, promising mouth—

HE wakened presently to complete blackness, aware that something was very wrong somewhere, but not sure what. The moon seemed to have gone out of the world, but there was that intangible stir in the air which presages dawn. As his eyes grew more accustomed, he saw that he lay in some sort of empty shed or outbuilding with a dirt floor and no visible openings. Clarence, itching with every inch of him, and aching in muscles he did not know he had, tried gingerly to stretch and to scratch himself, but found that he could do neither. Both arms were bound fast to his body with cords wrapped around and around.

"Uh-uh! Got me all trussed up here like a roastin' pullet," he muttered, and shuddered suddenly as he recalled the turning thing on a spit above the fire that was certainly not pork, or mutton, or beef. The shudder produced an audible clank, and he realized that he was chained by the ankle to an iron ring in the wall.

"Gorry!" he whimpered. "What I gonter do now?"

His straining eyes were able to make out nothing further in the blackness, until a piece of it was thrust aside to admit a figure carrying a lighted lantern. At first he failed to recognize her without the feathered headdress and the gleaming skirt. When he did, he was too anxious to feel properly gratified by this royal visit.

"What's the big idea, doin' company like this?" he demanded aggrievedly. "I wa'n't meanin' no harm, and I gotta git back before sun-up, or I'm goin' to run smack into a lot of trouble. Why, if camp's done broke up and gone, I wouldn't even know where to look for 'em at!" he protested, forgetting in his growing dismay that they had no spoken language in common.

The woman silently put her lantern on the ground, and with a razor which he recognized began systematically to slash at the cords that bound Clarence.

"Well, that's a big help, anyhow," he sighed, as one arm came free and he was able to scratch himself. The more he did so, the more he needed to—ankles, thighs, body seemed all aflame. "Gorry! What you reckon's the matter with me now?"

Then the Queen of Sheba spoke. "Ants in your pants," she said laconically. "I came as soon as I could get away, but they beat me to it. They're bad, outside the ditch."

For a moment Clarence was too busy trying to relieve himself of the fiery crawling torture to feel any surprise. "'Tain't just my pants—better go 'way from here, lady, less'n you want to see a guy with no more clo's on him than a jay bird," he warned, beginning hurriedly to disrobe. Then, as realization struck him, he paused, staring. "Sa-ay! You speak English as good as me!"

"Better, I hope," she said dispassionately. "Go ahead, handsome. Take 'em off, and get busy with this salve I brought. Them driver ants seem to have made a pretty good start on you."

They had indeed. Slap as he would, stamp, shake himself, brush them away, still the insatiable horde could be seen in the lantern light, a steadily widening crepitant ribbon of them coming in over the doorsill, across the earthen floor, and up Clarence's shrinking person.

"Th-then you ain't really no jungle queen a-tall, ma'am?" he stammered, politely hesitating to remove his final garment.

"Sure I am—at least, I'm head wife to the chief of a pretty important tribe, who's got power of life and death over everybody in his territory. Including strangers," she added significantly.

"HE has?" Clarence tried uneasily to recall the indiscretions of the past evening. "Lookit, lady, I hope your husband don't take no pick on me just because I'm a stranger round here. I wouldn't of come a-tall if I hadn't of been brought."

"By my orders," she nodded. "One of my husband's other wives saw you passing by her village, and sort of expected you'd be coming back. So I thought I'd like to have a little talk with somebody from home. What's doing in Harlem nowadays? There are some good new tunes coming in over the radio, but the steps seem to be pretty much the same. When I came away"—her voice sounded rather wistful—"everybody was doing the Big Apple."

"Sho nuff? Who'd of thought you was as old as that!" said Clarence gallantly, and explained that he had no personal acquaintance with Harlem himself. "Is you got radios here in the jungle, then?"

"Oh, yes. My husband brought me one the last time he went out to the city—he brings back some real nice presents sometimes," she said listlessly. "Once it was a whole bathroom, toilet and shower and everything, only of course there ain't any waterworks to run it with."

"Well, what do you know!" But Clarence's polite attempts at sympathy gave way before his own pressing anxieties. "Lookit, sister. I gotta get away from here! I'm A.W.O.L., and it's 'most day already."

She shrugged. "It ain't me that's keeping you, handsome. My husband took a sort of prejudice against you, like husbands do sometimes—jealous, I suppose. And, like I said, he's got full powers of life and death over anybody in this territory."

"Not over me he ain't!" cried Clarence, now thoroughly alarmed. "I'm an American citizen and nothing but; and us Americans got invited to come over here anyhow, to help keep Liberia out of war. The major done tol' us so."

"Is that the reason you're building all those new air bases hereabouts?" she inquired dryly.

"Dunno. Major didn't say nothin' about all that. But I does know this: If any one of Uncle Sam's soldiers was to get hisself murdered, or et, or such as that—"

"'Et'?" she interrupted. "What you talking about, foolish?"

He reminded her with some delicacy of the evening's entertainment. "Dat barbecue meat certainly smelt quare to me, sister, mighty quare!"

"Probably a kid that'd been kept too long. They spoil easy."

"A kid—" Clarence swallowed hard. He was fond of children. "You mean— Then grown-up meat ain't so much fancied, maybe?"

The jungle queen shrugged. "No kind of goat smells right to me, specially with the insides left in. But you get used to it. Don't worry, handsome! Nobody aims to eat you, unless maybe them driver ants; nor to murder you, neither. 'Twouldn't be necessary. Just leave you tied up out here in the jungle long enough — Why, I've seen them insects work on a live animal till they'd picked it clean to the bone in no time."

Clarence let out a bleat of panic. "Get 'em off me, take 'em away! For Gawd's sake, why don't you hurry and open this here padlock?"

"Can't," said his visitor. "My husband's got the key of it hung on a string around his neck, and I couldn't get him drunk enough to take it off him. But I brought something else that might help, while we wait," she added soothingly, and produced a spray gun which reminded Clarence nostalgically of annual cleaning bouts in his white folks' houses back home.

"'Quick, Henry, the Flit!'" he quoted devoutly. "Here, lemme squirt it, honey; them little hands of yours ain't strong enough. . . . What do you mean, while we wait?"

SHE explained that she had left one of her husband's other wives on guard, watching for the moment when he would be far enough gone in drink for her to filch the key from him. "It's the same one you came back to see, by the way," she added negligently.

"Her with all them little braided pigtails? Fact is, once I laid eyes on you, beautiful, I never give that dame another thought," he said, quite truthfully.

"She was another reason for my husband's dislike of you, probably —making passes at all his wives."

"Old Smarty Pants!" muttered Clarence truculently. "What'd he want any more wives for anyhow, when he had you?"

Clarence's practiced sweet-talking was rarely without its effect. Her gaze warmed upon him. She let her eyes linger appraisingly over the muscular, supple young body, its golden pallor crimsoning under the ants' attack; comparing it perhaps with a greasy, pot-bellied old black savage lying in drunken slumber in the unfinished concrete house that would never know city waterworks. Something in her expression troubled Clarence, took his mind away for a moment from himself. "Sa-ay, if you help me get away from here, ain't you like to get you'self in bad with old Smarty Pants?"

"Probably," she shrugged. "That don't matter, handsome. I know how to take care of myself. I'm keeping this little handy razor of yours for a souvenir."

The significance of her tone gave him further food for thought. He asked uneasily, "Huccome you ever lef' the Yew-nited States, anyhow, to live in this funny kind of dump?"

The answer was rather defiant: "A person's got a right to want to see something of the world, ain't she? Why did you come yourself?"

He replied simply, "Because Uncle Sam done sent me."

"Yeah? Well, I ain't takin' no orders, see?—either from Uncle Sam, or the po-lice, or any one else, white or colored. Especially from them that calls themselves white and ain't! Ever hear of a fellow named Slim Edwards?"

"Him they used to call King of Harlem, that was in all the newspapers, time he got kilt up there in a big shootin' scrape or somethin'?"

She nodded. "Only it wasn't no big shootin' scrape; just a little private cuttin' affair."

"Sho nuff?" He edged away, deciding to ask no more questions.

But, once started, she went on

Need Thin Gillettes? Don't over-buy—
Be thoughtful of the other guy!
These thrifty blades, priced four for ten,
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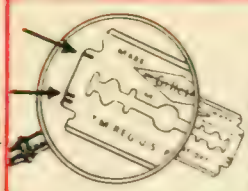
Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Easy Way To Get Even More Shaves With Every Gillette Blade

1 WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges

2 APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, dip your brush in water frequently



3 TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated at left identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves

4 CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

talking, evidently feeling the need to ease herself of some long-smoldering resentment. "Tryin' to high-hat a girl who could have had her pick of the lot at the Cotton Club Ball! Tryin' to tell me where to get off at—me! And him nothin' but a high-yellow, aimin' to pass for white. Why anybody would want so much to be white, anyhow, beats me. I wouldn't care if I never saw a white person again in all my born days. Nor a high-yellow, neither!"

CLARENCE, being of a loyal and pacific nature, was rather shocked. "Personally, myself, I ain't got race prejudice, sister," he reproved her. "Me and whites have always been right good friends. I done et out of their kitchens, wore their clo's, earned me my wages from 'em ever since I was knee-high to a duck. It was white folks gimme every chance I ever had, too—I wouldn't be playin' in no regimental band this minute if the white lady what helped me buy my saxophone hadn't wrote a letter to the colonel sayin' I'd be a whole lot more useful playin' on it, or doin' for him than fightin' with my gun. You must of knowed the wrong kind of white folks, honey. Why, Uncle Sam hisself is white!"

"I'll say he is," muttered the girl from Harlem. "So I thought I'd find me a country where colored could run things to suit themselves. But looks like a person can't find no peace or freedom anywhere, what with missioners nosing around, and tourists taking snapshots, and now U. S. soldiers all over the place! Next, it'll be G-men, and po-lice cars," she said somberly. "Looks like every year you got to move farther back into the jungle, if you expect to keep any privacy."

"Ain't it mighty lonesome-like, though, livin' in a jungle?"

She shrugged. "A person does kind of miss things she's used to, sometimes," she admitted. "Like the rattle of the Elevated, and the skyscrapers standing up high in the night, like light towers, and all them neon signs twinkling over Broadway—quite an improvement on ordinary kind of stars, if you ask me!"

The note of acute nostalgia in her voice touched Clarence's quick sympathy. "Appears to me like it's high time you was makin' tracks for home again, sister."

She gave a short, hard laugh. "What do you mean, 'home'—to a Harlem hide-out? Or maybe one of them special cells in prison?"

Vastly to his relief, the skin curtain across the door opening was pushed aside again, and the girl in pigtails entered, bearing not only the padlock key, but his wallet and his treasured saxophone.

"Why, look who's here!" exclaimed Clarence delightedly. "If it ain't little Miss Peaches Pie herself!"

But wife Number Two did not so much as glance at him; merely handed the things to the other woman with a guttural remark, bowed low before her, and went out. Obviously, if any order was given hereabouts, it was by wife Number One.

"Zuri says you'd better make haste, our husband is coming out of his liquor feeling mighty mean," she told him. Even as she spoke, the clear call of a bugle sounded, surprisingly near by.

"Oh, gorry, that's reveille! How'll I ever get back to camp befo' it's gone?" Clarence moaned.

"Don't worry. There's a canoe waiting. You'll overtake them at the camel ford, only a few miles down river."

As they came out into the faint dawn light, the two great blacks who had brought him there rose from the jail doorstep, where they had been squatting on guard.

"Well, so long, handsome," said his benefactress casually. "I'll be seein' you, maybe. And maybe not."

Once again something in her voice smote Clarence with compassion. "Lookit. Why don't you come along, too?" he suggested, reckless in his relief. "We'll look after you real good, and keep you hid away safe from—well, from anybody you don't want to see."

She laughed again, but without bitterness. "Me hid away in a camp full of soldiers? Wouldn't that be somethin'!"

"But I'd tell the major. He'd know what to do; he's a right nice white gentleman," insisted Clarence, warming to his idea. "Maybe he'd have you to do his cookin' and laundry and all like that."

She did not answer, merely smiled as at the foolish babblings of a child.

"And if you was to marry me right away," he went on eagerly, as a new thought struck him, "you'd be an American citizen again, with a right to be protected by Uncle Sam's whole army!"

She ceased to smile, looking at him with rather an odd expression, her eyes softening. "I bet they got you singin' in the church choir, too," she commented irrelevantly. "But ain't you forgetting about the husband I've already got? And about Slim Edwards?" she added very low. "No, thanks! Be yourself, buddy. Africa for the Africans. Only you'd better keep away from here; your color ain't the right shade. Good-by, handsome."

He looked back at her standing against the brightening sky, the opulent, lissome figure as striking in the faded cotton kimono she wore as in its revealing sheath of gold; the eyes that followed his boat as long as it was in sight, expressionless, yet somehow strangely moving.

AN unwonted melancholy grew upon Clarence, who felt sick and feverish. He was not sure whether it might be love or insect bites. He could almost wish that the boat, moving so rapidly downstream under the impetus of two powerful paddles, would turn round again. Ahead of him, as he well knew, lay further trouble—the guardhouse, canceled furlough, who knows what form of condign punishment? But there lay also safety, familiar orders to be obeyed, the company of civilized American citizens like himself. He wished that he might have shared these benefits with his lost Queen of Sheba. And what an arrival it would have made, himself with such a glorious creature under his sole protection!

Heart sorrow, as so often happens with true artists, sought its appropriate expression, and he lifted the recovered saxophone to his lips; partly by way of reassurance to anxious friends—for the battalion would recognize the voice of Hot 'n' Sweet from afar—and partly in farewell to a woman whose like he could not hope to see again, whether in Africa, or Harlem, or Paducah itself.

"De-e-ep river," breathed the yearning tones, so eloquently as to be almost words, "my home is over Jordan. De-e-ep river. Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground."

The paddles of his two black captors swung it in perfect rhythm, slightly off beat.

THE END

"Now don't argue with Junior, dear. Remember, he's been to military school."

THE CASE FOR HONEST MOVIES

Continued from Page 33

The fact that a plot twist required Kitty to lose her carefully nurtured equilibrium in the presence of her future husband—a none-too-unique human frailty indeed—did not frighten me. Instead of revising the book to its detriment, I decided to film Kitty's defection precisely as it was written, without implying anything except to the thoroughly adult, sophisticated mind.

Thus the scene in front of the lodge fireplace was conceived, directed, and photographed as a simple picture of two young people very much in love, given seclusion and a sense of atmosphere. When an emotional as well as a mental fusion of these two personalities was imminent, the camera discreetly moved to a point behind the couch and faded out on an uninterrupted view of the fireplace.

I was not trying to get away with anything. I was telling a story in a fashion intelligible to adults but suggestive of nothing obscene to youngsters viewing it. The more sophisticated grown-ups among the audience might assume anything they chose; essentially, the story was so arranged that it was unaffected one way or the other.

Unfortunately, the producer of a film based on a best-selling book whose author (for commercial or other reasons) has gone hog-wild on sex somewhere in his story stands from the beginning at a disadvantage. It's safe to assume that people who buy books also attend the movies; these people are therefore preconditioned to expect something sensational. But one can disappoint them, so far as the filth content is concerned, and still be certain of their approval of the film if one assumes they bought the book on a true evaluation of its worth, not for its pornographic dividend.

THIS was true of King's Row. I suppose Mr. Bellamann felt he was making a stronger book by fabricating a situation built on the theme of incest. In any language, incest is a pretty dirty thing. It has its place in clinical case studies, not in a film dedicated to public entertainment and enlightenment.

In plotting the script for King's Row, we substituted for the incest theme a simple (and more effective) variation in which the small-town doctor has moved from the great city because his wife has lost her mind; he gradually becomes convinced that his attractive daughter has inherited the same malaise, and therefore kills her and himself.

There were no complaints. Those who had read the book were apparently content with the compromise. Those who had not read it were none the wiser.

"Eddie had to bring home quite a lot of homework on his furlough."

In the process of translating these books to film during the past four years, I have had to remember always the Hays Code as interpreted by Hays-employed censors. Whenever I came to a portion of any story which slipped beyond the shredded-wheat category I knew I must lower my approach to the subject *not merely to simple levels of accepted standards of decency* but to levels lower than adolescent, even lower than childish.

This would be because the Hays previewers, concerned with eliminating any inch of film that might bring criticism from small-town censors, watch only for what their abnormally sharpened filth-awareness may read into a scene rather than for what the average audience may read into it. The blame for this cannot be laid altogether in one place; undoubtedly so many producers have tried to slip something over in the past that the Hays boys now feel forced to keep a card index of every dirty joke ever told and, in an effort to do their job, watch for pictorial variations on the collected smut of a century.

Yet the anonymous creators of smoking-room stories use for basic situations the ordinary everyday incidents which take place between men and women and when boy meets girl. It is almost impossible not to hit accidentally upon some set-up for an obscene anecdote when you are filming a story of people in love. But why take it for granted that nearly one hundred million American minds are storehouses for back-alley literature? Exactly how many salty jests does your own Aunt Elmira or your neighbor keep in stock, do you think? My guess is four or five classics, at most.

The Hays office feels it must take for granted an average mental library that would by comparison put Balzac in the kindergarten class.

As a result (purely for instance) the Hays men threw up their hands collectively in horror when they saw a certain sequence in For Whom the Bell Tolls, and hurriedly wielded their scissors on it. It was an effective scene transcribed verbatim from the book. A passage of time has been denoted by reflective shots of the Spanish sky in which the moon jumped scene by scene, abnormally fast, across the heavens. The tag shot showed the heroine's arm dropping against the earth, her hand gripping that of the hero. Her remark: "The earth moved."

I WOULD be willing to bet six months' salary that no ten-year-old—or even a majority of adult ticket buyers—would have found hair-raising moral implications in this footage. Such implied values are relative, anyway. In Goodbye, Mr. Chips, Robert Donat and Greer Garson (an unworldly professor and a spinsterish woman) meet in a fog on a mountain top. Marooned, they share sandwiches and settle themselves to wait for better vision before going on, meanwhile beginning an acquaintance with each other which eventually results in their marriage. The scene fades out on the couple isolated in the mist. Had the principals been glamour personalities like—Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman—we would have hesitated before closing the scene without first lifting the fog.

Let me suggest that the censorship of the Bell's moon-sequence tag was based rather on a previously built conception of the book and an expectancy of "something dangerous" at this point in the story than on a clean-cut appraisal of the product.

The Hays office's job is to prevent any scene in any film from teaching children things they are too young to know or popularizing immoral, antisocial, outlawed activities or ideas. I am enough aware of the picture industry's tremendous educational influence to agree with this concept. I don't for one moment sug-

gest that censorship be relaxed to the point that Hollywood may again sell a kind of movie version of under-the-counter pornography.

But even in the days of license two kinds of motion pictures were being produced: The Branding Iron, in which James Kirkwood (drunk, neurotic from jealousy and passion) sears the flesh of Barbara Castleton before discovering she really has been faithful to him; Cleopatra, starring Theda Bara in a string of beads and little, if anything, else; Quo Vadis?—a kaleidoscopic montage of Roman decadence imported from Italy and violently decorated with bathing beauties covered mainly by wigs and mascara; Swanson, dressed in crêpe de Chine and artificial posies, caught in the purposeful clutches of dancer Ted Shawn (apparently stark naked except for a string of linen shrubbery attached to a shoulder strap) in a fern-lined brook—these were representative of Hollywood's output.

AT the same time, during the late '20s and early '30s, the then discredited Soviet Republic was producing films in which such matters as sex, greed, and crimes of passion were treated detachedly for what they were worth, as intrinsic embellishments of stories based on greater themes. France and Germany were experimenting with the cinema from an artistic rather than a commercial point of view. The result was foreordained.

Hollywood became the world film capital because it made more money faster than any competing similar market on earth. With its riches it achieved technical perfection, pioneered in sound, developed Technicolor. Its product lacked nothing except integrity and range. Its normal yield was mediocre; it encountered the humiliation of viewing, in its plush projection rooms, an artistically superior product created by foreign firms with a fraction of its resources, stars, or technical equipment.

This was not for lack of Hollywood men with both the ability and ambition to realize the industry's potentialities. There were plenty of these. But their hands were tied.

In current times particularly, when the gigantic panorama of the war daily impresses upon the average person a mood of life-and-death violence, and when the destruction of great cities and the rape of continents count as commonplaces, the public is out of temper with an exaggerated censorship which allows them only movie entertainment of a little-boy-matinee variety. The adult theatergoer who has read on the previous afternoon that Norwegian girls are being farmed out to entertain Nazi officers is not going to be shocked or incited to personal immorality by a scene (if necessary to the story and handled with taste) which suggests that two young people are [illegible]

What if this same theater patron has brought his children with him? Well, my criterion for censorship of any scene dealing with sex is that it should be allowed so long as it shows nothing to which the average child is not accustomed in his own home.

In any normal family the relationship between father and mother is clearly defined to an observing youngster. His parents, one hopes, are not only good friends but affectionate as well. They embrace each other on occasion, sleep in the same bedroom. If father is bending over mother to receive a kiss while she rests on the sofa, and young Johnny enters the room at that moment, they do not spring guiltily apart.

These things are accepted by the child as natural and right. He is also aware that his big sister spends a great deal of time in close proximity to a favorite young man on the porch swing, nor does he believe the young man gives him a quarter to go to a movie purely from generosity.

It is thus ridiculous for the Hays office to suppose that the greater number of grown-up ticket buyers, much less their offspring, will watch a picture with minds swimming in the gutter. So far as movie versions of best sellers, such as For Whom the Bell Tolls or Saratoga Trunk, are concerned, at most 500,000 out of a potential 50,000,000 audience can have read the book; and of that half million probably less than one third wait apprehensively (or hopefully, as the case may be) for the film version of the chapter in which the hero and heroine go emotionally haywire.

A cleverly written and developed scene can accomplish two purposes simultaneously. Without once recording a gesture or line of dialogue outside the average youngster's ken, it can, by its placement in the picture's sequence of events and by certain aberrations noticeable only to experienced adults, get over a necessary message. And it can incidentally help tell the picture's story to a child in unsophisticated terms, so that he is not aware of an unbridged gap in the flow of action. The fireplace scene in Kitty Foyle is an example of this technique.

IT seems to me, then, that Hollywood would produce better, more significant films if its own censoring committee would look at the rough cuts of such pictures from a revised viewpoint. Instead of thinking solely in terms of the book and wondering how the film is going to "handle" the sleeping-bag incident, they should ask themselves, "Would this picture justify itself as entertainment, as a human document, or simply as a good picture, if the book which inspired it had never been written? What is the purpose behind any one scene—to aid plot evolution or simply to shock people into a word-of-mouth campaign that will lure extra customers to the box office?"

This is the way the audience, whether or not they have read the book, are going to judge the completed product. Tired after a day's work, with the evening's news either depressing or exulting them, they have paid their money for two hours of escape—or for counterirritation, which is a form of relaxation.

They are thus in no mood to be treated during those two hours as if they were preadolescents. The facts of life under conditions of war have not been softened for them by any censoring body; Elmer Davis' OWI is notably brutal because it recognizes the American passion for truth, however uncongenial.

I wonder if Hollywood, in its role as first entertainer and educator of the nation, does not finally owe the public the same measure of fidelity?

THE END

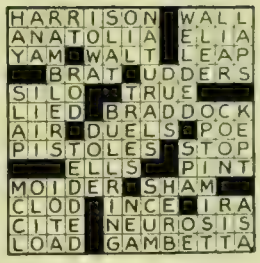
"But there's some mistake—I'm Dr. Brodkin and I just lay down here for a nap."

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Any bronco's worth a couple of these
6 These clothes sure are a riot (two words)
14 The janitor's burden (pl.)
15 The Galloping Ghost R.R.
16 In heaven he's called the Ark Angel
17 Gandhi's is zoot style
18 Duodenum juice
19 The heart of a McIntosh
20 Opticated
21 Pip, pip, pip
22 She was a decided this —she decided only yesterday!
23 Standing Room Only—backward! (abbr.)
24 Hear from the Complaint Department
25 Hardest dental extraction
26 A whirl in the air
28 A Jeffers' doughnut
30 Butchers Cheat Fantastically (abbr.)
33 Ran, as an Italian soldier
35 Scratch his serface, find an Angle
36 Kind of plane fact Germany hates
37 Goebbels' father
39 No matter where he goes, he brings his horse
41 What the Black Night was
42 What athlete's foot sure does
44 Handy thing for musicians to work out on
45 MacStream
46 The top of the world
47 How to get everything your way, girls!
48 A legal attachment (abbr.)
49 Millions and millions of drips
51 Der Führer's I



Last week's answer

54 Desert station wagon
57 MacLingo
58 A shade of jaundice
59 Egglong, i.e., an oblong with coives
60 Malayans get the point of this (variant spelling)
61 Phonynom
62 In larger quantity
63 O. G. but not O gosh!
64 The Chain Gang Serenade
65 Hon. Japs see much of Hon. them nowadays
66 Blitz buggies

VERTICAL

1 Cellar tenor
2 Would you call a fast one a lightning conductor?
3 Pictorial pastry (slang, and veddy feminine)
4 Mr. Tracer of Lost Souls
5 A psst! minus its pipper
6 Four-legged barber pole
7 Feels around and locates the self in the mental fog
8 The boid that gets the woim
9 Starting place for bushwhackers
10 We're making the Japs say this and Sam
11 "No, no, a —— xs no!"
12 MacLake
13 Old-fashioned tannery
21 This is child's play
22 Wasp with a sugar mill
24 1000, 500, 501
25 Liberty would be dom if it weren't for this
27 To give the lie to
29 This worm hasn't far to turn
30 Glamour manufacturer
31 Curd, mixed
32 What the ex-golf pro shouts when he fires his mortar
33 Heilstorm, starts in England, ends in Germany
34 Queen Lizzie's ma
35 Italy's gift to X-words
36 Shakespearean variation: ——, Tojo, thou fightest aleutian battle!
38 Gaseous social patinas
40 Modern gaslight
43 Flat-top
46 Ambidextrous Rednosed Lampedusians (abbr.)
47 Shallow, round-faced, mushy thing
48 A Donnybrook
50 What fools these mortals be!
52 Crab
53 Hulls, corny too
54 What the Prince found the Sleeping Beauty in
55 Shakespeare's old dive
56 He sure left his on Cleo
57 How the reluctant medieval dame gave him the brush
58 ——, ——, got a fella With the end of her umbrella!
60 G. I. feather bed
61 A hunka Hamlet

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

OFTEN, ELEANOR MERCEIN is taken for a Frenchwoman, probably because of her name and the fact that she has written much about European ways of life; but she is a descendant of colonial Maryland settlers. She lives in a Kentucky renovated barn that was built before the Civil War, and here she does most of her writing. Her story in this issue, Hot 'n' Sweet, was inspired by letters received from a former houseman of hers who wrote them while serving overseas in the American armed forces.

YOU'LL BE AS HAPPY as we are to know that Bill Stern, NBC's ace sports announcer, is going to contribute regularly to Liberty's pages, beginning with Baseball Scouts the Cradle on page 22. After trying to crash the movies by way of digging cement post holes for a new fence (he says), he turned to radio, hoping for better luck, but he gave it up as a bad job. That was in 1931. Seven years later Bill began the Sports Newsreel of the Air over a nation-wide network, and today, according to a poll taken, it is more than three times as popular as any other program of the kind.

JOHN B. POWELL HAILS from Marion County, Mo. In 1917 he went to the Orient, where he edited the China Weekly Review and China Press. When the Japs seized Shanghai, following Pearl Harbor, he was interned in the notorious Bridge House concentration camp, where he suffered terribly from exposure and malnutrition. He was repatriated on the exchange ship Gripsholm last August.

THE EDITORS.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Lewis Dodd joins the mad "Sanger circus" when he arrives at their chalet in the Alps for a visit.

Lewis, now married to the Sangers' English cousin, welcomes the girls when they run away from school.

Belatedly Lewis realizes that his marriage was a mistake—that it was Tessa he loved all the time.

BY HARRIET GOULD

THE CONSTANT NYMPH

(Warner Bros.)

Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine, Charles Coburn

THE fact that this is the third movie version of Margaret Kennedy's popular novel of the early 1920s is a clue to what's wrong with The Constant Nymph. It's tired—and dated.

The story is still charming, the production is expensive, and the star-studded cast would be hard to beat. But in spite of all this, The Constant Nymph seems mannered and forced now. If you are in the mood for some good old-fashioned, romantic, escapist entertainment, though, The Constant Nymph has plenty of it.

The "Sanger circus" was one of the most popular literary families of the '20s. Consisting of Albert Sanger (Montagu Love), a composer-genius, and his four daughters, Tessa, Tony, Kate, and Paula (Joan Fontaine, Brenda Marshall, Jean Muir, and Joyce Reynolds), they are still harum-scarum people—casual, carefree and delightfully mad. Their dearest friend is Lewis Dodd (Charles Boyer), a musician and a frequent visitor to the family's decrepit chalet in the Swiss Alps.

When Father Sanger dies, the family splits up. Tessa and Paula are rescued by some wealthy English cousins—and the plot begins to wander off into complicated, melodramatic channels.

Tessa, the teen-ager who has "marked Lewis for her own," sees him marry her aristocratic cousin (Alexis Smith) and become desperately unhappy. Lewis finally realizes it is Tessa he loves—but by then it is too late.

Edmund Goulding, who has been directing pictures since 1925 (the year The Constant Nymph was first published), is responsible for such successes as Grand Hotel, Riptide, and Dark Victory, but he has let The Constant Nymph get slightly out of hand. The screwball antics of the Sangers get a little silly and their barefoot dashing about is tinged with hysteria after a while. But Goulding evens things up somewhat with several scenes of rare sensitivity.

Although Alexis Smith seems hardly ready for a role opposite Boyer, the supporting cast—which also includes Dame May Whitty, Edward Ciannelli, and Peter Lorre—is pleasantly competent.

Boyer (need we say more?), Charles Coburn, and the "Sangers" do what they can to give a lift to the picture, but they only have a partial success.

ALAN LADD

MARY MARTIN

GLENN FORD

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
ABOVE SUSPICION (M-G-M) Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, Conrad Veidt, Basil Rathbone	*Spy thriller* (a honeymoon couple search Germany for a missing British agent).	Clues far-fe'ched . . . but story is excitingly developed . . . better than average spy stuff. (6-19-43)
ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (Warners) Raymond Massey, Humphrey Bogart	*Drama* (the story of the valiant work of the merchant marine in this war).	Thrilling story of the men who sail the ships—deliver the goods . . . suspenseful . . . authentic . . . outstanding performances. (7-3-43)
BATAAN (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, Robert Walker	*Drama* (a group of thirteen "expendables" cover the retreat of our Army during the last days on Bataan).	Pulls no punches . . . starkly grim . . . exciting, dramatic . . . superb cast . . . don't miss this one. (7-10-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DIXIE (Paramount) Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour	*Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel).	Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43)
HIT THE ICE (Universal) Abbott and Costello	*Comedy* (typical Abbott and Costello shenanigans—in a ski-lodge setting).	Eighty-two minutes of sheer nonsense . . . bound to please the most critical A. & C. fan. (7-17-43)
LADY OF BURLESQUE (United Artists) Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea	*Comedy-mystery* (comics, cold cream, and killers backstage at a burlesque).	A peep-show into the lives of burlesque folk . . . a bad whodunit but good entertainment . . . authentic. (6-12-43)
MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warners) Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka	*Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union).	Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43)
MY FRIEND FLICKA (20th-Fox) Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson	*Drama* (the tender story of a ranch kid's devotion to his pony).	Frankly escapist movie . . . beautiful Technicolor photography . . . heart-warming, unsophisticated. (5-15-43)
PRELUDE TO WAR (OWI)	*Documentary* (part of the orientation course given the Army . . . the incidents of Axis aggression that led to war).	Provides a solid base for intelligent understanding of this war . . . vital, provoking . . . a must. (6-12-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A DeMille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
SPITFIRE (RKO) Leslie Howard, David Niven	*Drama* (the story of the Spitfire and R. J. Mitchell, the man who designed this plane, one of England's chief weapons).	Spitfire is a fitting final tribute to the skill of the late Leslie Howard, director and actor. (7-17-43)
STAGE DOOR CANTEEN (United Artists) All-star cast	*Revue* (romance at the Canteen plus a good sample of the entertainment given our servicemen there. Sixty-eight stars, six bands).	A glowing and exciting tribute to America's theater folk . . . jam-packed with entertainment . . . a little long, but solid entertainment. (6-26-43)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea	*Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).	One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)
THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy	*Drama* (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters . . . superb direction. (5-1-43)

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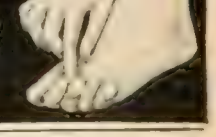

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

HERE'S a letter from a stonemason in the State of Mississippi:

"Dear Sarge—All last year I was working on Army construction jobs, but I understand most of the building has been completed down here. Is there any way I can tie up with the Army to do construction work in Africa or somewhere overseas? I hear they've got a big building program under way over there."

Buddy, you hit the nail on the head—but hard. The Army is looking for 100,000 construction workers like yourself to pitch in with overseas

V mail

construction. Major General Eugene Reybold, chief of the Army Corps of Engineers, has stated that domestic Army construction this year will be down to 30 per cent of last year, but the amount of overseas construction will be tremendous.

Now, here at home most of the Army's construction work is done by civilians working for civilian contractors. But when you get to the theaters of war, the Army does its own building. That's where the Corps of Engineers comes in.

The Mississippi stonemason, and all other trained workers who want to build for the Army overseas, are going to be given a chance to get into uniform and keep right on fighting the battle of construction. That means building airdromes, bridges for our troops, and equipment, docks, barracks, water facilities, fortifications, gun emplacements, and thousands of miles of roads.

The 100,000 workers who get these berths with the Army Engineers are going to be lucky in more ways than one. Thousands of them will be given ratings during basic training, as soon as their special skills have been made evident. Take the example of [illegible] numbering [illegible] have ratings! In addition, the Officer Candidate School opportunities will be wide open, for with the rapid expansion of the Corps of Engineers plenty of officers will be needed.

Construction workers of draft age (eighteen to thirty-eight) get a special break to begin with. They may choose the Engineers as their branch of service—and that's the only branch that's open to choice right now.

If you're interested, go to your nearest induction station or the district Army Engineers office and apply for voluntary induction into the Engineer Corps. Men over thirty-eight may apply for direct enlistment, since they are above the draft age.

You will be asked to state your qualifications, and if you are an experienced construction worker—presto—change-o—you'll become an Army Engineer. When you get "over there," buddy, please toss a shovel of mud in Hitler's face for me.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I am thirty-seven years old and a tech sergeant with my outfit. I am very much interested in a warrant officer appointment. Will you please tell me where I can find out about openings, qualifications, and manner of making application?

T. Sgt. A. B., Camp Barkeley, Tex.

Periodical examinations for the rank of warrant officer are authorized by the War Department. The time and place of these exams is set by the service command. Apply to your personnel adjutant for an application, and for further details see AR 610-10.

* * *

At present I am a gunner corporal in an artillery battery, but I would like to be transferred to a railroad transportation unit. My occupation before entering the Army was that of fireman on a major railroad.

Having enlisted in 1940 as an artilleryman, I never had a chance to get into the work I am best suited for. Could you please inform me as to what unit I could be transferred to so I can still follow my main occupation and serve my country too?

J. Q. B., Camp Carson, Colo.

You've got a good point. The Army wants men in the spots where they can serve best. But in the shuffle lots of round pegs get shoved into square holes.

Here's what to do: Write to the General Manager, Military Railway Service, 615 Commerce Building, St. Paul, Minn., submitting your name, rank, serial number, and the organization to which you are presently attached. Tell also the name of the railroad for which you formerly worked and give your experience in detail.

Hope you make it!

* * *

India, by V Mail

This may sound like an unusual letter to you, Old Sarge, for I have absolutely no gripe to report. I am writing to express my appreciation to the Army Postal Service for the great job they are doin'.

I'm just a weather observer for Uncle Sam at a post somewhere in India, but we out here sure agree that the APS is one outfit that can't be beat. Getting a letter twelve or even ten days after it's mailed from Boston, Mass., out here isn't unusual, as I can personally testify. It sure makes us feel great to have our mail come in as frequently as it does.

Cpl. B. L.,
China-Burma-India Command.

All I want to add to that letter, Corporal, is ditto!

* * *

I am in the Navy and have read quite a bit about the magazine for servicemen called Yank. Is it only printed for the Army, or can sailors subscribe to it? If so, to what address should I send my subscription and how much is it?

W. E. B.,
USNTS, Grove City College,
Grove City, Pa.

You can subscribe to Yank no matter what branch of the service you are in. The address is, Yank, 205 East 42d Street,

Here it is!

New York City. It sells for five cents a copy. Subscriptions are $1 for thirty-five copies, or $1.50 a year.

* * *

I applied for a transfer to the paratroops some time ago, but before my application could reach first base it was necessary for me to obtain my parents' consent to the transfer, inasmuch as I am nineteen.

That is a lot of red tape, in my opinion. When parents give their permission for their son to enlist for service with their country, shouldn't that be sufficient to permit the son to transfer to any branch of service he may desire? Why treat a fighting man as though he required

a guardian while doing a deadly job?

One reason I enlisted was to be my own boss. Now you can guess how I feel when I have to write back home and ask "mama" for permission to transfer to paratroops!

Cpl. C. G. T., Olympia, Wash.

Corporal, you asked for it, and here it is: In my opinion, you are taking an attitude so childish that I would like to be *your sergeant just long enough to put you* over my knee. I've known soldiers twice as old and ten times as important as you are who'd consult their mothers—when they got the chance—on some pretty important decisions. Be glad you've got a "mama." Corporal, and remember that under the common law you're an *infant* until you're twenty-one. Ten years from now you'll be asking your mother's advice and permission on lots of things—and it won't be on account of Army regulations either.

* * *

I have been informed that somewhere there is a class of instruction or an organization that is being prepared for the work that must be accomplished in conquered countries after an Allied victory. I am very much interested and would like to know something about it.

Mrs. S. H., Waco, Tex.

The War Department conducts a School for Military Government at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia. Similar schools are being founded at half a dozen colleges throughout the country. However, no provision has been made for women at these schools at this writing. The schools are under the direction of Major General Allen Wyant Gullion, Provost Marshal General of the Army. For more detailed information, write to the *Provost Marshal General's office, War Department, Washington, D. C.*

* * *

Kindly tell me how my son, an aviation cadet, ranks. He says aviation cadets outrank noncommissioned officers. A friend says that an aviation cadet has no rank whatever. I know Old Sarge has the answer.

Mrs. M. D., Chicago, Ill.

An aviation cadet has no authority to give orders to an enlisted man. However, technically he outgrades enlisted men (and this includes noncoms) since his rank of cadet comes under the heading of appointments. Aviation cadets are appointed, just as are cadets at the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, or midshipmen at Annapolis.

The confusion over rank results from the fact that cadets are students, learning the *trade rather than practicing it.* As such, their rank is not of prime importance. When they come through successfully, with bars on their shoulders, there's no longer any question about where they stand.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York.

WOMAN-TALK

by MARGARET FISHBACK

STRONG SILENT WASHINGTON: Our government agent is incorrigible. When asked if there hadn't been an improvement in the OPA since the removal of Slow-'em-up J. K. Galbraith, ex-Princeton professor, our official reprobate observed, "No, I would hardly say the OPA is any better off. Despite Galbraith's long-winded reports and directives, you could always get an answer to requests for decisions and information. It was invariably the wrong answer, but it was an answer. Now all the business man gets when he wistfully asks the government how,

when, and what, is the busy signal, or stony silence."

DEATH IN THE MEDICINE CHEST: Groping for aspirin or other medicines in the dark is not a good idea. Some 1,500 people a year die from poisons taken accidentally while bingled or half asleep, dizzy or dopey. Among the many lethal drinks lurking in the average medicine chest are iodine, insecticides, hair dyes, deodorants, and spot removers (which remove not only the spots but the breath from your body). This seems even a sillier and more unnecessary way to die than by slipping in the tub or electrocuting oneself therein by turning on an electric light, fan, or heater while standing or sitting in the water.

SEASON'S GREETINGS: The department stores and men's specialty shops should use their heads in planning displays and advertisements of men's beach apparel. Shorts, slacks, bathing suits and robes should be shown alongside a fashionable assortment of diapers and wheel chairs. For General Hershey's draft plans seem to be calling all men except those wearing stork pants, long white beards, or crutches.

CARDBOARD FOOT: A deck engineer returning on a transport from Africa with a cargo of wounded Americans and German prisoners, brought his wife two unique souvenirs. One was a ring he made for her by boring a hole in the piston rod of a wrecked Messerschmitt. The other was the bottom of a cardboard box bearing the penciled imprint of a woman's foot. One Madame Henri, at the African end of his junket, was standing barefoot with her two barefoot daughters and barefoot husband, all hungrily eying the trucks of provisions which were rolling away from the American boat. Three things the Henri family desired above all else—soap, shoes, and candy for the tadpoles. Our hero went aboard and bought chocolate bars and soap at the canteen. When he returned, Madame Henri had outlined her foot on the top of a cardboard box, and thereupon offered him 5,000 francs if he would bring her a pair of shoes, any kind. He refused the francs, but took the imprint home to momma. His wife declares her shoes would fit the French lady, and she is even now trying to send her some via the Red Cross. Next time we Americans bellyache about shoe stamps, let us all bow our heads in silent contemplation of the barefoot Henris, and the millions of other bare feet in the world, not counting those most bare, but expensively shod in heelless, toeless Fifth Avenue pumps.

COMIC RELIEF: Russell Wright, the designer, lives in a fabulous duplex Park Avenue penthouse with

terraces overlooking the city. Among its fascinating embellishments are two table lamps the bases of which were concocted from horrendous anatomical models—ears and innards sufficiently realistic to scare you right out of your jumper after a Martini or two. It might well be a plot to keep guests from staying too late. Not a bad idea.

SAD BUT TRUE: Everybody wants price control . . . when buying but not when selling.

TONSORIAL TIDBIT:

Samson was mighty, Samson was big,
But he was deflated when shorn of his wig.
Ponder his case, for it may be the clue is
Some one should shear off those eyebrows of Lewis.

LOOKS LIKE WE INTEND TO HOLD THE LINE

AT the present writing the on-again, off-again coal strike has settled into a long-term truce extending to October 31. The curious goings-on between John L. Lewis, the mine owners, and the War Labor Board which enlivened the months of April, May, and June mystified our allies and puzzled even our enemies. Most of our citizens and our boys in service, too, were puzzled and worried. How a nation engaged in an all-out war for survival can seem to permit the supply of such an essential commodity as coal to remain in doubt for three months is hard for any one to understand.

Actually, America's coal supply was never in doubt. Our democracy is not as soft and ineffectual as it sometimes seems. Our government is always inclined, particularly under the present administration, to give individuals and organizations alike plenty of rope before pulling the rug out from under them. But we are sure no serious shortage of coal would have been permitted to develop.

Why are we sure?

Well, we have several million men now in various lands, over various oceans at grips with implacable enemies. Without a continuous flow of supplies our men would have to surrender to these enemies. Without coal to power our factories and transportation system our men would not get the supplies. It's as simple as that. Obviously the U. S. A. is going to get coal to burn even if John L. Lewis himself has to dig it out with his fingernails. Regardless of the points at issue in any controversy which might arise, the supplies for our troops must and will go forward.

Apparently John L. Lewis himself was never under any illusion as to the practical possibility of an extended coal strike. He always sent his men back to work after a few days—in ample time to preserve his manicure.

The outcome of the three-month argument is a defeat for John L. Lewis, no matter which way you look at it. His men are back digging coal and at the wages authorized by the War Labor Board. The terms and conditions under which he proclaimed his so-called "truce" are just so much eyewash, to make it look good. To say the government knuckled under to Lewis by not disavowing these terms is silly. It's the final result that counts. The miners are working and at the wages prescribed by the government agency charged with this responsibility. The "terms" of Mr. Lewis' truce will be ironed out in due course. Meanwhile we get coal.

We wish the War Labor Board had been able to carry off its victory with greater dignity. The remark of its chairman when the "truce" was proclaimed, to the effect that ". . . the new dead line is Halloween, when pumpkins frighten children," is perhaps a fair enough wisecrack but hardly likely to disprove Lewis' claim that the Board lacks judicial impartiality.

In any case, the coal dispute marks a milestone in America's conduct of the war. A strong, persuasive champion fired all his guns against the "hold the line" order and the agencies responsible for carrying it out. The bastions of government held.

We put the following interpretation on this and we hope it is correct. The special interests of no group will be allowed to take precedence over the fighting of the war. All who seek special advantages will hit their heads against "the line" in vain. Such seems to be the present determination of the soft, easy-going American people. We await with interest the outcome of current attacks on "hold the line" from other quarters.

Paul Hunter

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